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Duanaire Dáibhí ui Bhruadair

THE POEMS OF DAVID Ó BRUADAIR

PART II

CONTAINING POEMS FROM THE YEAR 1667 TILL 1682

EDITED

With Introduction, Translation, and Notes

BY

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INTRODUCTION

THE PRETENDED POPISH PLOT IN THE CO. OF LIMERICK 1679–1682

THE success which the infamous Titus Oates had met with in England when he pretended to have discovered a Popish Plot in that country soon suggested to that informer, his patrons, and his imitators, the advisability of spreading a report of the existence of a similar plot in Ireland. Such a report, it was calculated, would appeal to the avaricious instincts of the adventurers in Ireland, and would be sure to gain ready credence among the frightened fanatics of England. For "there were," according to Carte, "too many Protestants in Ireland who wanted another rebellion, that they might increase their estates by new forfeitures,"[1] and, on the other hand, "The peace and quiet in Ireland was a great disappointment to Lord Shaftesbury and his party, whose designs could not be advantaged by anything so much as by an insurrection there, of which the experience of their predecessors in 1641, whose steps and measures they copied, was an undoubted evidence."[2] Besides, "It was a terrible slur upon the credit of the Popish Plot in England that, after it had made such a horrible noise and frighted people out of their senses in a nation where there was scarce one Papist to a hundred Protestants, there should not for above a year together appear so much as one witness from Ireland (a country otherwise fruitful enough in producing them) to give information of any conspiracy of the like nature in that Kingdom, where there were fifteen Papists to one Protestant, as that charged upon the Papists of England, whose weakness would naturally make them apply for

[1] Carte: An History of the Life of James, Duke of Ormonde, London, 1736, vol. ii, p. 482.

[2] Ibidem, p. 494.

assistance from their more powerful brethren in Ireland. Th Proclamation for encouraging persons to make discoveries of the Plot [in Ireland] was intended to remedy that defect."

James, Duke of Ormonde, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland when on 3rd October, 1678, he received the first news of the existence of a plot in Ireland through a letter written to him on the 28th September, by Sir Robert Southwell, Clerk of the Council in England, who was then engaged in the examination of Oates and Tonge in London.[1] Ormonde knew well that the report was utterly unfounded, yet, with his customary duplicity, he acted in public as if he believed it to be true. The penal laws were enforced with ever-increasing severity, and numerous proclamations were issued in the course of the next twelve months, ordering the arrest or banishment of Catholic prelates, religious, and noblemen, and imposing iniquitous restrictions upon the Catholic people of Ireland.[2] The chief abettors in Ireland of the schemes of Shaftesbury were Roger Boyle, first Earl of Orrery, who died, however, on the 16th of October, 1679, and Henry Jones, the Protestant Bishop of Meath, who had formerly been scoutmaster-general to Oliver Cromwell. In spite of their endeavours to create alarm in Ireland and England, a year passed without any witnesses appearing to support the story of the supposed plot. In the month of May, 1679, however, a criminal named William Hetherington, having escaped from jail, made his way to London, where he presented himself to the Earl of Shaftesbury, and gave him the welcome information that he could procure the desired witnesses from Ireland. Shaftesbury adopted Hetherington as his chief agent, and sent him over to Ireland with a commission to collect evidence in proof of the existence of the plot. On the 28th November, 1679, letters were sent from the Council of England to the Council of Ireland, ordering the Test Act and all the English penal laws to be introduced forthwith into Ireland, and a proclamation to be published "for encouraging all persons that could make any further discovery of the

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[1] Hist. Mss. Commission, Report on the Mss. of the Marquis of Ormonde, New Series, vol. iv, p. 454, London, 1906.

[2] Lists of these proclamations will be found in the Appendix to the 23rd Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records in Ireland, p. 40, Dublin, 1891, and in Hist. Mss. Commission, Report on the Mss. of the Marquis of Ormonde, vol. ii, pp. 254–258, London, 1899.

horrid Popish Plot, to come in and declare the same by a certain day to be prefixed, otherwise not to expect his Majesty's pardon." The wishes of the English Council were immediately complied with. In pursuance of his commission, Hetherington visited the jails of Ireland, and succeeded in gathering together a band of criminals, men of the lowest character, several of whom were afterwards hanged for other crimes, and all of whom were ready, as one of them confessed, to save their lives by swearing anything their paymasters desired. When these witnesses had been drilled in the evidence that was required of them by Hetherington, whom Carte[1] calls the Earl of Shaftesbury's "chief agent, manager, and instructor of the Irish witnesses," they were first examined in Dublin, and then sent across to London at the beginning of the year 1680 to be examined at the trials there. In 1681 several of them returned to Ireland to give evidence at the assizes held in various parts of the country during that and the following year.

No complete history[2] of this pretended Plot in Ireland has yet been written, and it would be impossible to give here even a brief account of all the events of those years. We are concerned with the perjuries of the informers or discoverers only in so far as their malicious distortions of truth may occasionally serve to throw some light on the lives of some of those persons whose names occur in the poems of David Ó Bruadair. In this volume two poems by him on events connected with the pretended plot are published. In the first of these,[3] written in 1680 on the occasion of the arrest of Sir John Fitz Gerald of Claonghlais, Bart., the poet's friend and patron, and his conveyance to England for trial there on a charge of treason, the poet merely expresses his conviction that one glance at the chivalrous countenance of Sir John would immediately banish from the mind of King Charles II all doubts of his loyalty. The second poem[4] gives an account of the trial and acquittal of several Irish gentlemen of the counties of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry, on the

[1] Carte, op. cit., p. 498.

[2] The fullest accounts are those of Carte, op. cit., and the Rev. Patrick F. (afterwards Cardinal) Moran, Memoirs of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunket, Dublin, 1861.

[3] Infra, p. 218.

[4] Infra, pages 264–288.

charge of complicity in the same plot before John Keating, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, and Sir Richard Reynolds, on the 10th of April, 1682, at the Munster Assizes held at Limerick.[1] No other account of this trial has ever been published.

The principal discoverers from Munster were Hubert Bourke and John MacNamara of Co. Waterford, and David Fitz Gerald, Maurice Fitz Gerald, and James Nash of Co. Limerick. The most prominent persons accused in Munster were Richard, Lord le Poer, created Viscount Decies and Earl of Tyrone by patent, dated 9th October, 1673, and Sir John Fitz Gerald, Bart., of Claonghlais, Co. Limerick. The names of the other Catholic gentlemen of Munster who were accused will be found in the depositions of the discoverers. The following extracts from Ormonde's correspondence with Sir Robert Southwell enable us to follow the progress of events :—

"1679, October 8th, Dublin. I find that the informations of some masters of ships, taken upon oath at Cork, having been transmitted into England by my Lord of Orrery, have there made a great noise of an invasion of this kingdom suddenly to be expected from France, and of a shipload of arms that were to be imported to arm the Irish Papists for the reception and assistance of a French army ; and the ship was named that was to bring and land these arms in some place betwixt Waterford and Dungarvan. It fell out that I was at my house at Carrick when these informations were sent me by my Lord of Orrery, within less than 20 miles of Waterford and Dungarvan ; and though I did not believe there could be any such preparations on the French coast, as to transport an army fit to invade a kingdom, but that we must have some other kind of intelligence of it, and that out of England ; and though it seemed very improbable to me that such a number of firearms (5000 or 6000) should be consigned to such a part of the kingdom, where our troops and companies, both of the army and militia, lie thickest, and where the country is well inhabited by the English ; and though I found my Lord of Orrery had taken the alarm warmly and had issued suitable orders, yet I immediately sent mine to the same effect, and all we can yet find is that the vessel mentioned to bring the arms is since come into the port of Waterford, but upon strict search found to be only laden with salt.

[1] Infra, pp. 264–288.

"We are informed that this good Lord is fallen dangerously ill, . . . yet I have reason to believe that before he fell into the state he is in, he sent over some notice of a conspiracy for the raising of a rebellion in this kingdom, and that about Limerick.

"The informer is a gentleman of the Fitz Geralds, a Protestant, to whom the design was imparted some years since, but, as he says, continued to this time. The sheriff of your county gave me notice of Fitz Gerald's desire to inform me of all he knew, and thereupon I sent for him, and the sheriff by the permission of the Judges (for Fitz Gerald was then in gaol, and under trial for treasonable words) brought him to me to Clonmel. There he gave me in writing, under his hand, whatever he could then think of relating to the design, but told me that being much wearied by his journey, and his mind much disturbed by the malicious prosecution against him, he might afterwards recollect more, which he would be sure to come and inform me of as soon as he should be at liberty, which that it might be the sooner, I writ to the Judges that he might have a fair and speedy trial. He accordingly had it, was acquitted, and set at liberty.

"Yet till about three weeks after his acquittal I heard nothing of him, so that I had caused a letter to be prepared to the sheriff to find him out and bring him to me; but that night the letter was to go, Mr. Fitz Gerald came to me to Kilkenny, as I remember, the 27th September, four days before I came thence. I immediately spoke with him, and desired him to give me the further account he had promised, but being Saturday night he took till Monday morning to bring it to me, as he had done his former information, in writing.

"Accordingly he brought it, and told me that some affairs of his own required his going into the county of Longford, but that by the 10th of this month he would come to Dublin and there give me yet further information, and here I expect him. But betwixt the time of his acquittal at Limerick and his coming to me to Kilkenny, he gave some notice of the discoveries he was going to make to my Lord Broghill, who sent it to his father and his father into England, where what use will be made of it before I have all that Fitz Gerald can say, I know not, but thus that matter stands for the present."[1]

[1] Hist. Mss. Com. Report on Mss. of the Marquis of Ormonde, vol. ii, pp. 291, 292.

"1679, November 8th, Dublin. A little before Lord Orrery's death, there were, as there are still, three informations on foot of designs laid by the Papists to disturb our peace here. One was an accusation of the Earl of Tyrone by one Burk. The next, as I take it, in point of time, was one David Fitz Gerald against the Lord of Brittas and one Colonel Pierce Lacy, and against many absent Irish officers, who came about four or five years ago to get recruits. And the third was the informations on oath of some masters of ships of many arms sent out of France to be landed betwixt Waterford and Dungarvan, in order to fit the Papists for the reception of a French army, then, as they said, ready to sail for Ireland. All the persons accused and within our reach but the Earl of Tyrone are secured, but yet we can make little progress in the discovery, David Fitz Gerald, the man of best sense and quality of them, being or pretending to be sick. Our endeavour is and will be so to piece all these informations, that what may be wanting in direct proof may be supplied by circumstantial probabilities and brought into one formed design; and I believe in this the deceased Earl had taken some pains which we shall much want the benefit of, having left no man behind him his equal in that art."[1]

"1679, November 11th, Dublin. The discovery, endeavoured to be made here, of designs to raise a rebellion are under strict and daily examination. Mr. David Fitz Gerald, being at length come to proceed in his informations, but really so sick, that we have been constrained to send a Committee of the Board to examine him at his lodgings, lest he should grow worse, or die, and all he can say with him. Of that and of most other Committees of that kind the Bishop of Meath is one, chosen not only for his abilities in examination, but because his zeal in the cause in hand is generally known and esteemed. Mr. Fitz Gerald, since I saw him, I find, has recollected himself, and calls to mind many particulars that will give more force to his discoveries. When he shall have completed his narratives, they shall be sent into England, where perhaps they may be of use to fortify evidence there; though hitherto we cannot find the signs of any communication betwixt the Papists of England and those here in relation to the plot."[2]

[1] Hist. Mss. Com., Report on Mss. of the Marquis of Ormonde, vol. ii, pp. 293, 294. [2] Carte, ut supra, vol. ii, Appendix, p. 92.

I shall now give a summary of David Fitz Gerald's narrative[1] thus finally pieced together—

DAVID FITZ GERALD'S NARRATIVE

"... In March, 1673, or thereabout, several officers out of France landed in Ireland under the pretence of raising recruits for Colonel Hamilton, then in the French service, to wit Captain Daniel Macnamara, Captain John Lacy, Captain Con Oneale, one Macmahan and Lieutenant Hurley, and several others; many of the said officers being my former acquaintance before they were employed in the French service ... I enquired of Lacy, whether there was any probability of the French's invading Ireland or any such matter intended. He answered that if the Dutch were once subdued he did not question but the French would establish the Roman-Catholick religion in all the Northern parts of Europe ... These officers being crossed in their voyage (and their men dispersed) went back into France again, from whence about a year after the said Lieutenant Hurley returned to Ireland, and resided in New-Castle or thereabouts for half a year or upwards, where it was credibly reported that he did train up several gentlemen by teaching them to exercise pike and musket ...

"About the year 1675 Captain John Lacy came out of France into Ireland giving an account of the affairs abroad to Bishop Mullowny[2] and the rest of the Popish clergy in that country ... It was a general rumour throughout Ireland amongst the Popish clergy and gentry for several years before, especially 1675 and 1676, that his Royal Highness, in 1677 ensuing, at the furthest, should be King.

[1] "A narrative of the Irish Popish Plot for the betraying of that Kingdom into the hands of the French, massacring all English Protestants there, and utter subversion of the Government and the Protestant religion, as the same was successively carried on from the year 1662. Given into both Houses of Parliament by David Fitz Gerald, Esq., London. Printed for Thomas Cockerill at the Three-Legs, in the Poultrey over against the Stock-Market, 1680." I have retained the peculiar and not always consistent spelling of the proper names.

[2] John O'Molony II, Catholic Bishop of Killaloe, 1672–1689, and of Limerick, 1689–1702. For a sketch of his career, see The Irish Ecclesiastical Record, December, 1912, pp. 574–589.

As soon as I had this intelligence from the said Mullowny and others, I acquainted John Piggot, Esq., a Justice of the Peace, with that in particular in the aforesaid years; who being examined before the Lord Lieutenant and Council in November, 1679, did not only acknowledge the same but gave it in his Examinations under his hand and seal . . . On or about the 2nd November, 1677, Colonel Pierce Lacy invited me to go with him to Limerick, he being then to treat about the said design with Lord Brittas, Mr. John Macnamara of Crattelagh, and several others . . .

"About January, 1677, the Lord Brittas, Captain Thomas Bourk, and several others with them came into the barony of Conollue in the County of Limerick, where they had several private consultations, one whereof was at the house of one John Hicks, innkeeper in Rathkeale in the said County of Limerick, there being at the said meeting in number twenty or more, who were accustomed to meet at night; but some English gentlemen,[1] coming suddenly there, barred them of treating of the particulars at that time. Therefore they agreed to have another meeting at the same place the week following, and another at New-Castle in the said county, where they met accordingly, but the particulars they then concluded upon I know not.

"On or about the fourteenth of February in the same year I met Mr. Eustace White upon the commons of Chrough Burgess in the County of Limerick, who told me that he had two letters to the Lord Brittas, one from Sir John Fitz Gerald, the other from Mr. Hurly or Mr. Poore; I enquired of the said White, what did Sir John's letter import? The said White answered that they did understand the Lord Brittas had received his commission, and that Sir John Fitz Gerald did expect to be his Lieutenant-Colonel, and that the said White did expect a Captain's command under the said Lord Brittas. Sir John Fitz Gerald being examined before the Lord Lieutenant and Council, in November, 1679, did own to have sent such a letter by the said White, at the same time, to the Lord Brittas.

"In the years 1676 and 1677 several emissaries went to and fro giving intelligence of foreign affairs and how managed abroad . . . On or about May, 1678, an agent, Dr. Hetherman, was appointed to

[1] Marginal note; Gibins and Palmes (Palmer ?).

go into France. Col. Lacy was sent to Dublin to confer with Col. Richard Talbot, but being short of money borrowed 60 l. of Simon Eaton, Esq., under the pretence of discharging rent and arrears to Sir William Talbot, agent to His Royal Highness in that kingdom."

[On Lacy's return a meeting of the clergy of the diocese was held at the house of Dr. James Streitch, priest, in Rakeal, at which were present James Dowly, Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Hetherman, V.G., Dr. Creagh, Dr. White,[1] Father Fox, and several others. The French were to land, it was announced, in Kerry, in the November following, and their arrival was to be the signal for a general massacre. The said Hetherman in three days after the said meeting went away to France; before the said Hetherman parted I acquainted Sir Thomas Southwell with all particulars, and desired that he would secure Hetherman and all his papers; but he did nothing therein.]

"On or about November, 1678, the Lord Baron Brittas, Colonel Pierce Lacy, and several others prepared for the arrival of the French who were expected to land beyond Tarbutt on the river of Shanan in the County of Kerry . . . the time for the landing being the 20th of November, 1678, as aforesaid, and to surprise Limerick the 23rd.

"The said Lord Brittas, Colonel Lacy, Macnamara, and several others made it their business for several years before to be free and familiar with the officers of Limerick by treating and entertaining them, in hopes thereby that their design might be easier carried on, sitting up early and late with the said officers in taverns, inns, and such-like places, that at the last they brought them to that familiarity and acquaintance, that they might go out or come into the gates at all hours of the night that they pleased, and wrought so far upon the said officers that by excess of drinking three of the said officers of Limerick died. I could say more of this, but I think this is sufficient.[2]

"In March, 1678, or thereabouts, Sir John Fitz Gerald, visiting some friends in the county of Limerick, among the rest went to Col. Pierce Lacy, who told Sir John that he was highly obliged to Sir Thomas Southwell, saying that the said Sir Thomas did

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[1] Called Father Creagh and Dr. Write in the marginal note.

[2] Marginal note: Names of the Officers that dyed and those that went about naked, Capt. Feine, Capt. Ashburnham, Lieutenant Damnell and many more.

send him word by Mr. John Hurley, that I should tell and acquaint the said Sir Thomas, that Col. Lacy, one Easmond, and others, were engaged in the conspiracy then on foot in Ireland. Sir John Fitz Gerald did ask Col. Lacy whether he did see me since he received that message? Col. Lacy replying that he did very often, but never did tax me with it, desired the said Sir John to say nothing of it at present; whereupon the said Sir John denied to stay to drink with the said Lacy (as Sir John told me) and rode straight to the house of John Hicks, innkeeper in Rakeal, whither he sent for me, and spoke these ensuing words, after we met, in the presence of Mr. Maurice Fitz Gerald, Cap. William Fitz Gerald, and John Hicks, the innkeeper: Cousin, when will you take as much care of me as I have done for you within this two hours? Then I asked Sir John, if it were any private business of importance, to walk into the next room; he answered,[1] that he would not, and where there was one, he wished there were twenty, and that it was a business not to be smothered, repeating the said message sent from Sir Thomas Southwell by Mr. Hurly to Col. Lacy, and that if I did tell Sir Thomas Southwell such a thing as Col. Lacy said (meaning the discovery of the plot in Ireland to Sir Thomas Southwell, that he was a rascal for abusing me; and then asked when I saw Mr. Hurly, Mr. Mackmechiny (Mac Inerhiny?), Mr. John Burk, Capt. Purdon, or Col. Lacy? I told him, lately. Then, says he, did none of your friends and good relations acquaint you with this business before? I told him, not. Then, says he, look to yourself and take it from me, as a special Caveat,[2] that they have an eye upon you, which for aught I know, may cost you your life except you have a special care of your person; saying, that as soon as he heard it, he could not rest until he had given me a full account thereof . . .

"Mr. Eustace White examined before the Lord Lieutenant and Council in Dublin in November, 1679, whether he received a letter from Sir John Fitz Gerald to carry to the Lord Brittas, in February, 1677, or thereabouts, owned that he did . . .

"Sir John Fitz Gerald being examined before the Lord Lieutenant and Council in Dublin, in November, 1679, whether Col. Lacy told

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[1] Marginal note: Sir John Fitz Gerald reflecting on Sir Thomas Southwell.

[2] Marginal note: Sir John's Caveat to me for the future.

him that Sir Thomas Southwell did send him such a message by Mr. Hurly, or whether Sir John did acquaint me with the particulars aforesaid in the year 1678, the said John did acknowledge the same, as by his examinations given before the Lord Lieutenant and Council will appear.

"On or about the 26th of March in the year 1679 I went to the house of the said Sir Thomas Southwell to charge him with sending the said message to the said Lacy by the said Hurly, but, not meeting him, met his son-in-law, Mr. Piggot, and discoursed the business with him and acquainted him what Sir John Fitz Gerald told me. . . The said Piggot seemed to be much concerned both for Sir Thomas and me, in regard he had married Sir Thomas's daughter, and his sister had been my former wife. In the afternoon the said Piggot and one Patrick Peppard came with him to my house and brought me a certificate from the said Sir Thomas Southwell in manner following:—

> These are to certifie all whom it may concern that Mr. David Fitz Gerald did not reflect upon Col. Lacy or any other gentleman, directly or indirectly, in my hearing. Witness my hand the 26th of March, 1679.
>
> THOMAS SOUTHWELL.

Being present
JOHN PIGGOT.

[Sir Thomas Southwell[1] sent his servant, John Herbert, to invite me to dinner the next day after I had received that certificate, which I then showed to Col. Lacy there being present James Dowly, Titular Bishop of Limerick, Mr. Pierce Lacy, and the Lady Comin.] No safety for me after he betrayed me to the conspirators but to appear openly . . . .

"The 26th of August, 1679, as aforesaid, I returned home to my house, and that very night about twelve of the clock a great multitude of the people assembled together about my house, in number 62, whose names ensue—John Barratt, Thomas Fisher, Thomas Fisher junior,

[1] Marginal note: "Observations upon Sir Thomas Southwell's denial of the conspiracy before August, 1679, though said certificate dated March, 1678/9." I have abbreviated the narrative here considerably.

Garrett Lao, John Pounsey, Edmund Newland, Morrice Ornane, Tobias Barrett, John Magynane, James Herbert, Maurice Herbert, Humphry Farrell, Nicholas Halpin, Daved Lewis, John Lewis, Robert Poore, Charles Cullanon, Henry Gibbens, James Stretch, Nicholas Stretch, James Mc Teigue O'Coner, Murough Madagane, Patrick Cooke, Samuel Parker, C[a]hill O'Coner, John Wall, John Bluet, Edmond O'Daniel, Teige Shaughinssy, Michaell Noane, Donough McTeige, James Bren, John Creagh, Charles Harrison, Gerald Simkin, John Spicer, James McNich[ol]as, Francis Taylor, John James, Maurice Rauleigh, Garret Rauleigh, Hugh the Butcher, John McTeigh, John Murfey, John Mortimer, Daniel Cavanagh, John McTeigh, Maurice Levy, Michaell Honahan, Mortough Shea, Teigh Mulkerrin and others to the number above mentioned. . . . I escaped by the aid of Philip Glissain out of a window two stories high. Mr. Aylmer, a justice of the peace, assisted me in securing the said persons . . . but they were discharged by Sir Thomas Southwell's *Supersedeas*. . . .

"I returned home to my house and was come no sooner thither than I had notice that Sir Thomas Southwell sent messengers to and fro all the Popish gentry thereabouts, and that the said Sir Thomas, John Piggot, John Purdon, John Bourke, and several others were all the day before, until ten of the clock at night contriving together which way they might prevent my informing against them or take away my life. . . . They at last concluded to charge me with high treason . . . At last there was an instrument procured, Walter Huet, a glasier, that should give his information before Simon Eyton and John Piggot, esquires, and before no others, the one being my father-in-law and the other my brother-in-law. . . . I had ordered one of my servants to meet me with horses at a place called Bruree, in order to go that night straight to the Duke of Ormond at Thomastown and . . . rid away and met my servant at the place appointed, who told me that most of the gentlemen of that part of the country were in Rakeal, naming Colonel Eyton, Sir John Fitz Gerald, Major Fitz Gerald, Mr. Piggot, and at least twenty more, and that it was reported that I fled upon the accompt of high treason, sworn against me by Walter Huet. . . . I did conceive myself in danger and returned back to the sheriff again, who did very well approve of my return; then I took pen and ink and writ some part of depositions and desired him to send an express to the Duke of

Ormond that night, which was done, and I went myself to this meeting in Rakeal. In the road I met Sir John Fitz Gerald galloping towards me at a high rate, and Sir Thomas Southwel's man, besides his own servants with him. He told me he was very glad to meet me and that I saved him that journey, and that he had no other business but to follow me to the Duke of Ormond at the request of Sir Thomas Southwel and several others, and told me there was high treason sworn against me by Walter Huet, before Simon Eyton and John Piggot, esquires. I told him I did not value what any man in the Kingdom could swear against me. Sir John, saying then, that it was the desire of Sir Thomas Southwel and the rest, that I should omit proceeding any further in the said design, and that they would prevail with Walter Huet to desist his persecuting me. I told him that I never did exceed the limits of the law and did understand the liberty of a subject, and as long as I kept myself within the bounds thereof, I did not value any malicious contrivance or prosecution. Then the said Sir John returned into town along with me, and I being fully satisfied by what Sir John told me, and that the said magistrates had received an information against me of treason, I went to them where they were in the presence of Sir John Fitz Gerald, Major Fitz Gerald, Mr. John Hurly, Mr. White, and several others, gave one of the magistrates my sword, to another my pistols, and submitted myself to the law, and asked them whether I was bailable. Whereupon they said I was not. Then the Information was repeated over by the said Huet in these words: —

"That in March, 1677, he heard Mr. FitzGerald say (meaning me) that he wished for the King in France to be landed in Ireland with threescore or fourscore thousand men and that Mr. FitzGerald said that he himself would raise men and help the French against our Majesty, the King of England, and that he the said Huet did ask Mr. FitzGerald what would maintain such a great army in Ireland, and Mr. FitzGerald told him the King of England's revenue; that then the said Huet should ask Mr. FitzGerald what he would avail by that and that Mr. FitzGerald said that thereby he could repossess himself of his estate which he has been unjustly kept out of. This was on Monday, the 30th of August, 1679."

After describing his interview with the Duke of Ormonde at Clonmel referred to above, David Fitz Gerald continues :—" The Grand

Jury, as I was informed, were unwilling to return a *Billa vera* upon the information of Walter Huet against me. I having notice thereof used my interest in the said Grand Jury, and desired that they might find the bill against me, that the accusation might be publicly known, and the occasion thereof, which was accordingly done. The undernamed persons were empanelled for to try me :—Sir George Inglesby, Knt., Ralph Wilson, David Wilson, George Ailmer, Arthur Ormesby, John Croker, Nicholas Munckton, John Bury, Hassard Powel, John Mansfield, George Evans, esquires, and John Dixon, gent. They then proceeded to the trial and . . . the jury, without any hesitation, pronounced me not guilty.

"Then the Grand Jury returned *Billa vera* upon the indictment against the persons who broke my house; then the Clerk of the Crown called them by their names upon their recognizance. The number of fourteen or fifteen did appear. Judge Reynolds adjudged the indictment to be vexatious, having thirty-one mentioned therein, but would not have the patience to hear the trial, being worked upon by others, as I will justify, put me off . . . and ordered the said people to be dismissed . . .

"Afterwards I went up to Dublin and appealed to the Lord Lieutenant against Sir John Reynolds. . . . When the said petition was read, I was called to appear before the Lord Lieutenant and Council, the Lord Chief Justice Keating alleging before the Lord Lieutenant and Council that the aforesaid people were *extra*; but Sir Richard Reynolds could not deny they were in Court.

"The Lord Lieutenant and Council appointed and authorized the High Sheriff of the County of Limerick, Sir William King, Knt., Governor of Limerick, Sir George Inglesby, Knt., Simon Eyton, George Ailmer, John Odel, and Richard Maguair, esquires, commissioners to examine into the information of several abuses exhibited at this Board by David Fitz Gerald of Rakeal in the County of Limerick, 23rd December, 1679.

"The said commission was executed the third, fourth, and fifth days of February, 1679 [= 1680] by Garret Fitz Gerald, Esq., High Sheriff of the County of Limerick, Simon Eyton, George Ailmer, and John Odel, esquires, upon the full examination and hearing of ten sufficient witnesses, who proved the particulars mentioned in the said information as aforesaid, and finding twenty more ready to aver the

same, returned the said commission to the Lord Lieutenant and Council, with the depositions of the ten that swore positive to the names of those that broke my house and heard them say: 'Kill the rebel and knock him in the head before he goes any further' . . . Whereupon several of the riotous persons aforesaid were again taken up and brought to trial , . . yet such was the prevalency of the conspirators and the jury so prepared, that they would not find them guilty.

"After which I came to Dublin and from thence came for England to give in my testimony to His Majesty, as I had before done to His Grace the Lord Lieutenant and Council, from whom I had good encouragement to proceed, and which I have herein before punctually published."

Meanwhile the favours and rewards lavished on the earliest informers encouraged other discoverers to appear on the scene. I shall now give those parts of their informations[1] which refer to the County of Limerick, or to persons whose names occur in the poems of David Ó Bruadair.

THE INFORMATION OF JOHN MAC NAMARA

John Mac Namara's accusations are directed principally against Richard, Lord le Poer, Earl of Tyrone, but he tells us also that "the said Earl told this informant he had his commission sent him from the French king under hand and seal to be a colonel of a regiment of horse in the County of Waterford, and said there was hardly a county in Ireland but persons were appointed by the French king for that purpose, and named in the County of Limerick Colonel Pierce Lacy and the Lord Brittas, Sir John Fitz Gerald, David Fitz Gerald, and several others in the County of Clare, John Mac Namara and several others in the County of Kerry, Sir Turlo Mac Mahan and several others in the County of Cork,[2] and that the said Earl of Tyrone was to be colonel in the County of Waterford."

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[1] The Several Informations of John Mac Namara, Maurice Fitz Gerald, and James Nash, gentlemen, relating to the Horrid Popish Plot in Ireland, &c. Printed for John Wright, at the Crown on Ludgate-hill, and Richard Chiswell, at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, 1680.

[2] The Counties to which these gentlemen should be assigned are wrongly given in this Information. I print it exactly as it stands in the original publication.

THE DEPOSITION OF JAMES NASH

James Nash, of County Limerick, deposed that about four years ago (viz. in 1676) Captain John Purden called him aside after Mass and advised him to go into France, "being the only place to improve him and make him a complete man, for that there were like to be troublesome times and there would be need of such improved men"; that on another occasion, soon after when he was at Mass in the said Purden's house, a priest named Burgatt commanded him to go to the house of Captain Thomas Mac Everie, who "had somewhat material to impart to him"; that the said Mac Everie engaged him to carry letters to Colonel O'Sullivan at Bearhaven; that on his return with answers Captain Mac Everie went to Captain Purden's house, "where there was a great meeting of the Popish gentry of the country, who rejoiced much at the answer of the said letters"; that "John Purden, Thomas Mac Everie, Eustace White, John Hurley, and John Bourke, with many others which this deponent hath forgot at present, were sworn to secrecy upon a great book, which this deponent thinks was the Life of the Saints"; and finally that "Father Brodeen, the parish priest, bitterly cursed him if he did not observe secrecy in regard to the plot."

THE INFORMATION OF MAURICE FITZ GERALD, GENT.

The Information of Maurice Fitz Gerald, Gent., taken before John Odell and Nicholas Mounckton, and George Aylmer, Esqs., three of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Limerick, 11 December, 1680, gives many more names. It runs as follows:—"The informant, being duly sworn on the Holy Evangelists, saith, that on or about winter, 1676, after Captain Thomas Mac Inerina returned out of Flanders and France, whither he had been employed as agent from the Irish gentry, there was a very great meeting at Colonel Pierce Lacy's house at Curroe, where met besides the said colonel, the Lord of Brittas; Molowny, the Popish Titular Bishop of Killaloe; Brenane, the Popish Bishop of Waterford; Duly, the Popish Bishop of Limerick; two Jesuits, whose names this informant knows not; Sir John Fitz Gerald, John Power, son to David Power, late of

Killalow;[1] John Hurley, Eustace White, John Bourke, of Cahirmoyhill; William Bourke, his brother; Captain John Purdon, Captain Thomas Mac Inerina, Captain Richard Stephenson, Mr. David Fitz Gerald, this informant and several others whose names he remembers not"; that Captain Thomas Mac Inerina reported that the French king was to send 20,000, and that an equal number of men should be raised in Munster; that the officers were then appointed to command these levies, and "that the Lord of Brittas, Colonel Pierce Lacy, Sir John Fitz Gerald, John Mac Namara, of Cratelagh; John Power, Captain Sullivan, of Bearhaven; one Carty and several others were to be colonels; that John Bourke, of Cahirmohill, was to be lieutenant-colonel, and that Captain Thomas Mac Inerina was to be lieutenant-colonel in Captain Sullivan's regiment; that Captain John Purdon, Captain Richard Stephenson, Mr. John Hurley, and Eustace White were to be field-officers; and that he had heard that Mr. John Anketill was to be lieutenant-colonel; and that Mr. William Bourke, Mr. Theobald Dowdall, Mr. Oliver Stephenson, Mr. David Fitz Gerald (now in London), this informant and several others were then appointed captains; and that John Bourke, of Ardagh, and several others were appointed lieutenants; and that John Dury and Thady Quin were to be captains; and that Nicholas Bourke, and many others of Limerick, were then pitched on for the surprise of Limerick, whose names at present he remembers not," but that the alliance between the Emperor, the King of Spain, and the Dutch prevented the French king from sending over those forces and arms he had promised, "and so all things were at a stand till about Michaelmas, 1679, when all the fore-named persons and John Mac Namara, of Cratelagh, John Anketill, of Farrihy, Captain Levallin, and many others, met at Mr. William Bourke's house at Lisnekilly . . . , that he heard that the Earl of Tyrone was to be a general officer, and Colonel Fitzpatrick and Sir William Talbot were to have some great commands, and that all then present at Lisnekilly bound themselves by strict oaths and by an instrument under their hands and seals to be true and faithful, and stand by each other; that the plot is still going on, and that they have daily hopes of the French king's invading . . . ; that he had been told that

[1] Another copy reads Kilbolan.

David Fitz Gerald discovered the plot both to Sir Thomas Southwell and John Pigot, Esqs.; and this informant saith that in case this information should be known he and his family are in danger of being murdered."

On receipt of these informations warrants were issued for the arrest of Lord Bourke of Brittas; the Lord Castleconnel's son, Sir John Fitz Gerald, of Claonghlais; Col. Pierce Lacy, and others to the number of ten or twelve, some of them Protestants. It took the Bishop of Meath and the committee two months' hard work to reduce the depositions to some kind of order, but they could not succeed in making them agree with the discoveries in England. The two Justices also, finding no reason to keep Lord Brittas and the other gentlemen accused in prison, admitted them to bail.

"It was proposed," says Carte, "to bring the accused gentlemen to a trial at Limerick, in a place where their manner of conversation was known, and in the county where the conspiracy, wherewith they were charged, was pretended to be carried on and designed to be put in execution, but this was disapproved of in England, where it was urged that more evidence might be gotten, and Lord Shaftesbury bragged openly that he had great discoveries of an Irish plot in readiness to produce. David Fitz Gerald was sent for over, but whether he could not comply with what was proposed to him or was afraid of being prosecuted in his turn for accusations he could not prove, he stole away from London in order to make his way for Ireland, but was re-taken at Bristol. Great pains were taken in this last-mentioned kingdom to find out more witnesses, who, as fast as they were got, were sent for to London, there to be made use of, and examined by a secret committee of the House of Commons."[1]

The Duke of Ormonde, writing to the Earl of Arran from Dublin, 1 November, 1680, says:—"The journals tell us that the Irish witnesses are to have authority to gather up in this Kingdom as many witnesses more as they can, without giving in their names, either there or here; and their charge to London, I doubt, is to be borne here. If they take up all that are willing to go upon those terms to see London, they will need no guard thither, and our *Concordatum* money will be soon exhausted. The journal also takes notice of a

[1] Carte: op. cit., vol. II, p. 498.

committee that shall be appointed to consider the plot, as it relates to Ireland."[1] Again, on the 9th of January, 1680/1, he tells him:—"The westerly wind has carried over Murphy with a number of witnesses; and Geoghegan, since his imprisonment, has accused my Lord Carlingford, Col. Garret Moore, and one Nugent of treason, that the title of king's evidence may not only defend him from punishment here, but help him into England, where he hopes for more favour than here, where he is best known; and to make his presence there the more necessary he now desires to be examined against the Lord Molineux. This is evidently his drift, but how safe it may be to find or affirm it to be so I cannot judge. You have duplicates sent to you of all that is transmitted to my Lord Sunderland concerning him, Murphy, Fitz Gerald, and Downy, which make a large packet."[2] And again he writes to the same on the 18th of January, 1680/1:—"My Lord Sunderland, by the King's command, has written for two witnesses, Fitz Gerald and Downy, who were well on their way to London before I received the letter."

So far everything had seemed to promise well for the success of Shaftesbury's schemes. But an unforeseen event occurred. David Fitz Gerald, who claimed to be the first, and who seems to have been the most reputable, of the Irish witnesses, repented of his share in the perjury, and, escaping from London, tried to return to Ireland by way of Bristol, where, however, he was re-arrested. Weak and worthless as his evidence was, it had nevertheless been the basis on which the later informations had been built up. Hence it is easy to understand the violence with which his former patrons now assailed him. No one attacked him with greater virulence than his disappointed employer, William Hetherington, "the chief manager and instructor of the Irish witnesses." Hetherington preferred a charge of misdemeanour against him on several accounts to the House of Commons, which, however, was not tried owing to the dissolution of Parliament, and he got some other Irish witnesses who still remained faithful to him to back up the charge. Hetherington's attacks on David Fitz Gerald show how his estimate of a man's character changed according to the nature of the evidence that he expected of him. David Fitz Gerald

[1] Carte: op. cit., vol. II, Appendix, p. 99.
[2] Ibidem, Appendix, pp. 103, 104.

was, according to Carte,[1] "the most considerable witness for sense and quality that offered himself, a gentleman of the County of Limerick, and by profession a Protestant."[2] Hetherington, disappointed in his pupil, attempted to prove that the Irish Papists accused of the plot, feeling that they had secured greater freedom by the dissolution of Parliament, had bribed the king's evidence to retract their former testimony, and then made this bitter personal attack[3] on David Fitz Gerald, which at its best would only show from what class of society Hetherington had gathered his witnesses:—"In order, therefore, to this they first tamper with and prevail upon David Fitz Gerald, and make use of him as a decoy to wheedle the rest; concerning which most worshipful tool it will be necessary to give a brief account. His pedigree is very suitable to his employment and practices; his father, a pitiful villain, considerable only for having had the honour of having been indicted and outlawed as being one of the cut-throats of the Protestants in the late rebellion in that kingdom, and who now goes abegging with his wife from door to door. This young hero, their son, was originally a footboy, first to one Captain Butler and afterwards to Colonel Piggot, and though he hath had the impudence to say before the King and Council that he was a man of considerable estate, 'tis most notorious that in lands, goods, and otherwise, he was never worthy twenty pounds in his life whilst he continued in Ireland; and what he hath done as to discovery of anything of the Popish Plot, he was provoked thereunto rather by desire of revenge than any sentiments of loyalty; for his landlord, Sir Thomas Southwell, having distrained a few cattle he had for his rent (which were not at all worth 10 l.), and having no way to recover them back again (being all he and his family had to subsist on) but by breaking of the pound and stealing them out, and Sir Thomas prosecuting him for the same, he then in revenge charges Sir Thomas for concealing the Popish Plot, pretended to be discovered by him to the said Sir Thomas some time before, which, whether true or false,

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[1] Carte: op. cit., vol. II, Appendix, p. 104.

[2] Ibidem, p. 497.

[3] The Irish Evidence, Convicted by their own Oaths or Swearing and Counter-Swearing, plainly Demonstrated in several of their Own Affidavits, herewith faithfully published, as also a Full and Impartial Account of their Past and Present Practices. London: William Inghal the Elder. 1682.

I determine not; 'tis certain few people believed it, the whole country knowing him to be a fellow of so vile a life and conversation that they would give no credit to any thing he should either say or swear, though they were otherwise well satisfied of the designs of the Papists. But he, hearing that the Irish Plot was discovered in England by Mr. Hetherington to the King and Council, comes for England, and gave information before the King and Council, and both Houses of Parliament, against several persons that were concerned in the Popish Plot in Ireland; but his wants being very great, insomuch that had not his landlord given him credit for meat, drink, and lodging, he must either have starved or followed the old trade that he formerly practised in Ireland; and being a fellow naturally proud, ambitious, false, treacherous, and disposed as well by constitution as former conversation for any kind of villainy, the Papists or some of their disguised factors and abettors fell in with him, and managed him so as he not only began to retract his evidence against Sir John Fitz Gerald, Colonel Lacy, and others, but also used all the means he could by threats, discouragements, and temptations, to get the rest of the witnesses against them and others to retract also; which all practices being found out by Mr. Hetherington, he immediately made a complaint, and exhibited the following articles against him to the House of Commons at Westminster."

In these "articles of misdemeanour preferred against David Fitz Gerald to the House of Commons and there proved fully by Mr. William Hetherington and afterwards before the King in Council, but not there brought to hearing," Hetherington asserts that David Fitz Gerald "rejoiced at the first coming of the witnesses out of Ireland to prove the hellish Popish Plot," but that afterwards he "endeavoured by many ways and means to bring this informant and the said witnesses into His Majesty's disfavour, and to cast reproaches upon them the better to invalidate their evidence," . . . alleging that they had got £3000 from the city or some of the citizens of London; that he had persuaded witnesses not to appear against Sir John Davis and others, and had "said he would break Shaftesbury's knot; and the better to prevent with the witnesses acknowledged that he had received for his service 100 l. of His Grace the Duke of Ormond, 500 l. from the King, and a commission to be a captain; and that His Majesty had given him two blank patents for baronets, the one for

his father-in-law and the other to be at his own disposal, and a grant of the lands of Rakeale and all the commons of Knockgreny in the county of Limerick."

Among the specific charges preferred by Hetherington against David Fitz Gerald were the following :—"That the said Fitz Gerald, being examined by a Committee of the House of Commons against Sir John Fitz Gerald, refused to give his evidence, being his relation, unless the Committee would promise to intercede to His Majesty for his, the said Sir John's pardon; that the said Fitz Gerald had commended some of the witnesses for still retaining the Romish religion; that the said Fitz Gerald had abused four of the said witnesses, and asked them if they came to hang poor Plunket; that the said Fitz Gerald said he was abused because he would not accuse the Duke of Ormond and the Chancellor of Ireland, which he knew to be as honest men as any in these kingdoms.

"But while the Chairman of that Committee was making his report to the House, the Black Rod came to prorogue them. A dissolution followed soon after, and so he escaped justice."

The Irish witnesses who supported Hetherington in his charges against David Fitz Gerald were Maurice Fitz Gerald, Owen Callaghan, Murtagh Downing (? Downy), and Bernard Dennis.

Maurice Fitz Gerald swore[1] : "This informant saith that David Fitz Gerald was a grand plotter and also to be a captain to assist the French King, as he hath formerly sworn and declared; and that there was a difference between one Colonel Lacy and the Lord Brittas, which of them should have the said David to be their captain in their regiments; and further the said Maurice deposeth that the said David did use all his endeavours to stifle some of His Majesty's evidence, as himself, one Edmond Morphew, John Moyer, Hugh Duffey, George Coddan, Paul Garmley, and Mortagh Downing for declaring the truth regarding the horrid Popish Plot in Ireland . . . Further, being demanded whether David Fitz Gerald had been at any time in company with the Earl of Arran and Sir John Davies since the last sessions of Parliament, saith,

[1] Information of Maurice Fitz Gerald, Gent., taken the one and twentieth day of March 1680, [=1681], upon Oath before me Sir John Frederick, Knight and Alderman, one of the King's Majesties Justices of the Peace for the city of London.

several times at their respective lodgings; and likewise that the said David had been several times with Sir John Fitz Gerald in the Gatehouse; likewise this informant saith that he hath seen David Fitz Gerald in company with Robert Poor,[1] a person charged with treason, at the said David's lodging, where the said David Fitz Gerald gave the said Robert Poor instructions to draw up the articles against Mr. Hetherington."

Owen Callaghan and Murtagh Downing testified[2] as follows: "The said informants being duly sworn and examined for the holy Evangelists depose and say that the said David Fitz Gerald hath used all means he could possible for to get these informants to retract from the evidence these informants had formerly given in against several persons who were concerned in the late horrid Popish Plot in Ireland . . ."

Bernard Dennis deposed[3]: "I do remember that Captain David Fitz Gerald at several places hath told me that the King was clearly against Mr. Hetherington's proceedings, and that if the Irish evidence did follow his directions they were likely enough to fall out of the King's favours as well as he; and the reason was, because of his familiarity with the Earl of Shaftesbury; and that His Majesty would be highly discontented that any of the evidence should proceed against Sir John Davies or any of his appointed magistrates without his permission. He further told me that there was a collection made for the Irish evidence in the city of London, and that the King had notice of it, and that if we would take Fitz Gerald's advice we might have what money we would; and told me that he had five hundred pounds sterling and a commission for a captain's place from His Majesty, and that he was to go suddenly for Ireland; he further told me that His Majesty was informed that we, the King's evidence, came over not to serve him but to cast an aspersion upon His Majesty, which we then and always absolutely do deny. Hereupon we drew and presented a petition to His Majesty setting forth the occasion of our

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[1] Agent for the Earl of Tyrone, according to Hetherington.

[2] The Information of Owen Callaghan and Murtagh Downing taken upon Oath before the Right Honorable Sir Patient Ward, Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of London, the 4th of May, 1681.

[3] The Information of Bernard Dennis taken upon Oath before the Right Honorable Sir Patient Ward, Knight, then Lord Mayor of the City of London.

coming over; which was to serve His Majesty and the Kingdom, and that, when he pleased, we were willing to return home. After this, he told me that His Majesty intended to impeach Mr. Hetherington."

Hetherington also mentions that there was some time since one Mr. Hurley, a Protestant, that came over and could make a very considerable discovery of the Popish Plot in Ireland; that David Fitz-Gerald tried to gain him for the Sham Plot Office,[1] but as he detested it, they got him clapped up in the Marshalsea. Then he concludes his *pièces justificatives* with the following vigorous comment: "There is one thing more I may not omit, which is that David Fitz Gerald upon a hearing between him and Mr. William Hetherington before the King and Council did assert "that he could procure forty Irishmen for forty pound to swear to whatever he desired them"; upon which it was replied "that he gave an honourable character to his countrymen." Then he concludes, "I think these sufficient to give an insight into the intrigue; for he's but an ill woodman that cannot discover the nature and size of the beast by the view of his excrement."

The Duke of Ormonde still continued to profess in public his belief in the plot, the existence of which he denied in private. He ordered the arrest of O'Sullivan Mór and O'Sullivan Beare. Here is how his admirer and biographer Carte[2] defends his conduct. "He knew in what ticklish circumstances he stood and how vigilant his enemies were in looking out for some pretence to charge him with remissness in the duty of his post; so that though he had formerly declined giving general orders for taking up the head of septs without any accusation against them, purely because they had the power to do hurt, yet he now thought fit to secure O'Sullivan Moore and O'Sullivan Beer. These gentlemen, in case a rebellion should be raised in Munster, were the most able of any to support it, being the chiefs of two powerful septs, and having numerous followings in that province. They were the most likely to join in such an affair, because they had lost their estates by the last rebellion, and were reduced to a very indigent condition, being maintained purely by the hospitality and contribution of their old vassals and dependants, so that they had little to lose and much to hope from another. Yet these men

[1] Those who were trying to prove that the Oates Plot was a sham.
[2] Carte: op. cit., vol. II, pp. 516, 517.

submitted to be taken up without the least opposition or attempt of escaping, though it is certain that the affection which their followers bore them was such that they would have died by their side, if they had been minded to oppose being taken into custody. The Duke of Ormonde thought the ease with which this was done to be a strong presumption that there was no design of a Popish rebellion in Ireland, because they must have been acquainted with it, if there had been any; and certainly their surrendering themselves so quietly in such a time, after a plot's being declared and prosecuted with so much fury, was as strong a proof of their own opinion of their innocence."

From the summer of 1681 to the spring of 1682 the judges in most parts of Ireland were kept busy disposing of cases in connexion with the pretended plot. Ormonde, writing to the Earl of Arran on the 17th of November, 1681, says: "All the business here belongs to the Term and the Judges, and at the Council there is little more to do than to hear witnesses, some come out of England and some producing themselves here; and all of them, I doubt, for swearing themselves. Those that went out of Ireland with bad English and worse clothes are returned well-bred gentlemen, well caronated, perriwigged and clothed. Brogues and leather straps are converted to fashionable shoes and glittering buckles; which, next to the zeal Tories, Thieves, and Friars have for the Protestant religion, is a main inducement to bring in a shoal of informers . . . . The worst is they are so miserably poor that we are fain to give them some allowance; and they find it more honourable and safe to be the king's evidence than a cowstealer, though that be their natural profession. But seriously, it is vexatious and uneasy to be in awe of such a sort of rogues. Now that they are discarded by the zealous suborners of the city they would fain invent and swear what might recommend them to another party; but as they have not honesty to swear truth, so they have not the wit to invent probably. It is for want of something else to say, that I fall upon this character of an Irish witness. The Bishop of Meath is yet alive, but, I think, his friends do not hope he will ever come down stairs."[1]

Ormonde had given the judges when they were going on circuit in the summer of 1681 instructions to enquire particularly into the plot

[1] Carte: op. cit., vol. II, App., pp. 109, 110.

and send him an account of their proceedings. Henry Hen and Sir Standish Hartstonge, Barons of the Exchequer, went the Munster circuit. They had to try the case of those Munster gentlemen who were accused of the plot, but according to David Ó Bruadair[1] their timidity prevented them from exposing the perjuries of the informers. It was different with the Lord Chief Justice Keating and Mr. Justice Herbert, who went the Connacht circuit. A brief account of their proceedings is given by Carte,[2] and it agrees substantially with the account given by David Ó Bruadair of the Lord Chief Justice Keating's action at the Munster assizes held at Limerick in the spring of the following year. Murphy and Downy[3] were the two informers who appeared at this trial. Ó Bruadair does not give the names of the gentlemen who were then tried and acquitted, but they were doubtless some of those gentlemen mentioned in the depositions of the informers given above. We know that Colonel Daniel O'Donovan was one of them, for in a petition presented by him to King James II, about September, 1689, he states "that petitioner suffered long imprisonment by the oppression of the late Earl of Orrery and others, and was tried for his life before the Lord Chief Justice Keatinge and Sir Richard Reynells on account of the late pretended plot, as the said Lord Chief Justice and your Majesty's Attorney-General can testify, whereby most of his small acquired fortune was exhausted."[4] We may conclude this brief account of the pretended plot in the County of Limerick with the words of Carte[5]:—"It is very strange that this multitude of Irish witnesses, which made so terrible a noise in England, could not serve to convict so much as one man in their own country. But it is still more strange, that after such notorious perjuries, as plainly appeared in this affair of the Popish Plot, no law should yet pass in England for the severe punishment of persons guilty of that crime, in cases where the lives of others are taken away, their estates forfeited, their blood tainted, their families ruined, and their names conveyed down as traitors to the execration of all posterity . . . Our ancestors possibly had no

[1] Infra, pp. 272–275.

[2] Carte, ut supra, pp. 515, 516.

[3] Vide infra, pp. 284, 285.

[4] D'Alton: King James's Irish Army List (1689). 2nd edition, London, 1861, vol. II, p. 714.

[5] Carte, ut supra, p. 517.

experience of so flagitious a crime to make it needful to provide against it, but their descendants . . . should methinks deem it reasonable to provide by human terrors against a crime so impious in its nature and so mischievous in its consequences. The Jewish Law of old, the Civil Law of the Romans, and the Common Law of almost all other countries in Europe have in such cases established the *lex talionis. Nec lex est iustior ulla.*"

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA

Part I, p. xi, last line. The name O'Broder, anglicized Broderick, is not uncommon in Co. Donegal and the neighbouring counties.

Part I, p. xxx, l. 25. Sir John Fitz Gerald was married in 1674; cf. Part II, p. 167.

Part I, p. xxxii, l. 4, *for* ḋeapa *read* ǵeapa

Part I, p. 61, note[6]. Iollann Airmdhearg mac Ríogh Gréag is called in some copies of the story úcaipe na peaċtṁaine (cf. Part II, p. 87). There is also another story called Ċaċtpa Iollainn Ailpṁḋeirg mic Ríoǵ Ċappáinne. (Information supplied to me by Mr. Walter Purton.)

Part I, pp. 102–104. Mr. Thomas F. O'Rahilly in Gadelica I, pp. 204–206, points out that the incident of the curing of Mac Eochadha's broken leg is taken from Echtra an Chetharnaig chaoilriabaig; see O'Grady's Silva Gadelica I, p. 281.

Part I, p. 194. In a catalogue of Irish Mss. sold by John O'Daly, Anglesea Street, Dublin, the poem in praise of the Duke of Ormonde is said to have been written by "Dermot O'Meara, a starveling apothecary." (Information supplied to me by Mr. John Mac Neill.)

Part I, p. 198, note[4], *dele* l. 6 from the bottom of the page.

Part II, p. 142, l. 26, *for* third *read* second

Part II, pp. 174–176. David Ó Bruadair's authorship of Poem XXVI (infra, pp. 172–204), as well as the genuineness of the concluding stanzas of it (Rr. LXVI–LXXI), are confirmed by the following rann in H. 5. 4, p. 146 (T.C.D.), a Ms. transcribed seemingly from a Ms. of the poet's by Eoghan Ó Caoimh in 1699–1701, in which David Ó Bruadair thus justifies his introduction of the fowl and other domestic animals into the elegy:—

> Im ċuipeaṁ ap aċtaiḃ ǵeala an lilluipip ip peápp
> ḋoċonnapepa a mbeaċa i n-eaǵap uiǵe na nḋáṁ
> ǵibé aḋuḃaipt náp ḋeap cup ceapc pan ionaḋ a ḋtáiḋ
> ní ċuǵaim ḋom aipe a ḃpeaċ peaċ buiǵne ḃán.

In my dirge on the bright deeds of Maurice, the noble and good,
I regarded their lives as a theme for the weaving of song;
Though some deem it not nice for the fowl to be put where they are,
I attend to their judgments no more than to bulrushes white.

Duanaire Ḋáiḃiḋ uí Ḃruadair

POEMS OF DAVID Ó BRUADAIR

Duanaire Ḋáiḃiḋ uí Ḃruadair

I.—A ḋia na n-uile

[Mss. Murphy iv, xii (m); R.I.A. 23 G 24 (G), 23 L 37 (L): Ḋáiḃi ó Ḃruadair ccc. (m, G, L). This poem is directed against those faithless clerics who, following in the footsteps of Luther, and relying on the protection of a Duke, fill the land with strife and try to persuade the world that their wretched little path of private judgment is better than the faith that has saved millions. These clerics are, no doubt, the Irish Remonstrants led by Peter Walsh, O.S.F., whom Ormonde used as tools to keep the Irish Church in a continual state of internal turmoil and dissension for more than a dozen years after the Restoration. Ormonde, indeed, in a letter written by him to the Earl of Arran from Dublin, December 29th, 1680, openly acknowledges that this was the grand object he had in view:—"My aim was to work a division among the Romish clergy, and I believe I had compassed it, to the great security of the Government and Protestants, and against the opposition of the Pope, and his creatures and Nuncios, if I had not been removed from the Government, and if direct contrary counsels had not been taken and held by my successors, of whom some were too indulgent to the whole body of Papists, and others not much acquainted with any of them, nor considering the advantages of the division designed" (Carte: Life of the Duke of Ormonde, London, 1736, vol. ii, App. p. 101). Shortly after his removal from the office of Lord Lieutenant he thus sums up the effect of his policy in a letter to the Lord Chancellor, written on July 19th, 1670: "When I left that Kingdom, all was quiet; the tide ran the right way; there were but one or two bed-rid Popish Bishops in Ireland. Now the loyal [i.e. the Remonstrants] are oppressed; the disloyal in power to suppress them. Every Province hath a Popish Archbishop" (Carte: Ormonde, vol. ii, p. 418).

David Ó Bruadair is at one with other contemporary Catholic authorities and writers in condemning the Protestant spirit of the Valesian party. The Primate, Edmund O'Reilly, Archbishop of Armagh, in a letter dated 17th August, 1668, calls Taaffe and Walsh "isti duo Gog et Magog, prodromi Antichristi" (Spicilegium Ossoriense, vol. i, p. 459); Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, reports on October 6th, 1669, that Caron and Walsh were looked on as apostates at Rome (P. Walsh: History of the Irish Remonstrance, 1674, p. 756), whilst the Franciscan Commissary-General in Flanders, Fr. James de Riddere, writing from Mechlin, 18th December, 1664, to Cardinal Francesco Barberini, alludes to the

1

A ḋia na n-uile naċ ionann ir éaḡ d'iomċur
piaḡail ḟuirpe an ḟuilinḡiḡ ḟéilriomḋa
a mbliaḋna a foirm aḡá pille le ḟéiriúnaiḃ
naċ ḟiaḋann fulanḡ a punḡa ḡo péarúnta.

POEMS OF DAVID Ó BRUADAIR

I.—O GOD OF THE UNIVERSE

title of "The Humble Remonstrance, Acknowledgement, Protestation and Petition of the Roman Catholick Clergy of Ireland," and calls its promoters "istos Protestantes Hibernos." Whereupon P. Walsh remarks: "You may note how, both to flatter the Cardinal and render the Remonstrants more hateful, he, no less equivocally than scornfully, stiles them here '*those Irish Protestants*'; albeit indeed without any other ground than that the Formulary or Profession of Allegiance subscribed by them is, by reason of some parts thereof, intituled also a Protestation" (Walsh, l.c. p. 508). But the appellation was not so unjustifiable as Walsh would try to make us believe, for, when he attempts to prove his own orthodoxy, he can only do so by condemning the popes of the preceding six centuries as heretics, calling them followers of Gregory VII, "the founder of the Gregorian Sect and the Hildebrandine Heresy" (Walsh, l.c., p. 520, &c.).

In R. IV Roibiopt an péaḋúna may refer to John, Lord Robarts of Truro, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland after Ormonde, from the 13th of February, 1669, till July, 1670. The use of the form Robert instead of Robarts may be paralleled from other documents of that time; v.g. Peter Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, in a letter to the Nuncio at Brussels, dated 25th February (6th March), 1669, calls him "Dominum Robertum" (Spic. Oss. i, p. 471). As Lord Robarts' policy, however, was adverse to the Remonstrants, it would seem that the poem must have been written very shortly after he assumed office. If the reference is not to Lord Robarts, it would not be easy to find a Robert in these years sufficiently prominent to be mentioned specially by the poet. Captain Robert Fitzgerald was proposed to the Crown for a Privy Councillorship in 1679, at the time of the Oates plot, as being amongst "the most zealous for the Protestant interest in Ireland," and Sir Robert Talbot was sent by Ormonde to aid Walsh in forcing the Synod held in Dublin in June, 1666, to subscribe the Remonstrance and the six Sorbonne propositions.

Metre.—Amhán: (–) ıa – ı – – ı – – é ú –.]

I

O God of the universe, is it not like undergoing death
To see how the all-perfect rule of the bounteous and patient Lord
Is being depraved and distorted by debtors[1] this very year,
Who cannot endure its controlling restraint with sobriety?

[1] Debtors: sinners, transgressors of the laws. The words are used here in the same sense as in the Pater Noster: map ṁaiṫeamuiḋne ḋáp ḃpeiṫeaṁnaiḃ féin, sicut demittimus debitoribus nostris.

II

An ġrian do ḃuḃaḋ 'r ar cumaḋ do rréirḋúilib
ir rciallaḋ tuimḋe tuinne na ḟéarġnúire
iad ní hionġnaḋ linne do léirṁúḋaḋ
'r an ċliar tar tiomna aġ tuitim i dtréatúireaċt.

III

Ciall na cloinne re an duine do ċréiġ a uṁlaċt
do ċiar ġaċ imiol don ċruinne le rcléir tnúċa
a ḃia an tan tiocfaiḋ ir tura ċum ġéarċunntuir
cia an Cú Ċulainn ḃur urra re plé iompa?

IV

Ḋá n-iarrair ionaclann ġoiṁe do ċréaċt ġcuṁra
ir 'na ḃiaiḋ a mionna do ṁilleaḋ 'r do ḃaoċḋiultaḋ
i liaċtain liorta ḃar mbulla do ḃréaġ ċuṁḋaċ
an ria ċum ġliocair leat Roibiorḋ an réaġġúna?

V

Iarla an dtiocfaiḋ go riormaḋaċ réċúplaċ
'ran trliaḋ do riġior na riḋire reir cúirte?
an ḃriaḋra miniṁtir muiniceaċ méiġġlúineaċ
ar t'ḟiaċaiḃ ionaġair iongan do t'ḟéinn iomċa?

VI

A liaiġ mo ċinnir dá n-imrir béim rionnra
re rianra riorcaiḋe ruime na réiṁċionntaċ
dar ria ní ċuiġimre buinġe doḃ ṁaoċionnrmaḋ
mun dciaiḋ ar ionaċaiḃ Uraṁan aondiuice.

II, l. 2 cinniḋe cuinne, m, G; cuimiḋe coinne, L. l. 3 go léir múċḋa, G, m. l. 4 ra cliar, m, G. III, l. 1, a *om.* m, G. l. 2 rgléirtnúṫ, m, G. IV, l. 1 ionaclainn, m, G; ċréaċta, L. l. 2 mionnaiḃ, L. l. 4 a ria, m, G; Riobiorḋ, L; contracted to the single letter R, m, G; réaġúna, L. V, l. 1 a ḃia an tt., m. l. 2 do réir, L; do *om.* m, G. l. 3 meaċ, G, m. l. 4 ionaġair, L; ionaġair, m, G; iomḋa, m, G; iomċa, L. VI, l. 2 reiṁ ciunntaċ, m, G. l. 3 ḃaoċionnrma, m, G. l. 4 muna ttiaḋ, m, G; ionnaċaiḃ uraṁan, m, G, L.

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[1] His: the allusion is to Luther.

[2] Cú Chulainn: the champion who defended Ulster single-handed, in the stories of the Ulster cycle; cf. Part I, p. 69, n.[5].

II

Dark is the light of the sun and the heavenly elements,
And rent is the covering surface of earth's grassy countenance,
I deem it no wonder that they should thus wholly extinguished be,
Seeing that clerics transgressing their oaths into treason fall.

III

Their motive is like unto his,[1] who forsook his obedience vowed
And plagued every fringe of the world with invidious bickerings;
O God, when both Thou and they come to the strict account-scrutiny
Where shall they find a Cú Chulainn[2] to act as their advocate?

IV

Shouldst Thou retribution exact for the pain of Thy fragrant wounds,
Despite which they break all their vows and abandon them wantonly,
With prolix harangues though he strive to pervert Thy bull speciously,
Shall Robert[3] the smooth-gowned be able to match Thee in subtlety?

V

Shall an Earl[4] with six couple of henchmen[5] arrive disputatiously,
Arrayed as a knight of the court, at the mountain alluded to?[6]
Shall a stiff-necked and greasy-loined minister[7] ever be capable
Of paying the debts which he owes Thee for rending Thy envied flock?

VI

O Physician, who curest my ills, if Thou dealest a fencing cut
At the trim self-conceited esteem of these finical criminals,
Faith, I know of their braves none so mad as with Thee to engage in fight,
If he come not secured by the safeguard of Ormonde's distinguished duke.

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[3] Robert the smooth-gowned (ꝓéaꝺꝺúna, qu. ꝓéiꝺꝺúna): the person alluded to is uncertain. If he be Sir Robert Talbot, the poem should be dated 1666; if Lord Robarts, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the date would be early in 1670.

[4] Earl: the Earl of Ormonde, created Duke of Ormonde 30th March, 1661; cf. Part I, p. 58, n.[4], and the Introduction to poem III, ibid., pp. 18, 19.

[5] That is, with twelve jurymen.

[6] The mountain alluded to is the Hill of Sion, where the strict account-scrutiny of the Last Judgment, referred to in R. III, l. 3, of the present poem, shall take place according to Irish tradition; vide supra, Part I, p. 17, n.[2].

[7] A minister of the court or government, seemingly.

VII

Iarać coirbḃe cuinge na mbréagċúmċać
ḋ'ḟiar le cubairc a cumaiḋ a nglécúinge
gioḋ iarrać innṁe an ciomlać crélúbać
ba riaḃać ionnṁar na ḋruinge do ġéill fúiċi.

VIII

Cia an fear buile ri ċuirear i gcéill ḋúinne
i mbriaċraiḃ briorca le conafa cléċúncair
rian beag rinġil gur rine mar rcéiċlúirġ
ioná an ḋiaḋać ċumainn ar ċuiḋiġ do léigiunaiḃ?

IX

Fiarfuiġ cuille don crionnać do ḟéiḋ ċúinne
a mbliaḋna ḋ'urċar urċra ir éilniuġaḋ
riaṁ an ḃfiḋir a ruġaḋ i réigiunaiḃ
iarṁar fine le a ḋciocfaḋ an ḟlé iḋ ṁúrcail.

X

A ḋia cár ṁirce ḋo fuirfeać do réir a iongċa
i ndiaiḋ a ċuirce 'ran gculaiċ do ċéaḋcionnrcainn?
biaiḋ go fuineaḋ ḋá rrrionġar iona rrélionġċa
ir biaiḋ a ċiodal 'ran rolla mar ċéarcúnać.

XI

Biaiḋ ag imġreim ciomairce an créaćúra
rialċuin ḟionna na luinge nać raoḃrciurċar,
rciallra an rriorraiḋ le mbrircear gać fraoċġliundar
go riaḋnać conaċlann cumuirc na gclaonrúnać

VII, l. 2 a cuamaiḋ, m, G. l. 3 iarać, m, G, L; an *om*, m, G. l. 4 ionnar, L; ionnṁar, m, G. VIII, l. 3 rinne, m, G, L; lúicrice, m, G. l. 4 na nḋ., m, G; iona a nḋ., L. IX, l. 1 cionnać, m, G; reiḋ, m, G, L; cúinne, m, G. l. 2 éilniúgaḋ (so to be pronounced), L. l. 4 a *om.* L; plé, m, G. X, l. 1 car, m, G, L; fulang, m, G. l. 3 biaiḋ, L; biaḋ, m, G; fuiniḋ, L. l. 4 ċiḋeal, m, G. XI, l. biaiḋ, Mss.; l. 4 riaġnać, m, G, L; ccumuirġ, m, G.

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[1] The "leader bright" is Christ.

[2] The "poor private path" is the Protestant path of private judgment in matters of religion.

[3] Cf. 1 Thess. v. 8: Nos autem, qui diei sumus, sobrii simus, induti *loricam fidei et caritatis* et galeam spem salutis; and Eph. vi. 16, In omnibus sumentes *scutum fidei*, in quo possitis omnia tela nequissimi ignea extinguere.

VII

The corrupt and un-Irish conceits of this renegade forger-clique
Banefully swerved from the loyalty due to their leader bright[1];
Though a quest of preferment the aim of this thrice crafty intrigue be,
Brindled and streaked shall the wealth be of all those who yield to it.

VIII

Who is this lunatic raving, who tries to persuade us all
With crackling loquacity, howling forth lying hypotheses,
That a poor private path[2] is a far older breastplate and shield of faith[3]
Than the pious society[4] shared in by numberless hosts of men?

IX

Go, too, and ask of that fox[5] who contrived this year secretly
Against us a blow of destruction and infamous injury,
If anyone born in the regions of all the world ever knew
The dregs of a tribe who could argue with Thee in Thy wakened wrath.

X

Had he not better, O God, have remained to his unction[6] true,
Clad in that robe[7] he was after his birth first invested in?
Till the end of his life he shall ever be wrangling and quarrelling,[8]
And his name on the roll shall be entered as that of a torturer.

XI

The brave watch-hounds fair of the bark, which is guided infallibly,[9]
Shall harass and worry the whole of his traitorous following,
And the Spirit,[10] who crusheth presumptuous passion, shall publicly
Rend in pieces the rabble cabal of those evil-intentioned men.

---

[4] Pious society, an ꝺıaḋaċt ċumaınn: literally, the social religion; that is, the Catholic Church considered as a "societas religiosa perfecta."

[5] Fox: the Duke of Ormonde.

[6] Unction: the unction with chrism in the ceremonies of baptism of the person baptized. The word is used in the same sense above; vide Part I, p. 125, n.[1].

[7] The white robe of baptism in which neophytes are clad.

[8] The translation of this line is rather difficult. I take it that ꝓṗéıonʒꝫa is a noun formed from ꝓṗéınʒ, which is probably the same word as ꝓṗéınlınʒ.

[9] That is, the noble chieftains who are steadfastly loyal to the infallible Catholic Church.

[10] The Holy Ghost.

XII

Diaimne d' ḟiorṫaiḋ ṁic Ḿuire 'r a ċaomċúirṫe
go diaḋa dliġṫeaċ i n-imir áir naomṁúġdar,
biaiḋ ḃar niṫe ir ḃar ġcuirleanna i ġcéim cunncair
gan ċia gan ċriṫir i dtuppar ḃar dtréinḟrionnra.

II.—IONNSUA D'FÉINN ÉIRIONN

[Mss.: Murphy xii (m); R.I.A. 23 G 24 (G), 23 L 37 (L).

The poem is inscribed An ḟear céadna ccr. (m, G, L, i.e. Dáiḋi ó ḃruadair in each case) uim an ġcúir ġcéadna (L). It is a continuation of the subject treated of in the preceding poem, as L states, being directed against one who to gratify the avarice of others hastens the ruin of his native land, which lies weak and helpless beneath his hand (Rr. I–II). These words could be interpreted as referring to Ormonde, but R. II, l. 4 púca péill péacair nó ṡíocar ṗṗáir seem to prove that Peter Walsh is the person principally aimed at. Finally, David prays that God may turn aside the wrath of Erin's enemies, and humble the wealth acquired by the rejection of Divine grace, and by increasing the spirit of charity and union guide the Church, the King, and the State in the way of lasting peace (Rr. III–IV).

This prayer for the King and the State might seem to point to the reign of James II, but it should be remembered that such prayers were ordered during the reign of Charles II. For instance, in the National Council assembled at Dublin "in Bridge Street, in the house of Mr. Reynolds at the foot of the bridge," 17–20 June, 1670, under the presidency of the Primate, the Venerable Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, the following statute was passed:—Quoniam Apostolus præcipit ut fiant obsecrationes et orationes pro omnibus hominibus, pro regibus et omnibus qui in sublimitate constituti sunt, parochi atque etiam regulares in suis conventibus diebus dominicis moneant populum ut singuli Deum orent pro Serenissimis Carolo II° et Catharina, Rege et Regina nostris, ut Deus eis omnem felicitatem et insuper prolem elargiri dignetur; item pro Excellentissimo Domino Prorege Hiberniæ; necnon pro felici Angliæ, Hiberniæ et Scotiæ regimine, et eadem intentione dicantur iisdem diebus Litaniæ Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ ante

I

Ionnpa d'ḟéinn Éirionn naċ coill gan ḃláṫ
do ċúm an ṫé ċéadṫuġ ċum cpíċe iona áiṫ
an ṫ-úġdar claon ḋaopar le cíocpar cáiċ
a ḋúiṫċe ṗéin, ṗéaċuiḋ an ṡíopa pláir.

XII, l. 3 biaiḋ, L, bj, G, m. l. 4 ċiaċ, m, G; ċia, L; ċriṫir, L; tubuirt, m, G; ttuppar, m, G, L.

I, l. 2 anáiṫ, m, G; ion áiṫ, L. l. 4 ḋuiṫe, m, G.

---

[1] Christ.

[2] Wood: race or family; vide supra, Part I, p. 187, n.[2].

XII

We by the virtues of Mary's Son, and of His charming court,
Shall in justice and piety live in the isle of our saintly sires;
Then shall your hopes and your interests enter on triumph's path,
Without sadness or shuddering marching along with your mighty prince.[1]

II.—'TIS SAD FOR ERIN'S FENIAN BANDS

vel post Missam (vid. Moran: Memoirs of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunket: Duffy, Dublin, 1861, p. 117). Four years earlier Peter Walsh at his Dublin Synod, 11–25 June, 1666, had proposed the following decree, which, according to his own account, he succeeded in carrying in spite of the opposition of Father Dominic Dempsey, O.S.F., and Father Long, S.J.:—Statutum est, ut quilibet sacerdos sæcularis, et cuiusvis Ordinis Regularis singulis diebus dominicis et festis, et specialiter omnibus diebus quibus vel *a Rege vel Prorege preces publicæ indicuntur*, fundat certas preces, et Laicos similiter facere moneat, pro felice successu Serenissimi Regis nostri Caroli Secundi, Reginæ, totiusque domus Regiæ, necnon Excellentissimi Domini Jacobi Ducis Ormoniæ, et familiæ eius (P. Walsh: Hist. Irish Remonstrance, p. 742). But the ꝑlan beag ꝑunꞃl of the Remonstrants, which David reprobated in the preceding poem (R. VIII), is still more apparent in the arguments brought forward by P. Walsh to prove that the King had authority to command all spirituals universally, not only things *not purely* but also those *purely* such, provided they were not against the natural or divine law, that all subjects lay or ecclesiastical, no matter what religion they professed, true or false were bound in conscience to obey such ordinances, for the authority of Kings to command such things flowed necessarily from the supreme royal or civil power of Kings, was quite independent of the power of the keys, and could not be lost by heresy or any other infidelity any more than their authority in temporals (cf. op. cit., pp. 707–709). Even Bishop Burnet in his "History of His Own Time" admits that Peter Walsh was "in nearly all points of controversy almost wholly a Protestant."

Metre.—Amṁpán: (_) ú _ é é _ _ í _ á.]

I

'Tis sad for Erin's Fenian bands, that blossomless was not the wood[2]
Which formed the man who first of all produced and planted in his stead[3]
The perjured author,[4] who condemns, as prey to universal greed,
His native land—consider well this piece of treacherous deceit.

---

[3] In his stead: that is, who begot such a descendant as this perjured author.

[4] Perjured author: not being definitely named, it is impossible to say whether the person so characterized by the poet is the Duke of Ormonde or his tool, Peter Walsh: cf. the Introduction to this poem.

II

Cionnṫaċ é i gcṙéaċṫulcaiḃ cṙíċe Fáil
a ndiu go héidéiṙioċṫaċ ḟaoi na láiṁ
'ṙ mun ḟionnṫraċ é adéaṙainn gur dílṙeaċ báiṙ
púca péill péaṫaiṙ nó ṙíoṫaṙ ṙṙáiṙ.

III

A ḋúiliṁ déin déiṙc aṙ an dṙuing aṫá
i lúib gaċ lae i mbaoġal do ḋṙuim aṙ ḋáil,
a gciuineaṙ féin méaduiġ a ngnaoi 'ṙ a ngṙáḋ
iṙ ṫúiṙling ḟṙaoċ ṙṙéiṙling a mbíoḋḃaḋ ṫṙáiṫ.

IV

Múċ gaċ ṙṙé d'éiṙiġ do ḋíoċuṙ gṙáṙ
iṙ múṙcail méinn aonṫaḋaċ aoiḃ 'na n-áiṫ,
ṙciuiṙ an gcléiṙ gcéilliḃ an ṙí 'ṙ an ṙṫáṫ
'ṙan gcúṙṙa iṙ péil péiḋḟeaṙ a ṙíṫ go bṙáṫ. Amen.

II, l. 1 é *om.* m. l. 2 aniuġ, m, G, L. l. 3 ṙmon, L; díolṙaċ, m, G; dílṙioċ, L. III, l. 3 aiṙ, m, G, L. IV, l. 2 méinn aonṫaṫaċ, m, G. l. 3 *sic* L; an ċléiṙ ċ., m, G; ṙiġ, G, m; ṙa ṙṫáṫ, m, G, L. l. 4 ṙéill, m, G, L; go báṙ, m.

---

[1] Land of Fál: Ireland; vide supra, Part I, p. 27, n.[3].
[2] Púca: vide supra, Part I, p. 72, n.[1].

II

He is guilty of the wounds inflicted on the land of Fál,[1]
Which lies to-day beneath his hand all powerless to act or stir,
And were the danger less, I'd say that he deserves the doom of death,—
A pewter púca[2] of a horse, or Peter[3] of the brass is he.

III

Creator, mercy show to those who at the bend of every day
Their lives in dread and danger pass, in consequence of fate's decrees;
Their calm and peace do Thou increase, their kindness, charity, and love,
And humble the contentious rage of their opponents once for all.

IV

Bring to nought that wealth which hath arisen from rejected grace,
And wake a kindly spirit then of unity to take its place,
The true-believing clergy guide, the king and government direct[4]
In the course which surely shall secure to them unending peace. Amen.

---

[3] Peter: the words péatar (pewter) and píotar seem to be a play upon the name Peter in its English pronunciation. The only prominent person named Peter in Ireland at this time who would suit the context here is Peter Walsh: cf. the Introduction to this poem.

[4] Prayers for the welfare of the King and the State were prescribed by the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities at this time: cf. the Introduction to this poem.

III.—Creaḋ óirne naċ ṙóluiġṗeaḋ

An 25 lá ḋo Ṡaṁraḋ, 1672

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 M 23 (M), 23 L 37 (L); Ms. by Piarar Móinṗéal (P).

In M and P introduced thus: Ḋáiḃí ó ḃruaḋair ccc. an méaḋ rin. The date and the occasion of its composition are given in the note appended by the scribe of L (vid. infra). The poem of Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Créaḋ ṁ an anḃuain ro ar 'Ciṗinn, to which our rann is the conclusion, has been edited in the works of that poet by the Rev. P. Dinneen for the Gaelic League (Dublin, 1902, pp. 10–15), but attention is not called there to the fact that David Ó Bruadair is the author of the last stanza. It is also wrongly stated there (l.c. p. 33) that the lament was composed for "the head of the branch of the O'Sullivan sept settled in the County of Tipperary," whereas the subject of the elegy was the O'Sullivan Mór, Eoghan son of Domhnall, who passed to France after the Cromwellian war,

Créaḋ óirne naċ róluiġṗeaḋ tlaċt cannṫlaiṁ
trí ṗóḋċuirm Ḃoġain ı ḃṗearṫ ṗranncaċ
ġéaġ róirḃíle bórḋoiṗir bṗeacḷeaṁna
ṗé ar ċóra ár nḋóċar ı ḋṫear Ṫeaṁraċ.

Ḋáiḃiṫ ua bruaḋair (trócaire ó ḋia ḋo) ḋo rġríoḃ an ḋán ⁊ ḋo rine an t-aḃran tuar an 25 lá ḋo Ṡaṁra .ı. Saṫarn Cinġcíre na bliaġna 1672, et ar na aiṫrġríoḃ le Seaġan Stac lá St. Ṗól a mbliaḋain ar ṙlánuiġṫe 1708/9 [L].

---

l. 1 tlaċt-cannṫlaiṁ, L; tlaċt cannṫlaiṁ, M, P. l. 4 ṗe a ċóra, L; ar nḋóṫċur, P; mo ḋoċar, L.

[1] Eoghan was the son of Domhnall O'Sullivan Mór (who died 1635) by his second wife, Johanna Fitzmaurice, daughter of Patrick, lord of Kerry. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Edmond Fitzgerald of Ballymaloe, parish of Kilmahon, barony of Imokilly, Co. Cork. On his attainder and the forfeiture of his estates (1641–1652) he retired to France with his son and heir, Domhnall. Domhnall was living in 1689, and seems to have died about 1699. The date of Eoghan's death in France is uncertain. He was certainly dead in 1672, and probably before 1660.

III.—WHY SHOULD NOT SORROW'S GARB

25th May, 1672

and died there. That Eoghan belongs to the well-known Kerry family is evident not only from his name and descent, but from the elegy itself, where he is called by Geoffrey onċú Loċa Léin (l.c. p. 14, l. 349), as well as from the third line of this rann by David. The erroneous explanation may have been occasioned by the expression bár uí Ṡuilleabáin Siuire (l.c. p. 11, l. 273), which, however, is nothing but a poetic epithet referring to the original home of the O'Sullivans near Cnoc Rapann in Co. Tipperary, from which they were driven at an early date along with their neighbours and relatives of the Eoġanaċt Muṁan, the MacCarthys, who for the same reason are regularly spoken of in poetry as the MacCarthys of Cashel; vid. supra, p. 28, note [2].

Metre.—Aṁpán: é ó _ _ ó _ _ a au _.]

Why should not sorrow's garb grievously press on me
For Eoghan[1] convoyed to his grave in a Frankish tomb?
Branch of the rose-tree from brink of the trout-loved Leamhain,[2]
Whom better my hopes would have placed amidst Tara's[3] warmth.

David Ó Bruadair—may God have mercy upon him—copied the poem [viz. G. O'Donoghue's Cpéaḋ í an anḋuain po] and composed the above aṁpán [or assonantal stanza] on the 25th day of Summer [i.e. May], that is on Pentecost Saturday of the year 1672. Recopied by Seaghán Stac on the feast of St. Paul [i.e. the 25th of January] in the year of our salvation 1708/9 [L].

---

[2] Leamhain, the river Laune, flows from Loch Léin and enters Castlemaine Harbour at Killorglin, Co. Kerry. It is still noted for its salmon and trout.

[3] Tara, in Co. Meath, seat of the Irish monarchy. It is possible, however, that the poet refers to Teamhair Luachra, situated somewhere in Sliabh Luachra, the mountainous district on the borders of the counties of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry. Its exact location is still a matter of doubt. It is usually identified with Béal Átha na Teamhrach, in parish of Dysart, near Castleisland, Co. Kerry. Westropp (Ancient Castles of County Limerick, Proc. R.I.A., May, 1906, pp. 62–63) would place it at Portrinard, near Abbeyfeale; but his reasons are not convincing.

IV.—Do Ṡaoilios Dá Ríriḃ

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 L 37, p. 158 (L), 23 M 34, p. 26 (M).

In neither Ms. is any name of author given, but in both it follows a poem by David Ó Bruadair. As both these Mss. are ancient and independent of each other, it is possible that David is the author. In L it follows the preceding poem, Cṙéaḋ ḋíṙne, written 25th May, 1672, and in M it follows a fragment (Rr. xv–xviii) of Ir maiṙg náṙ ċṙean, written May, 1674, and the subject-matter points to a date not far removed from these years. In these verses David attacks the pretensions of some upstart Cromwellian who gave himself out for a lord or chieftain in the south of Co. Clare, but who is finally discovered to be nothing but

I

Do ṙaoileaṙ ḋá ṙíṙiḃ ġuṙ uaċtaṙán
tíṙe nó taoiṙeaċ ḋob uaiṙle cáil
an daoiṙce ḋuḃ ḋíobaiġṫe ḋuaiṙc ġan ḋán
do ċlainn Ġiolla Ċoiṁṫiġ í Ṫuaṫaláin.

II

Do ḃí an ṙtaoinṙe 'na ṙíḋuiṙc i n-uaċtaṙ Cláiṙ
'ṙ an ṁuinnteaṙ ag tíoḃlacaḋ cuaċ iona láiṁ,
do ṙuiḋeaṙa iona ċuiḃṙionn le huaṁain ċáiċ
go ḃṙuiġinn a ṗiop cia an ṗíonṗuil ó aṙ ġluaiṙ a ḋáiḋ.

III

Do ṙtṙíocaṙ go hírreal mo ċluaṙ iona ḋáil
iṙ ba ḋíṙ liom go ṙcaoilṗeaḋṙan ualaċ áṙḋ :—
i n-inṙgne an ṗiṙ ċíoṙḋuiḃ tan ḋuaiḋ a ṙáiṫ
ṙeaḋ ṗṙíṫ liom go ṗíṙeannaċ tuata bán.

III, l. 2 ttíṙ, L; ṙcaoilṗiḋ ṙan, L.

[1] Clann Ghiolla Choimhthigh uí Thuathaláin is a fictitious name, formed on the model of Irish names, here used to denote the illiterate Cromwellian planters. Giolla Coimhtheach means a stranger, foreigner, alien, and Uá Tuathalain is a descendant of Ṫuaṫalán, a man's name derived from tuaṫal al. tuaiṫḃeal, the left side, wrong side, awkwardness, rudeness, incivility, &c.

IV.—I THOUGHT HIM OF NATIONS A GOVERNOR

a mere boor. The fictitious name of the upstart's family, clann Ġiolla Ċoiṁḋiġ í Ṫuaṫalúin, reminds one of similar descriptive names in the Parliament of Clann Tomáis, a composition of the previous decade (cf. Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie, Band v, p. 541 sqq. Halle, 1905).

Metre.—Amḟán: – í – – í – – ua – ú

The effect of the final rhyme in ú is very striking, and the same rhyme is found in other poems of David's: v.g. the poem Ionnpa ḃ'ḟéinn 'Eiṗionn, vide supra, p. 8, and a later poem, written 28th February, 1688/9, I n-áit an ṁaġuiḋ ṗi n-aiṫpeaḋaiḃ Ġall do ḃá.]

I

I thought him of nations a governor really,
Or a chief, at the least, of the noblest celebrity—
The surly, illiterate, black-visaged, blasted boor,
Sprung from the children of Alien Vulgarson.[1]

II

This boorish dolt posed as a monarch in Upper Clare,[2]
And many a goblet did people hand unto him;
I sat down and shared the feast—everyone wondering—
To try and find out from what blue blood his daddy sprang.

III

Low I bowed down my ear, listening attentively;
Anxious I felt till he'd throw off the lofty load;
By the talk of the jet-black churl, when he had eaten his fill,—
That's how I found he was nought but a boorish clown.

---

[2] Upper Clare, the southern portion of Co. Clare. Like the ancients the Irish conceive the earth as high at the equator and gradually sloping down from that to the poles—hence such expressions as going down to the north, up to the south. Owing to the way in which the world is represented on modern maps, the custom has arisen in some languages of referring to the north as higher and the south as lower. The names of the double baronies in Ireland usually adhere very accurately to the ancient mode of speech, though there are a few exceptions; for instance, in the case of the baronies of Upper and Lower Bunratty and Tulla in Co. Clare.

V.—TO ALL MY FRIENDS IN KERRY

25th February, 1673[–4]

[Under the above title the Ms., R.I.A. 23 L 37, p. 161, written by Seáġan Sɫac, 1706–8, has preserved the following English poetical letter of David's, written on the 25th of February, 1673/4. Three of these Kerry friends are mentioned by name—Robert or Robin Sanders, William Trant, and Derby comm MacCarthy; but I have not succeeded in finding any trace of them in other documents.

Robert Sanders, at one time a captain in the army, lived at Castleisland (Rr. IV–VI). In King James's Irish Army List a Charles Sanders appears as an ensign in Colonel John Hamilton's Regiment of Infantry. "His [i.e. Charles Sanders'] connexions are unknown. Cornet Thomas Sanders was one of the 1649 officers whose claims were decreed" (D'Alton: Irish Army List, London, 1861, vol. II, p. 81).

William Trant, whose dairy is specially mentioned by David, belonged to a Kerry family whose property seems to have lain principally about Dingle in the barony of Corkaguiney. Besides Sir Patrick Trant, Assessor of King James II

If that my friends y^{w} chance to see
my Love to them Rẽembered bee
but ye most to Robert Sanders
who ne're car'd for gloomy Ganders
Nor for Nigards proud and haughty;
he contemneth all y^{ts} naughty
a great Lover and a seeker
he's of Goodness; and a keeper.
A Piert Person frank and faithfull
on High Spirits always waitfull
he's so Courtious to all Strangers
that he's subject to few Dangers.
He's my Cap^{tn}, him I honour
wthout useing Art or Collour,
under Robins Stately Standards
Never Marched Drowsy Dantards,[1]

[1] Dastards (marginal note in Ms.).

V.—TO ALL MY FRIENDS IN KERRY

25th February, 1673/4

in 1690 for the county of Kildare and Queen's County, and Lieutenant-Colonel of Sir Valentine Browne's Regiment of Infantry, there were several other members of the family in King James's army, viz., John and Michael, ensigns, James, a lieutenant, David and Henry, captains in General Boisseleau's infantry regiment, and Edmund, a lieutenant in Lord Slane's.

In regard to Derby comm MacCarthy, the note, "This is a very sour affront," added by David to the line "What care I if he lives happy," is evidently jocular. Ꝺıaṙmaıꝺ was a very common name in all branches of the MacCarthy family in the counties of Cork and Kerry, and this Ꝺıaṙmaıꝺ cam of Kerry must be a different personage from the Ꝺıaṙmaıꝺ mac Cáṙṫaıġ a rann by whom is printed supra, vol. I, p. 130, at the end of the poem Ꝺonꝑnaꝺ an ꝺomaıꝺ ṗı, as well as from the better-known Ꝺıaṙmaıꝺ mac Seáġaın ꝺuıꝺe, of whom we shall have occasion to speak later on. Perhaps Derby comm and Will. Trant lived at Castleisland like Robert Sanders. The orthography and contractions of the Ms. are here retained.]

But My Selfe alone exempted,
  who intrude and am attempted
  by ye parts of Noble Sanders,
  my chief choice of Most Coṁanders.
Were I wth him in ye Island[2]
  I would fuddle for a firebrand
  for an hower or two together
  not-w^thstanding heat of weather.
For Will: Trant if not growen ayry
  by ye darkness of his Dayry
  sure I have a kindness for him
  since my Cattle are post Mortem.
As for Derby coṁ mac Carthy,
  what care I if he Lives happy,
  he's no man y^t I wish better
  then ye Fool y^t writ this Lett^r.[3]

---

[2] Castleisland, Co. Kerry.

[3] This is a very sour affront (marginal note in Ms.).

All ye Rest Salute in comon
after Courtiers out of London.
thus I end wth Mixt displeasure
till I meet wth fitter Leasure
Begging pardon and Remission
of all actions and omissions[1]
by me David ꝑpetrated
against FGna[2] increated

VI.—IS DEARNAD SUAIN

3° Aprilis, 1674

[Ms.: 23 L 37, p. 164 (L), where the title is: 3° Aprilis, 1674 cc. This is another of David Ó Bruadair's poems, of which the only copy I have found is in this Ms. of John Stack's, written on the 29th of January, 1709, as the following note of the scribe at the end of the poem shows: ar na ṡgrioḃ le Seaġan Stac an 29° lá ḋo Jan^r. aoir an tiġearna an tan rin 1708/9. The poem occurs among others by David Ó Bruadair, and the omission of the name of the author, instead of rendering the author doubtful, rather tends to show that it was copied faithfully from David's own Ms. The evidence afforded by the few remains of David's poems in his own handwriting proves that he was accustomed to inscribe his poems with the exact date, or with a short note indicating the subject of the poem, but omitting his own name from the title or at most writing cc., which, I believe, is here to be read *cecini*, not *cecinit*, which is usually contracted to cct. Besides, the thought, language, and style of versification are sufficient to prove that David is the author.

The poem is an invective against the purse pride of the recently arrived

I

Ir beárnaḋ ruain an buaiḋreaḋ bearc ḋoċím,
ġan bráiṫrear buan i ḋtuaiṫ ná clara i ġcill,
an táirnoċt truaġ ṗá ċrúar ġaḋ cearta aġ caoi
'r a ḋtárluiḋ ċuar a huaill ġan aire ar a íoc.

1, l. 1 buaireaḋ.

[1] Displeasure (marginal note in Ms.).

[2] Reading doubtful in Ms. *F*, *G*, *a* are clear, *n* is rather *m*, but the centre stroke of the *m* is produced upwards, so that the latter portion of the letter looks like *h*.

[3] Circumlocution (marginal note in Ms.).

[4] The following rann occurs immediately after the above English verses in John Stack's Ms. without any title. The event commemorated, viz. the change

Since an Embryon in ye womb
to this and hence untill ye Tomb[3]
beging also y^t^ my jesting
may to no man prove infesting.
This instead of better pendant
bear to Kerry from y^r^ Servant

David Bruoder
feb. 25th 1673.[4]

VI.—THE CHAOS WHICH I SEE

3rd April, 1674

planters who found themselves so suddenly elevated from obscurity to the highest positions of power and authority. What a change had come over the face of the land! The chant of the divine office is no longer heard in the church, while defeat has brought in its train disunion and suspicion among the people. Learning and literature are despised, and nought is esteemed but worldly wealth. Upstart pride, reckless of the consequences, leaves the poor unaided, forgetting that folly claims as her own those who are insensible to the cry of want. Blinded by power, they trample on all that is sacred, and their blasphemous acts of desecration are blazoned forth as praiseworthy achievements. These thoughts haunt the poet's mind and interrupt his dreams, but the most disheartening fact of all is that the remnant of Ireland's true nobility, still left in the land, has forgotten its former generosity and gentility.

In the last rann the scribe has completed a couple of lines, the ends of which were worn off in the Ms. from which he transcribed the poem.

Metre.—Amhán: (–) á – ua – ua – a – í.]

I

The chaos which I see of conduct gapping interrupts repose,
Brother-love in laymen, fickle, chant of choirs in churches stilled,
Destitute and naked wretches groan 'neath torture's cruelties,
While successful upstarts proudly scorn to heed the debt incurred.

---

of the Earl of Thomond to heresy, points to an earlier date than that of the letter. The quatrain is found also in 23 G 25, 346, where it is likewise anonymous, though introduced with the following remarks:—Duine éigin ccc. iar n-iompóḋ iarla Tuaḋmuman ċuim eipiceaċta ran mbliaḋain . . .

Ḃa ġrianġa i ġcruaḋċúir aġ fuarcluġaḋ peannaiḃe ár bpréamh
an ṫriaċḟear ḃuarúr ó ar ġluair crú alġa an ṫé
iarla Tuaḋmuman ḃar ḃual clú ċneafuiġṫe ár ġcréaċt
a ḃia atá ċuar úd naċ truaġ ḃúinn Saxanaċ é.

II

I gcáilib fuairce fuad ní ḟaicim fuim
ná dáil ar dúair a duanaib dleacta dín,
níl tádbacht fmuail an uair fe i n-altur aoin
nach beárnaid fuar i dtuairim leat a ṫfuinnc.

III

Má fáimig bfuach níl bualad ag flataib faoi
ir áirioch uatha guala ir gean don tí,
gead tláit dochuala tuairirc ḟarta a ḟníoṁ,
fe fáitbead uaid ir fuaill nach bramaid buidean.

IV

Mad áireaṁ feuaine dualach ḋaṁ ar moing
'r a ftairfe efuach gan ḟuacht fe hair a ṫiġe,
má tá nach luaideann fuaine i n-airce díob
dá ġráḋ fe huair ir guair nach gabtar baoir.

V

Gach árdṁac uabair uaraṁ atur foimf
do dáil i mbuaib 'r i n-uanaib geala a ġnaoi,
gead lánṡada uaidrean luarcad a ḋearc dom ḋruim
ar fráid dá ṫuar ir luat mo hata díom.

VI

Átenr uaib na ndruad do ṫeap an ġaoir
ir áitreab fuar feach fruair gach peata díob,
ar ftát don nuad ní buaidṡeab fearfa foinn
'r ir áḋ don tuaitt gan luach iona gcaitṡeab froinn.

II, l. 3 tabacht. III, l. 2 uata; fáitbead. IV, l. 4 gnad. l. 3 uaigrean. VI, l. 1 *leg.* uaiṁ? l. 2 fuarr. l. 4 far agh÷.

---

[1] Dion, "the second semimetre or leathann of a verse, consisting of two quartans, more commonly called coṁad" (O'Reilly, Dict., s. v.), is here used for poems in the classical metres in general. Díon may possibly be the same word as dian, the six species of which metre formed the curriculum of the foclacán or aspirant poet in his first year. The reward for a poem in dian was a raṁairc.

[2] Altus, the famous alphabetical Latin hymn, beginning: Altus Prosator vetustus

II

Nowhere now do I see honoured pleasant arts of learned wits;
Nowhere prize-contesting poets meet with lays in lawful díon;[1]
No one's Altus[2] nowadays is rated worth a candle-snuff,
If he cannot boast of having almost half a trunk of gold.

III

Were it brim-filled, yet will princes not with him associate;
They can easily endure the loss of his support and love;
Far and wide though stirring stories of his exploits have been heard
Crowds are almost forced to vent their loathing at a smile from him.

IV

Even if he counts and numbers hairy oxen-droves on moors
And from cold his cornstacks shelters on a stage behind his house,
Should he never make a present of a hair or straw of all,
Folly hath I fear already claimed him wholly as her own.

V

Every ostentatious upstart swollen high with pompous pride
Who hath placed his whole delight in cattle-herds and white-fleeced sheep,
Though he far would be from deigning e'en to cast a glance at me,
In the village to salute him, doffed my hat must quickly be.

VI

Athens, pride of learned druids, native home of wisdom's art,
Were a house of fools compared with the display of fops like them,
No lordly chief could e'er surpass these recent upstart boors in state,
While the common people's lot is not to have their dinner's price.

---

dierum et ingenitus, composed by St. Colum Cille in praise of God. The saint is said to have spent seven years revolving it over in his cell without light before he committed it finally to writing. He presented a copy of the Altus to the Pope, St. Gregory the Great, who said that the only fault he had to find with it was that, though it was full of the praises of the Most Holy Trinity as revealed in creation, the Trinity itself had not received sufficient consideration. When Colum Cille heard this, he supplied the deficiency by composing another Latin hymn: In te, Christe, credentium miserearis omnium.

VII

I gceárdċaiḋ ċuaċ dá mbuaile tearbaċ gríinn
áirríoḋ uallaċ buair ir beaċ don dróing,
i gcláraiḃ luaiḋe ir ruaill naċ graḟaiḋ feinn
a ndeárnaḋ uaiḋ maḋ ḟual i gcealtair naoiṁ.

VIII

Dá n-áirṁinnri ualġa Tuaṫail teaċtṁair teinn
ir áċur ruag na n-uaral Airt ir Finn
dála ar tuairgeaḋ ṫuaiḋ le caṫaiḃ Coinn
ir ráiṁe ruaim a ruarċloġ dailce ḋíob,

IX

Ceárdaċt tuata an ċuain ní maċtnam linn
aċt fár na huairle fuar i ḃfearann Floinn,
an táin dár ḋual gaċ gruaim do fearaḋ rinn,
a mbáiḋ ar dtuaṫal cuairt re cnearṫaċt ċaoin.

X

Fláiġ anuar id ċluair a ċeanann ċlí
d' ḟág mar ḟuaḋ 'na huaṫaḋ feartа ⁝ ag fuiḋe,
do ḃár a ṫruaġnairt d' ḟuagair arc im ḃriġ
i gcár a buaiḃ naċ buailim ⁝ ḃreac na buiḋe. Finis.

VIII, l. 2 ruaġ. X, l. 2 This (⁝) denotes an addition where ye ends of ye lines were torn off, ꝛc (note of scribe, Seaġan Stac, in the margin of L). l. 3 argumbriġ. l. 4 a gcár.

---

[1] Tuathal Teachtmhar, vid. Part I, p. 121, n.[4]. The mention of Tuathal Teachtmhar here is very apposite, for he was the lawful king, who crushed the power of the revolted serfs or plebeian (i.e. non-Milesian) tribes; vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 236–240.

[2] Art, vid. Part I, p. 31, n.[3]; 39, n.[7]; 95, n.[6].

[3] Fionn, vid. Part I, p. 40, n. [2].

[4] Conn, vid. Part I, pp. 41, n.[7]; 69, n.[9]. An ancient rann asserts that he won 100 battles against Munster, 100 against Ulster, and 60 against Leinster (Keating, History, vol. II, p. 266); but he was defeated in ten battles by Mogh Nuadhat, the only battles mentioned by name by Keating (ibid., p. 262).

VII

In a tankard-factory if some eccentric fit should seize
Upon a bully of that crew, who prides himself on cows and bees,
Without delay shall styles engrave on leaden tablets all his deeds,
Recording even his defilement of a consecrated fane.

VIII

Were I to tell the mighty tasks of Tuathal Teachtmhar,[1] stout and strong,
And the routing triumphs of the noble heroes Art[2] and Fionn,[3]
Or the fates of armies vanquished in the north by hosts of Conn,[4]
Sweeter sounds his silly gong to every stupid dolt of them.

IX

'Tis not that litter's boorish trades, which cause me wonder and surprise
But the growing coldness of the nobles in the land of Flann,[5]
That gentle flock, whose love was wont to drive each frown of gloom from me,
Love which now revolves awry opposed to kind civility.

X

Upon thine ear may heaven's plague descend, thou wicked white-faced wretch,
Who hast left me for the future weeping like a lonely wench,
For thy death, thou wretched creature, hath proclaimed my failing force,
Since I can knock nothing out of cattle, whether grey or dun.[6]

---

[5] Land of Flann: Ireland; vid. Part I, p. 192, n.[6].

[6] This is the merest attempt to extract some tolerable sense out of this rann. We are dependent upon one Ms. for the text; and as the last words of the second and fourth line were wanting in the copy from which the scribe of that Ms. transcribed the poem, he completed the two lines himself, but whether he succeeded in reproducing the idea of the poet, or even in giving us a reading which makes sense or one which can be construed grammatically, is very doubtful.

VII.—IS MAIRG NÁR ĊREAN

16° Maii, 1674

[Mss.: Murphy xii, xiv, xcv (m); R.I.A. 23 G 20 (G), 23 L 37 (L), 23 M 34, p. 37 (M), and a Ms. by Piarar Móinréal (P). Titles: Ďáiďi ó bruaďair ccc. (m, G, P)—an tan do cuireaď ċum boiċċeanaċt é ⁊ fór mar ṫréigeaďar a ċáirde é (G)—an tan do ċuiṫ a loime ⁊ a ndíṫċorďar ec fuair ré a ċáirde failliġeaċ ċum ċaďair do ċaďairṫ do, mar ir gnáċ go múrclann foilṁe fuaċ carad (P); an fear céadna (= Ďáiďi ó bruaďair) ccc. (M); cc. Maii 16°, 1674, composed on his own worldly reducement (L, omitting David's name, as already noted, vid. supra, p. 18). In a further note at the end of the poem the scribe of L, John Stack, adds: ar na rgríoďaď le Ďď. ua bruaďair Saċarn Cárga anno Domini 1674, ar na aiṫrgríoďaď le Seáġan Stac, oiďċe St Ṗól [i.e. 24° January], 1708/9. From these titles we learn that on the 16th of May, 1674, when David composed this poem, he had been reduced to poverty and his friends had forsaken him (G), or, as another scribe expresses it, he had fallen into destitution and want, and had found his friends neglectful in helping him, according to the proverb, which says: Emptiness awakens the abhorrence of friends (P).

In this poem we get a view of David's early years, when his good education and his independent means gained him respect and opened society to him. He compares those days of comfort with his present destitute condition, when, despised by all, he is forced to work as an agricultural labourer, and his hands are all blistered by the rough spade-handle. In the houses where formerly he was an honoured guest, welcome to come as often and to stay as long as he pleased, he is not known now. In those days he was often pressed by friends to stay and dine with them, and the lady of the house, fair and faithless, protested she would give him anything she had, but now he might hang around from morning till night and no one would offer him as much as a naggin of ale. He ends with a prayer that God may avert His anger from him and awaken in his soul those dispositions which will merit one day to be rewarded with interest in the realm of grace.

I

Ir mairg nár ṁrean re maiṫear raoġalta
do ċeangail ar gad rul ndeaċaiď i n-éagantaċt,
'r an aindeire im ṫeaċ ó lar an ċéadluirne
naċ mearṫar gur ṗan an daďaṁ céille agam.

II

Do ċaiṫeara real 'ran gcaċair ngléigilre
gan anraď earba ar aiṫrir Éireannaiġ,
do leanar go haiṫ an ďearṫ ba léire dom
go rcaire na n-aingeal ġreanar géarṫuigrin.

I, l. 1, le, P, m. l. 2 air airgeaď, m. l. 3 ag teaċt, G, m.
l. 4 a daďaṁ, G, m. II, l. 4 ġreamur, G, m.

VII.—WOE UNTO HIM WHO HATH FAILED

16th May, 1674

Who David's faithless friends were he does not tell us, and perhaps it is idle to guess. In R. II we are told that David's youth was passed ran gcaċair ngléigil re, but it is unfortunately impossible to say definitely what caċair is referred to. It might indeed refer to the city of Cork, but I believe that it is more probable that Caċair Maoṫal in Co. Limerick is meant, in which case it would follow that the friends who forsook him were the Bourkes of Cahirmoyle. On the other hand, the friendship between the poet and this family existed with little or no interruption from the end of this year 1674 down to the year 1692, as is evidenced by the numerous poems composed by David on different members of this family. If then caċair (R. II) be taken as referring to Cahirmoyle, we must suppose that on this occasion some temporary misunderstanding had arisen between the poet and his former friends and future patrons, cf. infra, Poem XXI.

The text as printed here is found complete only in L and P. In m and G twenty-four lines are wanting, viz. four lines after line 43, and the five ranns XIV, XV, XVI, XIX, and XX. That M formerly contained a complete copy we know from a note of the scribe, Eoġan ó Caoiṁ, on p. 26: "lege fol. 113 [old pagination] ⁊ doġeabair go roirlíonta an ní ro." But in its present defective condition the Ms. contains only a few fragments, viz. R. XIX–XXI on p. 25, R. XV–XVIII on p. 26, and the first portion of the poem on p. 37, but the Ms. is so worn and obscure as to be practically illegible. P, however, which is a transcript of a Ms. of Eoghan Ó Caoimh's, may be taken as fairly representative of the text of M, though it may be noted that the last line of the third rann in M, p. 35 (corresponding to R. XVII of our text), has a different reading . . . glac ad flaiċior aoiċṗuċaċ. The whole rann may have been different; but it is now almost completely undecipherable.

Metre.—R. I–XVIII, Aṁrán: _ a _ _ a _ a _ é _ _.
R. XIX–XXI, Aṁrán: _ é _ _ ú _ _ í _ á.]

I

Woe unto him who hath failed to bind worldly prosperity
Fast with a withe to himself ere he fell into poverty;
For such misery visits my home with the very first ray of light
That not even one atom of wit is adjudged to remain with me.

II

Happy I lived for a while in this city[1] so fair and bright,
In true Irish fashion untossed by the tempests of indigence;
Gaily I followed whatever pursuit appeared good to me
And lavishly squandered the angels[2] engraven with subtle skill.

---

[1] City: It is impossible to say what caċair, city or castle, is referred to. It may be Caċair Maoṫal; see the introduction to this poem above.

[2] Angel, an old English coin, worth ten shillings, so called from its bearing the image of St. Michael the Archangel.

III

An tamall im ġlaic do ṁair an ġléṗinginn
ba ġeanaṁail gart dar leat mo ṫréiġċeri,
do laḃrainn laidean ġarta ir béarla glic
ir do ċarrainginn dair ba cleas ar ċléireaċaiḃ.

IV

Do ḃeannaċaḋ daṁ an ḃean 'r a céile cneir
'r an ḃanalṫra ṁaiṫ 'r a mac ar céadlongaḋ,
dá ngairmiṁn baile ir leaṫ a ngṫréiṫeriṁ
ba deacair 'na mearc go mbainṗeaḋ éaraḋ ḋom.

V

Do ġaḃainn artaeċ ir amaċ gan éad i dtiġ
ir níor airtear im aitreaḃ teaċt arréir 'r andiu,
do b' aiṫearc a rearc rá reaċ re ċéile againn :
aṫċuingim ceaduiġ blaire ár mbéilene.

VI

Ṗán dtaca rain d'ḟeaḃar air na ḃréiṫlionn ḃrir
ba neartṁaire naṫ ar narc dom réir aḃur,
ní racaṫar daṁ go raiḃ don ḟéile cuid
do b'ḟearra ionnár rrealaḋ ċeaṫra an ċé ar a ḃruid.

VII

Dam aire níor radar mana m'éilniġṫe,
go hanabaiḋ im ċeaṫ geaḋ dleaṫ do léiġinnre,
nó gur gaḋaḋ go glan mo ċearṫar céirde ir croiḋ
aṁail do leaṫraḋ deataċ d'éadan cnuic.

VIII

Ní rada go ḃraca rcabal éigin duḃ
rá eadrom eaṫ ran aicme ċéadna ċoir,
ór ṗearaṫ gur rcar an bleaṫar brréige ir me,
ní ḟuil teanga rá neaṁ ar bail náiḋ béara im ṗluc.

III, l. 1 ṗinnin, P, m, G; pingin, L. l. 2 gairt, P. l. 3 laittion, P; laideann, G, m, L. IV, l. 1 dam, G, m, P. l. 2 an ḃ. ḃleaṫt, G, m. l. 3 a ngṫréiṫiḃ ri, P; angreirṫe rin, m, G. l. 4 b. d. a ṁear, G, m. V, l. 2 ḃairtreaḃ daṁra, G, m; aniuġ, G, m; anniogġ, P; aniuḋ, L. l. 3 aṫarg, G, m; a ḟearc, P; a rearc, L; rá reaḃ air rearc, G, m. l. 4 ceaduiḋ, L; tair ir bláir, G, m. VI, l. 1 ar, P; air, L; ḃrear

III

As long as a coin of bright silver remained in this hand of mine
Attractive and witty, thou well mayst surmise, were my qualities;
I used to speak English with cleverness, Latin with fluency,[1]
And used to draw dashes which wholly outwitted the other clerks.

IV

The chatelaine joined with the spouse of her heart in saluting me,
Likewise the nurse with her ever-insatiable fosterling;
Had I ventured to ask for the castle and half of its treasured wealth,
I am sure I should never have met with refusal from one of them.

V

In and out of the house I would go without wakening jealousy,
And I never sought lodging in vain, whether coming by night or day;
With loving and kindly address each and all of them greeted me:
"Wilt thou not kindly, I pray thee, partake of this meal of ours?"

VI

My sinews of learning were then cultivated so perfectly
That science was bound and enchained in my service here;
In my blindness I fancied the principal note of nobility
Was to recklessly squander the wealth of the world upon every side.

VII

I gave no intentional cause for these charges dishonouring,
Though inopportunely my lesson, indeed, I was studying,
When my charter of wealth and of poetry disappeared suddenly
After the manner of mist-wreath enveloping mountain-brow.

VIII

Then I beheld a strange black-looking cloud appear presently,
Interposed for a spell between me and that same wicked company,
And now since they know that fallacious success hath abandoned me,
I possess neither grace of address nor linguistic ability.

G, m. l. 2 naċap, G, m. l. 3 ꝑeacaċap, G. m. l. 4 ná, G, m, P; ḃꝑuḋ, L. VII, l. 1, ṁanna, G, m. l. 2 hanaba, L; ċeap, G, m, P; cé, G, m; leiġinnṙi, G, m, P. l. 3 nó, *om.* P, m, G. l. 4 leaṫꝑaḋ, L, P; ꝑé na cn. G, m; ḋeaḋain, L. VIII, l. 1 ḃꝑeaca ꝑcamal, G, m. l. 2 eaḋꝑom, P; eaṫṫꝑom, L; ṁꝑom, G, m. l. 3 ḃꝑéiġe ḃiom, G, m. l. 4 ná, G, m; pluic, P; pluc, *cet.*

[1] Cf. Part I, Introduction, pp. XXI–XXV.

IX

Ḋ'aċṗuiġ 'na ndearcaiḋ ḃaċ mo néiṁe anoir
ar airce naċ aiċniḋ ceart im ċéimeannaiḃ,
ó ṗearg mo laċt le hair na caoṁḋṗuinge
ḋ'aiċle mo ċeana ir marcaċ mé ḋom ċoir.

X

Ir annaṁ an tan ro neaċ ḋom éiḃiorṁra
ir ḋá n-agarainn ṗear ir ṗalaṁ éirie rin,
ní ṗaiceann mo ċaire an ċara ċéiḃṗionn ċlir
ḋár ġeallaṁuin real ir leat a ḃṗéaḋaimre.

XI

Cé ḋearḃċa an rtair mo rtaiḋ nár ċṗéigiora
'r im airciḃ naċ ḋeaċaiḋ aċnaṁ éirlinge,
ḋá ḋtagarainn ḋrad gan ċeaḋ i gcéill ar biċ,
an caire tar air do ṗailiġ m' éaḋtroime.

XII

Ġeaḋ raḋa re rail mo ṗearaṁ trréiċċuirleaċ
ó ṁaiḋin go ṗearcar ṗearc gan béilṗliuċaḋ,
ḋá ḋtairginn banna pleaṁain réalaiġċe
ar ċnagaire leanna a carc ní ḃéarainnre.

XIII

Ir tartṁar mo ċarc ag trreaḃaḋ im aonarra
le harm nár ċleaċtar ṗeaċt ba ṁéiċe me,
ḋ'atadar m'ailt ó raċ na crélainne
ir ḋo ṁarḃ a ṗeac ar raḋ mo ṁéirpeanna.

XIV

Ġeaḋ laḃarċa learca an creat ro i bplé ream uċt
ir a aċarḃa im aice ag arlaċ m'éigniġċe,
baḋ barraṁail ṁear tar lear go ngéillṗinnre
ḋo ṁalartaiḃ bṗeaca bearr an ḃṗéagaire.

IX, l. 1 inna, L. X, l. 1 anaṁ, Mss. l. 2 ṗear, L; neaḋ, *cet.*; ṗala éirie ḋam, P. l. 3 ċeiḃionn, L; ċnir, G, m. l. 4 ḋá ng., G, m; leaċ, G, m. XI, l. 2 ṗám airgiḃ, G, m. l. 3 ḋraiḋ, G, m. l. 4 and the next three lines omitted, G, m; gur ṗalaiḋ, P; do railicc, L. XII, l. 4 ḃearainn rin, L; ḃṗearṗainnre, G, m. XIII, l. 1 ċearg, G, m; am aonar ċnuic, m. l. 2, méire mé, G, m. l. 3 do raċ, L; ó raiċ, P; ó reaċ, G, m. l. 4 an ṗeac,

IX

Immediately changed in their eyes was the hue of my character,
No longer do they recognise in my muse's steps excellence;
The gentle folk judge that the flow of my diction hath shrivelled up,
Since my loss of repute like a cavalry soldier on foot am I.

X

Seldom doth anyone now ask a favour or grace of me,
And void would my recompense be, did I call upon anyone;
My fair-locked friend turneth her eyes from my weakness deceitfully,
Though heretofore "Thine is whatever I can" was her pledge to me.

XI

It is a demonstrable truth that I never belied my rank,
And that my reproaches included no spoils of infirmity;[1]
If ever I ventured to snarl without license in any sense,
The angry retort never failed to besmirch my frivolity.

XII

Wearily though I should stand by the counter with feeble pulse
From morning till evening without ever wetting my parchèd lips,
Yet were I to offer a smoothly sealed bond as security,
I should never succeed in obtaining a naggin of cask-drawn ale.

XIII

Thirsty indeed is this task of mine, lonely while labouring
With an implement ne'er by me wielded in days of prosperity,
From guiding the run of the clay-blade my knuckles all swollen are,
And the spade-shaft hath deadened my fingers, completely benumbing them.

XIV

Though my frame keeps arraigning my breast with its tedious complaining talk,
And its heritage ever beside me is plotting my prejudice,
'Twere a foreign fantastical fancy for me to yield cowardly
To the deeds of the lying impostor's inconstant capriciousness.

P, G, m; ṁeaṗáṅa, G, m. XIV, next three Ranns, *om.* G, m. l. 1 leaṙȝa, L; leaṙȝ, P; cṗeaċ, L; ceaṙċ, P. l. 2 a, *om.* P. l. 4 beaṙċa, P.

[1] That is, my satires have never been directed against the weak or the defenceless.

XV

Ní maċtnaṁ liom m'aċt ir breaċa ḋó ḋom ċur
go leaċtromaċ lag im rpreap gan rpréiḋ gan rpuir
fá ṫarcuirne ag feapaiḃ teanna ir tréiṫe an truir
'r an ḟairrge ṫeapc i gceanaiḃ clé mo ċuirp.

XVI

Ná meallaḋ mo ċeapaċt meapḃair aonḋuine
ir ná gaḃaḋ gan aga uim ṫaḃairt ḃéirḋicte,
ní mairg fá ḋeapa leaṫ a léigimri
aċt magaḋ fá ċleapaiḋ cama an ḟéirḟiṫċill.

XVII

A aṫair na ḃfeart ḋo ċeap na céaḋniṫe
talaṁ ir neaṁ ir peanna ir péiṫleanna
earpraċ ir tearbaċ tarṫa ir téaċt uirce,
t'eargain car ir fpreagair m'éagnaċra.

XVIII

Ḋom ċaḃair go tara tair a péċainniolL
ḋ' airig mo ḃeaṫa i gceart leaḋ ċréaċtfulang,
aḋuiġ im anam acfuinn ḟéiḋliġṫe
gan ṁairg fáḋ peaċt go haḃaiḋ éifeaċtaċ. Amen.

XIX

Éirioċt úr úġḋar na haoire a ḋtáim
ir céaḋfaiḋ úirḋ ionnpaic an ċoiṁḋe ċáiḋ,
a léirċrú rúḋ tiomruiġṫe i ḋtoinn ṗir ġráiḋ
téiḋ a muġa a ṗionnra gan ní iona láiṁ.

XV. There is an almost illegible copy of the next four ranns in 23 M 34, p. 24, *olim*, p. 600, with a note: lege fol. 113 (not preserved) ⁊ ḋoġéaḃair go foinlíonta an ní po. l. 4 teapc, L; ṫeapc, P. XVI, l. 1 meapḃuir, L. l. 2 gaḃuiḋ, L; ḃeirḋicte, L. XVII, l. 1 céaḋneicte, P; céaḋniḋte, *cet.* l. 2, paelteanna P, G. l. 4 tapaguin, G, m; tpeapguin, P; reading of 23 M 34 is obscure, but seems quite different, ending . . . glac aḋ flaiṫior aolċrucach. XVIII, l. 1 pae, L. péaġ, G, m. l. 2 ḋeapaig, G, m; ccairt, L; cceart, P, m, G; leaḋ, P, L; peaḋ, G, m. l. 3, éiliġṫe, P, m, G.

XV

Nor strange is my plight when thus left by the judgments of God above
A helpless mass, weak and afflicted, without either stock or spur,
Exposed to the scorn of the strong and the weak of society,
While a wild waste of sea is my body's perverted concupiscence.

XVI

Let not this distracted repining of mine mislead anyone,
And let no one deliver a verdict against me with hastiness;
Afflictions have not been the cause of the half of my narrative,
But my having been fooled in this fraudulent chess-game[1] by trickery.

XVII

O Father of miracles, Thou who createdst the elements,
The earth and the heavens, the planets and stars of the universe,
Spring-time and summer-heat, harvest-fruits, freezing of stream and lake,
Avert Thy avenging resentment, and hear my plaint graciously.

XVIII

O Candle of glory, delay not, but hasten to succour me,
Who didst legally ransom my life by Thy wounds endured patiently;
Within my soul kindle a spirit determined to persevere,
Without murmur obeying Thy law with maturest efficiency. Amen.

XIX

The force and freshness of the learned leaders of this age of ours
With the prudence of the chaste Lord's justice-loving followers—
All such noble worth united in a poet's stream of song—
Tact and talent, aim-frustrated, empty-handed would be left.

XIX. The next two ranns are omitted in G, m, but the three of them occur separately also in 23 M 34, p. 25. l. 1 uǯḋaiṙ, L. l. 2 céaḃraḋ, P; ċaoiṁḋe, P; ċoiṁǯe, L. l. 3 a léiṙ cṙú, P, L; a ṫṫoinn, P; a ṫoinn, L; ǯṙáḋaiḋ, P. l. 4 an ṗionnṙa, P.

---

[1] Irish poets take their metaphor for the world from a game of chess, where English poets derive their imagery from the staging of a drama.

XX

Ġaċ péṗlaiċ ṗionn úrnaiġṫeaċ aoiḃ ġan ṫáir
ḋon ṫréaḋ i ḃṗonn Ṗionntainn naċ íṗiol ḋ'ṗáṗ
ṗeaṗ ṗcéaṗ a ċúil ḋuṫċair a ṁaoin 'ṗ a ṗṫáṫ
ḋo ṗéir a ġcliú cionntaċ maṗ ḋtaoimṗe aṫáiḃ.

XXI

A ṗéiṫleann iúil ḋ'iompuiḃ an oiḋċe i lá
'ṗ ḋo ṫṗéiġ an ṫṗú ċuṁṗa náṗ ċuill a ṫál,
óṗ éigion ḃúinn iomċaṗ na ḋaoiṗṗe aṫá
ṗéiḃ a púin m' ionnṫṗuṗṫ i ḃṫíṗ na nġṗáṗ. Amen.

VIII.—A ċRáiḃṫiġ seal

[Mss.: a Ms. by Ṗiaṗaṗ Móiṗṗéal (P); R.I.A. 23 M 34 (M).

In both Mss. this short poem follows poems by David Ó Bruadair, and is inscribed: an ṗeaṗ céaḋna ccc. ḋo ṗaġaṗṫ ḋaiṗiġṫe ḋo ṫṗéiġ a ċuiṁġ aṗ ċlaoinċṗeiḋioṁ, i.e. on a certain priest who proved unfaithful to his vows and embraced a false religion. In P it follows Ir maiṗġ náṗ ċṗean (May 16°, 1674); in M it follows Ġaḃtuṗ uaim aṗ aṁuṗ oiḋe, &c. (June 24°, 1675), and precedes Ġiṗioḋt úṗ úġḋaṗ, a fragment of Ir maiṗġ naṗ ċṗean (May 16°, 1674). The position of the poem in the Mss. would seem to indicate the

I

A ċṗáiḃṫiġ ṗeal ḋo ċleaċt an aiṫṗiġe ṗial
'ṗ ḋo ṗáiṗtiġ ṗeaċt an laċt náṗ leaṫḃíṗc piaṁ
iṗ náṗ an ḃeaṗt ḋaṗ leat ġeaḋ tlaċtċaoin iaḋ
báiḃ na ḃṗeaṗ piṁ ċaṗaṗ Cailḃín ciaṗ.

II

Ġá taḃaċt ḋ'ṗeaṗ ġaċ plaċaṗ ṗailliġe piaṗ
'ṗ ġaċ áṗṗ ġan aṗc ḋáṗ ċeaṗ an ġaṗtġaoiṗ ġṗian
cá ṗeáṗṗḋe maiṫ na mac iṗ maiṗiġe niaṁ
ḃáiḃ máṗ tṗeaḃ an teaċ naċ taiṫíġeann ḋia.

---

xx, l. 3 ṗé aṗ ṗġaṗ a ċúil ḋuṫċair, P. xxi, l. 1 ṗeilṫeann, L; ṗaeltann, P, m, G. l. 4 ṗéiḋiġ, P; ṗéiġ *cet.*; a ṗúin ḃúinne ġo haoiḋneaṗ áṗḋ, P, m, G.

ii, l. 3 ṗeaiṗḋe, M; na, P; ná, M; maiṗiḋe, P.

XX

Every prayerful, faultless, noble, charming chieftain of the flock,
Scattered through the land of Fionntann,[1] growing with no lowly growth,
Who hath been compelled to part with state and wealth and native nook,
According to repute is just as guilty as I am myself.

XXI

Brightly shining Star of guidance, who transformèdst night to day,
And didst offer up Thy fragrant blood, shed undeservedly,
Since I must endure the present pitiless captivity,
Prepare my interest, O Darling, for me in the land of grace.[2] Amen.

VIII.—THOU WHO PENANCE ONCE DIDST PRACTISE

year 1675 as the year in which it was composed, but the references in the poem are too general to enable us to identify the individual in question. The mention of Calvin as the patron of the sect which the pervert joined proves only that David, in common with other Irish poets, considered the then established Protestant Church in Ireland to be Calvinistic in its tendencies. We have another poem by David on a similar subject, beginning Ꝑ ṁ ṁiṡeanṡa léaṁa, which, though also undated, seems to have been written some years later.

Metre.—Amhán: – á – a – a – a í ıa.]

I

Thou who penance once didst practise piously with fervent zeal,
And didst share the milk of doctrine, never half exhausted yet;
Shameful is in sooth thy conduct, sleek although their faces be,
Fondled by the folk who cherish gloomy Calvin's memory.

II

What doth worldly pomp or station, false and fleeting, e'er avail?
What avail all arts ingenious by inventive wit devised?
What advantage is their fortune to the smuggest heirs of wealth,
If their dwelling be a mansion never visited by God?

---

[1] Vide Part I, p. 70, n.[1], and p. 199, n.[5].

[2] A variant gives: Smooth the way for me, O Darling, unto happiness sublime.

IX.—Naċ ionganṫaċ é

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 L 37 (L); Murphy xi, xlix (m); these two Mss. want the first three ranns. The poem is entitled: "Composed on yᵉ hard summer by David Bruadair" (L), Ḋáiḃi ó ḃruaḋair ccc (m 49), ḋuine boċt éigin ccc. (m 11).

The hard summer causes the poet to reflect upon the change for the worse which has come over the land. As the warbling of the birds is stilled, so the sound of song and the music of the pipes are heard no more, and as the summer is laid lifeless in the grave, so too the former generosity of the rich has given way to miserliness, and pompous ostentation has taken the place of mirthful gaiety. Learning and literature languish for want of support, and faithless clerics are smitten with avarice and ambition. The year of the hard summer was, I believe, 1674, which O'Flaherty tells us was "a year memorable for the dearth of corn through all Ireland" (Iarchonnacht, p. 63). This famine is likewise mentioned in a letter of the Internuncio, written on the 11th of August, 1674: "Da piu parti vengo informato della gran carestia ch' è in Ibernia e dello stato miserabile nel quale si trovano la maggior parte di quei vescovi" (Moran: Memoirs of the

I

Naċ ionganṫaċ é mar ċeannta gpinn
i n-ionaḋ na gcraoḃ 'r an ḋaṁra ḃíoḃ
gan fpiotal i mbéal fán amro i ḋtír
aċt gur ċuireamar féin an raṁraḋ i gcill.

II

Muillide ċéiḋ a gcamċor ċríom
mar ċuigim gur cléḃearṫ ġann ḋoġníḋ,
ir bruinniolla an traoġail ann do ḃí
i murtar go léir i mbeallṫaimiḃ.

III

Do goineaḋ ár gcléir le rainnt fa ríor
ir d'imċiġ an éigre i ḃfanntair ḃríġ,
currainn ir géire ḋaṁra ḃíoḃ
gan rimide céille i gceann gan ṁaoin.

I, l. 2 fa ḋaṁra, L. II, l. 2 do nid, L. III, l. 1 an gcléir, L.

IX.—WHAT A SINGULAR SUPPORT

Most Rev. Oliver Plunket: Dublin, 1861, p. 195). This dating is confirmed by the similarity of thought between this poem and the other poems written during the first half of this year. For instance, compare R. III, lines 3, 4 of this poem with R. II, lines 3, 4 of Ir beárnaḋ ruaim, written on the 3rd of April, 1674 (vide supra, p. 20):

níl ṫáḃḃaċt ṡmuaiḷ an uair ṡe i n-altuṡ aoin
naċ ḃeárnaiḋ ṡuaṡ i ḃṫuaiṡim leaṫ a ṫṡuinne—

or R. III, line 1 of this poem with R. II, lines 3–4 of the preceding poem, which seems to have been written during this same year. Similarly Ir mairg nár ḋṡean, written May 16th, 1674, offers many points of resemblance. To the above reasons may be added the position of the poem in L, where it occurs among poems written by David in the years 1674 and 1675. In the notes at the end of the poem will be found some lines of English which occur in that position in L, but it is very doubtful if they have any connexion at all with David.

Metre.—Amḟán: _ ı _ _ é _ au _ í.]

I

What a singular support is this for mirth and gaiety
That instead of all the branches and the dances of the past
Not a syllable is heard from any lip throughout the land
But that we ourselves have laid the summer in the silent grave.[1]

II

Their discordant chorus goeth through my brain more tiresomely,
When I see how strangely perverse is the conduct they observe;
There where once the fairest maidens of the world collected were,
Proudly mustered altogether on the first of every May.

III

Avarice, alas, hath wounded all the learned bands of clerks
And on poets there hath fallen languor like to fainting fit;
But the bitterest by far of all these painful pangs to me
Is that no one who is poor is deemed to have one spark of wit.

---

[1] This line and the last line of rann v contain an allusion to the well-known song Ṫuġamar ḟéin an raṁṗaḋ linn.

IV

Tubuirt a ṗaoġail ṗallra an ṗill
ıd ġoile 'r ıd ċaoḃ naċ caḃrann linn,
cár mırce ḋuıc ṗéile leamra luıġe,
'r gurab ıonann ḋo ġaolra ċall ır tıor.

V

Tugaḋar trénṗır ċeannra an ṗoınn
cruınnıor ar ṗéıle ır grpeann ar ṗoımp,
nıl reınnm ar ċéıḋ ná bann ar pıp
aċt gur ċuırpeamar ṗéın an ramṁraḋ ḋınn.

VI

A ḃuınge ḋo ṗéıḋ a ramṁarḃruıḋ rınn
ır ḋ'ṗuılıng ḋo ċaoḃ re lannra an ḋaıll,
tré ṗıle ḋo ċréaċt 'ran gcrann a Ċrıort
ıonnaıl gaċ éıḋċıġ aṁruır ḋınn.

VII

A ḃuıme ṁıc ḋé nár ṁeaḃruıġ ḋıġ
ır nár ċuıḋıġ ı gcéaḋċıon reannḋa an ċraoır,
a Ìlluıre ná héımıġ leamra guıḋe
ċum t'ṗírınne ṗéın tar ċeann ḋo ġaoıl. Finis.

IV, l. 2 ġaıle, m 49; rab taoḃ, L, m 11, m 49; rınn, m; lınn, L l. 3 ṁırḋe, m; luıḋe, L. l. 4 ċall ran tır, m. V, l. 1 ṗuınn, m 11. l. 2 ar cruınnıor a breıle, L. l. 3 rınn, m, L; beann, m. l. 4 ċuırımuır, L. VI, l. 2 re hamra, L; re lannra, m. l. 4 ınnuıll, m 49; ınnıll, m 11; éaġċıġ, m 49; eıcıġ a gnıḋım, m 11. VII, l. 1 ṁeaḃra, m 11; ṁeaḃraıḋ, L. l. 3 heımıḋ, L; heımıġ, m. l. 4 ċum *om.* m; trınne, m 49; trıne, m 11. The scribe of L concludes: 'Written per me Jo. Stack, Jan. 14th, 1708–9,' and opposite that signature the following doggerel verses are written, without name of author:—

I pray kind and Courteous Reader
Brook my work altho' no finer
Than ye object gives enlargement
to decipher his Deportment
Pass by Centences definient
Allow effect as deylicious

IV

O deceitful world of falsehood, who deniest aid to me,
May distressing pains assail thee in thy body and thy side;
Shouldst thou suffer any loss, if bounty shared her couch with me,
Seeing that thou carest little what thy kindred's fortune be.

V

Valiant, kind, and gentle princes of this country have exchanged
Charity for niggard spirit, wit and mirth for arrogance;
On the harp is played no music, on the pipes no tune is heard,
But that we ourselves have put the summer far away from us.

VI

Youthful Chief, who once didst ransom us from gross captivity,
Offering Thy side with patience to the blind man's[1] piercing lance;
By the streaming of Thy sacred wounds upon the tree, O Christ,
Wash away from us, I pray Thee, every jealous mist of doubt.

VII

Nurse of God's Son, who didst never meditate defective deed,
Nor partookest in the ancient primal sin of gluttony,[2]
Mary, do not thou refuse to offer up a prayer for me
Graciously for sake of kinship[3] unto Him who is thy Truth.[4]

---

this rough Rhime becomes a Bugle
Bastard words and Monsterous Modle
Good Reader Mark as Norme perfect
if yow'll know my swarthy subject
his Name altho' no Spurr can gawle
is never out of Moist ill Brawle.

---

[1] Cf. Part I, p. 24, note [1].

[2] The allusion is to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

[3] The kinship of human nature between the Blessed Virgin and mankind.

[4] Truth, that is Christ; cf. Joan. xiv. 6, Dicit ei Iesus: Ego sum via et veritas et vita.

X.—Moḋṁar an maiġre

[The only Ms. in which I have found this poem, viz. 23 L 37, p. 149, does not give the name of the author nor the date of composition, but it occurs there in a series of poems written by David Ó Bruadair in the years 1674 and 1675, and copied continuously by the scribe John Stack in January, 1708/9. The sequence of the poems in this series is as follows: Caḃair caiḋḋean, Jan. 24°, 1675/6; Cuirpeaḋ cluain, December, 1674–Jan. 8°, 1674; Naċ ionġanṫaċ é (vid. note on preceding poem); Moḋmar an maiġre (the present poem); Eaċṫur uaim, 24° Junii, 1675; Ir mairġ náp ċrean, May 16°, 1674. Hence I feel justified in ascribing the poem to David and assigning it to the year

I

Moḋṁar an maiġre maor mine,
minic a ḟorrán a ḃrail ṫruaġ,
banṁál oll ġo ḃreiḋm n-aṁail,
ṫrom an ṫeiḋm ḋom aṁail a ḟuaim.

II

Iomḋa ḟeaḋḃ ġan ar ġan ura
ḋ'aiċle an ġilleri i nġaoi ċró,
ṫéiḋ a bproinn ġan bruiċ ḋá ḃearṫaiḃ
coill aġ ṙruiċ ġaċ ṙeaċṫṁain ḋo.

III

Noċṫaḋ naoiḋean blaḋ ḋá ḃuaḋaiḃ,
bean ġan ċeile ḋo ċrú ṫinn,
leaṙṫair ḟoiṁa ó an ḃṙóirri ḋ'ḟuaḋaċ,
ḋorrḋa a nḋóirri ón nġruaġaċ nġrinn.

IV

Cairṫe ċáiċ ní hé naċ ṫiomairġ,
ṫailc a ḃéim i mbanḋáil ḃoċṫ,
cóirṙeaṁ cruiḋ ir éaḋaiġ anḃṙann,
muir ḋo ṁéaḋaiġ arḃlann a olc.

I, l. 1 moṁar; Maorṁine. l. 3 banṁal; namail. IV, l. 3 cruaiḋ. l. 4 arḃlann.

X.—PROUD AS A CHIEF IS THE BAILIFF

1674 or 1675. The poem is a bitter invective against some unnamed official who cruelly oppressed the weak and poor, children and widows, and plundered them without mercy of all their little belongings.

Metre: Séadnad *al.* réadnad mór nó ꝑada, the general rules of which may be represented in the following scheme: $2(8^2 + 7^1)^{2+4}$, that is the odd lines are octosyllabic with disyllabic endings, the even lines heptasyllabic with monosyllabic endings, and the final words of the even lines rhyme. In addition to the other general requisites of classical metre, the last two lines of each rann contain three, or at least two, internal rhymes.]

I

Proud as a chief is the bailiff of meal,
  Frequent his visits where wretchedness dwells,
Tyrant of women, fit aim for his might,
  Loathsome his name is to people like me.

II

Farmless and chattelless widows are left
  Oft by this fellow in throes of distress;
Into his packs go their dinners uncooked,
  Gain of a wood by a stream every week.[1]

III

Part of his exploits is plundering maids,
  Single, defenceless, in delicate health,
Seizing the poor empty vessels they own,
  Dark are their doors from this mischievous wight.

IV

He fails not to rake in the charters of all,
  Sturdy his stroke against women-folk poor,
Collecting the cattle and clothes of the weak,
  Sea ever swelling his harvest of sin.

---

[1] Cf. Ps. i. 3, Et erit tanquam lignum, quod plantatum est secus decursus aquarum, quod fructum suum dabit in tempore suo.

V

Gioḋ bé ar ní hinn naċ airiġ
  anntrom oifiġ an ḟir ċlé,
iar ndul ḋaṁ i gcur an ċoċaill,
  gar ḋo ong an ḟoċaill me.

VI

Aġaiḋ ionnḟuar gioḋ im iomḋaiġ
  arc im ċoḋla ó ċuairt an ḟir,
ḋár poinn poiṁe im ċúil ní ḋeaċaiḋ
  fúil mar loime an ṁeascaiġ ṁir.

VII

Rug an fuanóg leis óm leanḃaiḃ
  leor i n-eiric ḟala an ṁaoir
ponnaċ fuaḋ gan ḃruiṫ gan ḃearna
  buan a guiṫ geaḋ gearr a haoiḃ.

VIII

Mallaċt ón gclainn lé is leirean
  luaċ ionaistir oireas do,
gárṫa clog is ceall fán inne
  broḋ na meall 'ga mille is mó.

V, l. 1 airiḋ. VIII, l. 4 bróḋ.

VIII, l. 2 a neiric ḟala. l. 4 guṫ; gearra.

V

I could not but notice, though others may not,
  The wicked official's tyrannical acts;
Withdrawn in the fold of my mantle I felt
  As if I were almost anointed with phlegm.

VI

However refreshing my couch may appear,
  Fear of his visit impedeth my sleep;
No eye ever cast on my lot in my nook
  Could equal the bareness this fierce coward caused.

VII

The wretch from my children has taken away
  Payment enough for the bailiff's demands[1]—
A mackerel red, all uncooked and ungapped;
  Its shame shall endure, though its glory shall fade.

VIII

May the curse of my children be with it and him,
  Ready requital befitting his deed,
May tolling of church-bells within him resound
  And scourging behind his destruction complete.

---

[1] The translation of these two lines is doubtful.

XI.—A ḟIR SCAIRḂE CEAST

Oiḋḋe Noḃlaġ, 1674

[Ms. 23 L 37, p. 165. In this Ms., the only one in which I have met with this poem, it follows, without the name of the author, a poem by David Ó Bruadair, Ir beapnaḋ ruain (vid. supra), and is dated oiḋḋe Noḃlaġ, 1674. The last two figures of 1674 cannot now be seen owing to the binding of the Ms., but are so read by E. O'Curry in his Catalogue of the Mss., R.I.A. The poem is addressed to a learned Dalcassian lawyer, who was also well read in the history of Ireland. While enjoying the hospitality of this gentleman, David had in the course of the entertainment, when heated by wine, committed some indiscretion of speech, for which he now expresses his deep regret, and humbly apologizes, saying that he never imagined that his casual and thoughtless remark would have been voiced abroad by others. In R. v the poet refers to himself as a farmer, treaḋṫaḋ, which occupation he was forced to adopt this very year, when he fell into poverty, as we have already seen (cf. supra, p. 29, Ir mairġ náp ḋrean, R. XIII, dated May 16th, 1674), yet in spite of his humble circumstances he would never wittingly do anything to bring a blush to the cheek of anyone, or to lower the high standard of honour which obtained among the literati of Erin:

Ní ḋearġaim ḃreaḋ, ní ḋaillim ḋoiḋḋe ap cléir.

I

A ḟir rcairḃe ceart an reaḋṫa ríoġ go réiḋ
'r a ḟearra go maire i nḋaiḋ i nġníoṁ 'r i méiḋ
ir baraṁail ḃaṁ ġeaḋ teaṗc lúḃ rinn i rcéiṁ
an ceapḋ roḋḋeap ġur ḃ'airce an traoir rin mé.

II

Ḃap n-aġallaṁ ait ap eaḋṫaiḃ innre Néill
'r ap ḟleaḋṫaiḃ na rean ḃo ḋrean a ḋoiṁḋe anḋé,
ġeaḋ tarcuirneaḋ leatra m'aiṫne ap ruim a réin
ir ḟearra ḟá reaḋ ionná a nġlacaim ḃ'íoc iona réim.

III

Atá aġam ḃo raḋ an ḟearṫaiġ ḟíorġlain ḟéil
ḟá ġairḃe ḟnair an tlaḋṫa ḃíoḃ ir réil,
Cairbre cait 'r ap ḋaiṫiġ ḟaoi na ḋléiṫ
naḋ reanḋaḋ ceart ḃo leanḟaḋ roinn a bpréaṁ.

I, l. 1 ceapḋ; rúġ. l. 4 róḋḋeap; ḃairġe an traoirrin ṁe. II, l. 2 ané. l. 3 reinn. l. 4 ionna nġlacaim.

[1] Perhaps we should read 'King,' i.e. Christ.

[2] Niall was the name of several kings of Ireland; vide Part I, p. 198.

[3] Cairbre Cait: the Aitheachthuatha or plebeian tribes of Ireland rose in revolt

XI.—O THOU WHO RESOLVEST WITH EASE

Christmas Eve, 1674

The poem is marked throughout by deep sincerity and lofty sentiment, expressed in lines of great beauty. Noticeable, for instance, is the application in harmonious lines (R. VIII) of the beautiful words of our Lord: Qui sine peccato est vestrum primus in illam lapidem mittat (S. Joan. viii. 7). It is not possible to determine exactly where the untoward incident mentioned above occurred. This poem was written on Christmas Eve, 1674, and in the following poem Cuipreaḋ cluain, which is dated December, 1674, and the last part of which was recited and possibly written at Cahirmoyle, Co. Limerick, on the 8th of January, 1674/5, David tells us that he was at Coċaill, Youghal, Co. Cork, when he got word of the Christmas celebrations and marriage festivities which were to take place in the house of his friends, the Bourkes of Cahirmoyle, to which he then hastened. It is likely then that the lawyer in question resided either at Youghal or somewhere on the way between Youghal and Cahirmoyle.

Metre.—(1) Aṁrán, R. I–XI: _ a _ a _ a _ í _ é
(2) Aṁrán, R. XII: (_) é ó _ _ ó _ _ a ua ı _ ı.]

I

O thou who resolvest with ease the knots of the law of the king,[1]
Thou who art stately and gracious in stature, in mien, and in act,
Though thou deemest me lacking in manners, of this I am fully convinced
That the Artist who first fashioned thee is the Craftsman whose goodness formed me.

II

When with pleasing discourse thou didst speak of the fate of the island of Niall,[2]
Of our races of ancient descent, redeemed by the Lord in the past,
Though my tact in appraising thy skill may have seemed to thee worthy of scorn,
It surpasseth by far the reward I receive for recounting their fame.

III

By the favour and grace of the Lord, miraculous, faithful, and pure,
Clad in coarse garb though I am, as thou thyself plainly dost see,
I hold that no real historian ever would trace the descent
Of Cairbre Cait[3] or the rabble who served in the ranks of that king.

---

during the first century of the Christian era and placed the plebeian Cairbre mac Dubhthaigh on the throne. He was surnamed Cat-head, because, according to the legend, his ears were like those of a cat: vide Keating, History, vol. ii, pp. 236–240, and for the chronology of this revolt O'Donovan's notes on the Four Masters, vol. i, pp. 94–99.

IV

Máṙ ḟaċain ḋom bac ı meaṙc na ḃtaoıṙeaċ ḃtṙéan
ḋo ḟealḃuıġ ġean ıṙ neaṙt a n-aoıṙe naoṁ,
mo ċeanġal ġan ċleaṙ ṙe caıṙt na cṙíċe ı méın
ṫaṙ ṫaıṙṙıġ a ḃtṙeaḃ ní ġaṙ mo luıġe ġo héaġ.

V

Ṫṙeaḃċaċ ıṙ ġṙaḋam ṫeaṙṫa linn ġeaḋ tṙéıṫ
naċ aıṙġeann ḟeaṙ 'ṙ a ċaṙna maoıne aṙ ṁṙéaċṫ
'ṙ ġeaḋ aṫṁaṙ ı ġceanaıḃ aıle an ċlí mo ṁṙéaċṫ
ní ṁeaṙġaım ḃṙeaċ ní ċaıllım ċoıḋċe aṙ ċléıṙ.

VI

Ḋo ṁeanma ṁaıṫṙe ṙeal ḋon oıḋċe aṙéıṙ
ıṙ malaıṙt na mbeaṙt ṫuġ ṫaıṙe áṙ nġaoıṙe a ġléaṙ,
ı ṫ'aıṫṙeaḃ cé ḟaıṙṙınġ ḟleaḋaċ ḟíonṁaṙ é
aḋṁuıġım eaċt ġo nḋeaċa ḃṙuım ṙe béaṙ.

VII

Ḋá ḃṫaıṙġeaḋ neaċ ḋo ḃeaṙcaıḃ ṫ'ḟíona ḟéın
aṫaṙc ıḋ ċeaċ náṙ ḃeaṙ ṙe ṙcaoıle ı ġcéın,
meaṙaım a ḟlaıṫ 'ṙ a leaṫ ḋoḋ ċaoıḃṙı ı nġné
ġuṙ beannuıġṫe an ḃṙeaṫ a leaġaḋ linn ġo léıṙ.

VIII

Níl ḟeaṙġ aṙ m'aıṙe ıṙ aıṫċım ḃíolġaḋ ġlé
nó ḟṙeaġaıṙ aṙ aċt an ḋeaḃuıḋ ḟíolaṙ léax,
ġıḃé aġaınn náṙ ḟeacuıġ ḟeaċt ı ṙuımċuıṙ ċlé
ġlacaḋ an leac ıṙ caıṫeaḋ í ġo ġéaṙ.

IX

Ḋá laḃṙaḋ ḟṙeaṙṫal ḟaılle ḟuıġıoll ġan ḟéıṫ
ıṙ ġan aıġne a leaṫaḋ ṫaṙ an ṙcṙíḃ ıonaṙ ṙcṙéaċ,
ní caṙa ṫaṙ aıṙ ṙan aṫaıṙ ṫaoıċ ṙuġ céım
'ṙ ġo laṙann an ċneaḋ ó ṁannaṙ míle méaṙ.

IV, l. 2 ṙealb÷. V, l. 4 ċaoıḋċe. VIII, l. 1 ḃíolġuḋ ġle. l. 4 ġlacaḋ an nġlaıc corr. to ġlacaḋ an leac in margin. IX, l. 3 ṙan Aṫaıṙ ; ċeım.

IV

If ever it happens that I have to halt among powerful chiefs,
Seized of their heritage sacred—the power and love of their age,
Though in fancy I longed to secure me a charter of land without fraud,
It would profit me little to lie on their thresholds ancestral till death.

V

In witness I rank as a vassal, yet humble although that may seem,
I never assail any man who reserveth for poems his wealth;
And swollen although my wounds be in other misdeeds of the heart,
I ne'er bring a blush to a cheek nor play any fellow-clerk false.

VI

When I think of thy kindness and charity yesterday night for a while,
And then of the change of behaviour which put my poor wit out of gear,
Although thy abode be renowned for its generous banquets and wines,
I avow that what in it occurred was repugnant to manners refined.

VII

If a person should happen by reason of having indulged in thy wine
To pass in thy house a remark, not fit to be voiced far and wide,
Even, O prince, if it seemed to be aimed against thee, I believe
That that sentence by God would be blessed which would grant full remission to me.

VIII

I feel no resentment of mind, and I pray for forgiveness complete
Or an answer like that which the Law for a state of contention supplies:—
Let him who amongst us hath never by love of crime wickedly sinned
Be the first to take up in his hand and cast without pity the stone.[1]

IX

If defective attention should happen to utter a sinewless[2] phrase,
Not meaning to spread it beyond the limits wherein it was said,
No friend would he be who would step back to the slumbering sore
Till chafed by a thousand fingers the wound would blaze up again fresh.

---

[1] Cf. Joan. viii. 7, Qui sine peccato est vestrum, primus in illam lapidem mittat.
[2] Sinewless: that is, spiritless, unenlivened by wit.

x

Ḋeaṗḃaim ḋ'ḟeaṗṫaiḃ beaċa an ḃíobla ıṗ ṗé
ḋ'aiṫle na nḋaṗṫ ṫaṗ leaṗ náṗ ṗíoṁaṗ ṗéaḋ,
ıṗ máṗ ṫaıṗıṗıoċ leaṫṗa ḋealḃ aoınṁıc ḋé
aınıc ı ṫ'aıce aṗ an ḋom ġnaoıṗe ı bṗlé.

xi

Ór ṗeaṗaċ ġaċ ṗlaıṫ ḋá ḃṗaıce ṗíṗı an ċé
ġuṗ leaṗṫaṗ ġo laıġe an ċalann ċnaoıṫe ċṗé
'ṗ ġuṗ ġaḃaṗ ġan eaṗnaṁ ṫaıṗceaṗ bṗíġ ḋo ġṗéaṗ,
aṫċuınġım maıṫ ıṗ maıṫım ḋíḃ ġan éaḋ.

xii

Éaḋ óıṗne ṫṗé ṗóċuṗ peaḋ ġealġṗuaḋ ġlan
a ṗéaṗla óıġḟıṗ ġé hóıṗneaḋ níoṗ aṫṗmuaıneaṗ,
ba clé an ceol cuṗ peaḋ ċóṫa maṗ ġaṗṫġuaıṗe
'ṗ ġuṗ paelṫa eoluıṗ ṗé ḃóıṗnıḃ ı gCaṗċuan ṫu.

---

xi, l. 2 cnaoıṫe. l. 3 ġabuṗ. xii, l. 4 a gcaṗ ċuanṫu; Finis Febr. 14° 1708/9 per Jo. Stack.

---

[1] Life of the Bible: Christ.

[2] Over-sea darts: i.e. exotic ejaculations, inappropriate remarks.

[3] Guaire Aidhne was defeated by Failbhe Flann at Carn Fhearadhaigh in Cliu, Co. Limerick, A.D. 627, and by Diarmaid mac Aedha Sláine, king of Ireland, at Carn Conaill, A.D. 649. He became king of Connacht in A.D. 649 (al. 653),

X

By the might of the Life of the Bible[1] I swear and by Him I assert
That after those over-sea darts[2] my tongue did not utter a word,
As thou puttest thy hope and thy trust in the image of God's only Son,
Take under thy guard what politeness of mine still remains in dispute.

XI

It is known to all men of distinction who study the scenes of this world
That a vessel full laden with frailty is this sickly, spent body of clay
And an ignorant goat is the man, who hoards up his talents intact,
So pardon me, prithee, as I unreservedly pardon thee now.

XII

How I envy the sereneness of thy cheek so pure and fair,
Though I gave no second thought to praising thee, O pearl of youth;
Tuneless lay it were to add to bounteous Guaire's[3] equal's fame;
Guiding star for deeds of kindness in the tribe of Cas[4] art thou.

---

and died in A.D. 663 (al. 666). Guaire was celebrated for his munificent hospitality. His entertainment of Scanchán Torpéist, the Ardollamh of Erin, and his numerous retinue for a year, a month, and a day led eventually to the recovery of the then forgotten tale of the Táin Bó Chuailgne: vide Imtheacht na Tromdhâimhe, Ossianic Society, vol. v.

[4] Cas, sixth in descent from Cormac Cas, the second son of Oilioll Ólum, had twelve sons from whom the various tribes of Thomond or Dál gCais derive their descent.

XII.—CUIRFEAD CLUAIN AR ĊROĎAING

December, 1674—8th January, 1674/5

[Mss.: R.I.A., 23 C 26 (C), 23 E 16 (E), 23 L 37 (L); Maynooth, II (m., Brit. Mus. Add. 29 614 (A); Cambridge University (Cam.). Private collections: Dr. Richard Henebry, University College, Cork (H); Mr. Keller, Los Angeles, California (K).

This long poem was very popular, and numerous copies of it have been preserved; but on account of its length it is incomplete in many Mss. With the exception of the last rann, which is found in A and H only, the complete poem is contained in A, E, H, K, L. The prose passages are omitted in m, which contains the first eighty-six ranns, with the exception of the third and fourth lines of R. XXVI, which lines are also omitted in E. C has now the first twenty ranns only, though originally it had a fuller copy. Some further details about this Ms. are given in Part I, p. 118. Cam. contains the first forty-nine ranns only (vid. Gaelic Journal, No. 177, June, 1905).

The authorship of the poem is certain. A few of the titles will suffice: Ďáiďiď ó ďruaďair ccc. ꝛďḟ. 1674 (A), Ďáiďi ó ďruaďair ccc. 1674 (K), An ꝑear céaďna [i.e. Ďáiďiď ó ďruaďair] ccc. ꝑan mbliaďain 1674 (m). The date given in the title is confirmed by the poem itself, R. LXX:

> Sé ċéaď ďéag ir ꝑeaċtṁoġa ꝑaṁꝑaď : ir ďá ďo annora
> bliaďna cinnte an urꝑaiď oirne : ď'ḟulang ꝑorꝑa.

i.e. 1600 + 70 + 2 × 2 [= 1674] summers A.D. At the end of R. XCIII in L the following colophon is found: Finis per David Bruadair, January 8, 1674. Finis per me Jno. Stack, January 11°, 1708/9. The apparent difference of dates is due to the employment of Old Style reckoning, according to which the year began on the 25th of March. From the title and colophon it would appear that, though the poem was composed by David Ó Bruadair in December, 1674, it was not published or recited by him until the 8th January, 1674/5. The reason of this delay is evident. The Church's prohibition of the solemnization of marriages from the first Sunday in Advent until the feast of the Epiphany, inclusive, has been always observed with the greatest strictness in Ireland. As marriage banquets and festivities are included in the solemnities, David could not have recited his poem at the marriage feast at Cathair Maothal earlier than the feast of the Epiphany, 1674/5. These occasional poems are not extemporary compositions. From some day in December, 1674, until the 8th of January, 1674/5, David had time to arrange his ideas and polish his verses. In December, 1674, he was at Eochaill (Youghal, Co. Cork), when he got news of the Christmas rejoicings and the forthcoming marriage at Cathair Maothal, Co. Limerick (R. XVI). The time was short, and he hurried off immediately, fearing lest he might arrive late (Rr. XVII, XVIII), travelling on foot (Rr. XV, XVIII) by way of Mallow and Twopothouse village

XII.—I SHALL PUT A CLUAIN

December, 1674—8th January, 1674/5

(R. XXXVII), and arriving at Cathair Maothal, cold and wet after his long journey (R. LXXXIV), just in time (R. XVIII) for the marriage banquet on the 8th January, 1674/5 (R. XCIII).

The bride was Eleanor de Búrc (Prose A, Rr. XXII, LIII), and the bridegroom was Oilifear óg Stíbhin (R. IV, Prose A, Rr. XXI, LVII, LIX, LXIV). Eleanor was daughter of Seán de Búrc (R. LXXIX) of Cathair Maothal (R. LXXV) in the ancient territory of Conallaigh in Co. Limerick (Prose F, R. LXXXVII) and Anna ní Urthuile (R. XXIV). In the introduction to the poem Iomδa ꝓcéiṁ aṗ δuṗ na cluana composed by David Ó Bruadair on the occasion of the marriage of Eleanor's sister, Una, before the year 1663, some details about Seán de Búrc and Anna ní Urthuile have been given (Part I, pp. 88, 89). Oilifear óg Stíbhin was son of Richard Stíbhin (R. XXVI) and Áine (R. XXVI), seemingly of Dál gCais (R XXVII). Richard Stíbhin is wrongly described by Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady as Richard Stephen, Co. Cork (Cat. Irish Mss. Brit. Mus., p. 547). It may also be noted that the enumeration of the sections of which the poem is composed given there is incorrect. The family was resident in Conallaigh, Co. Limerick (R. LXXXVII), and the usual English form of the name is Stephenson, not Stephen. The founder of the family in Co. Limerick was the Elizabethan commander Oliver Stephenson, who got a grant of Dunmoylan (anno xxx°. Eliz.), garrisoned Corgrig Castle (1600), married Una ny Mahony, and died 18th January, 1611 (al. 29/30 April, 1615), leaving a numerous family. His eldest son Richard married Margaret, daughter of Sir Brian dubh O'Brien of Carrigunnell, was High Sheriff of Co. Limerick in 1642, took the Irish side in the Confederate War, and was killed at the siege of Kilfinny Castle, 1642. He left a son Oliver, who married Eleanor, daughter of Sir Valentine Browne, first Baronet. He was a Colonel in the Austrian service, and on the outbreak of the war returned to help his Catholic fellow-countrymen. He enjoyed a high reputation for military skill, stormed Doondonnell Castle (1642), but was slain at the battle of Liscarrol, Co. Cork, when heading a charge against Lord Inchiquin (3rd Sept., 1642). This Oliver is referred to in this poem as Oiliṗeaṗ oile, "another Oliver" (R. LIX); and we learn that it was he who slew Lewis, Viscount Kynalmeaky, fourth son of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, at the battle of Liscarrol (R. VIII). The exact descent of Oliver óg, to whom the present poem is addressed, is not quite clear. I think that he was most probably the eldest son of Richard Stephenson (born 1623–4), who was son of Thomas Stephenson, of Ballyvoghan, Co. Limerick (who died 20th March, 1633), and Owney Crosby, daughter of John Crosby, Protestant Bishop of Ardfert, said Thomas being fourth son of Oliver Stephenson and Una ny Mahony (vide Westropp, J.R.S.A.I., vol. xxxiv, pp. 129 et seq., A.D. 1904).

The metre of this poem, Rr. I–LXXXVI, is Sneaδbaṗδne, also called popularly

Cnoṗánṫaċṫ, to which latter name the poet alludes (R. LXXX). Its scheme, which may be represented thus 2 $\{8^2 + 4^2\}^{2+4}$, has been fully explained in Part I, p. 91. The poem might be described as composed of lines consisting of four trochees and two trochees alternately, for the disyllabic endings give the lines a trochaic cadence. The language is very condensed, owing to the shortness of the lines and the strictness of the metrical rules. In addition to what has been already remarked about the occurrence of UAIM, &c. (Part I, p. 91), it may be noted here that an anacrusis is occasionally admitted. This generally happens only where the previous line ends with a vowel and the next line begins with a vowel, v.g. Rr. XI, l. 3, XIII, l. 2, XXVI, l. 3, XXXIII, l. i, &c., but also, though very rarely, where that is not the case, v.g. Rr. XXXIV, l. 3, XXXIX, l. 3. A final monosyllable is also occasionally treated as a disyllable in accordance with popular pronunciation, v.g. R. LXXVII, CAILG, MAIRG, and R. LXXXII, BOLG, COLG.

The rest of the poem, Rr. LXXXVII–XCIII, is written in Amṗán, though a certain variety is admitted in the final vowel-sound.

I

Cuirpeaḋ cluain ar ċroḃainġ ġealġall
ḋaṁ ní héaḋóiġ,
cnuar na gcoill gan aiġneap aiṁréiḋ
raiḋḃreap réaḋċóir.

II

Séaḋċóir rocla an ḟuaḋar ḟeirc
é aġur ire,
Oilireap úr ir inġean Anna
inḃear irre.

III

Ríoraim póraim iaḋ re aroile
áġ ir arcluiḃ,
craoḃa cuṁra a coill gan ċoġal
goill na nġarṫġuil.

I, l. 1 ċroḃann, m. l. 2 héaḋóiċ, C. l. 3 aiḃneap, m. II, l. 1 rocla, L; roċla, C, m. III, l. 1 póruim ríoruim, m. l. 2 aġh-, m. l. 4 nġarṫnġoil, m.

---

[1] Cluain: vid. Part I, p. 93, n.[1].

[2] Norman: Gall, a foreigner, was used successively to designate the Gauls, Norsemen, Normans, English. The Galls are distinguished by various epithets: geal (bright), fionn (fair), sean (old), when applied to the English settlers, designate the early Norman settlers who remained Catholic in religion and Irish in sentiment after the Protestant Reformation, while the epithets dubh (black), nua (new), denote the more recent Protestant adventurers who came over after that event. In earlier times the names Fionnghoill and Dubhghoill denoted the Norwegians and the Danes respectively; but in that case the epithets were suggested by physical rather than by moral characteristics.

R. LXXXVII:

∪ | ua ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | ı ∪ ∪ | au.

Rr. LXXXVIII–XC:

(*a*) ∪ | ua ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | ı ∪ ∪ | au;
(*b*) ∪ | ua ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | ı ∪ ∪ | ſ

R. XCI:

∪ | ua ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | ı ∪ ∪ | au.

R. XCII:

(*a*) ∪ | ua ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | ı ∪ ∪ | ıu;
(*b*) ∪ | ua ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | ı ∪ ∪ | ſ.

R. XCIII:

∪ | ua ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | o ∪ ∪ | ı ∪ ∪ | au.

The final rann follows a different scheme.

R. XCIV:

∪ | á ∪ ∪ | a ∪ ∪ | ó | ſ | ú.]

I

I shall put a cluain[1] upon a Norman[2] cluster,[3]
Vain are not my hopes of
The harvest of the hazels,[4] free from coarse contention,
Fortune-blessed and precious.

II

Fortune fair and happy, festive joy of marriage,
He and she united,
Oliver[5] the young along with Anna's daughter,[5]
Faith's beloved pasture.

III

Now I weld and wed them each unto the other,
Grace and manly vigour,
Two most fragrant branches of a tareless[6] forest,
Galls[7] of noble instincts.

---

[3] Cluster: for the usual genealogical metaphors of Irish poets, vid. Part I, p. 187, n.[2], and p. 189, n.[5]. In this artificial language 'cluster' means a 'family' or 'children,' and the greatest latitude is permitted in transferring to human beings imagery borrowed from plants.

[4] The harvest of the hazels: the children of the princes, cf. Part I, p. 108, n. [7], and p. 188, n. [2].

[5] Oliver óg Stephenson, the bridegroom, and Eleanor Bourke, daughter of John Bourke and Anna ní Urthuile, for whom see the Introduction to this poem, and also that to poem X, Part I, pp. 88–91.

[6] Tareless: free from tares and cockle. The line means 'two charming children of worthy and noble families.'

[7] Galls: vide supra, p. 50, n.[2].

IV

Oilifear óg go maire a nuaċar
glan a ṁianaċ,
féire faor an ḟoltċam ionnfaic
fcoċġall fciaṁaċ.

V

Fionnġaill Éireann ealba ir uairle
fríġ la fileaď,
ďream naċ ďiultaď gláiṁ uim airce
máil náp milleaď.

VI

Ir náp meallaď i gcruar cráďaiď
faoiġe feanġall,
'r naċ cug céim ar gcúl i ngroiďġleo
glún fe gealċrann.

VII

Gé atáiď Gaill ďo ďréiġir ďunaiď
riu ďá faċċur,
cia fe corcar Gall ba ġrinne
am i ďtaċur.

VIII

Ceirt ar ďoďnaċ Ċiníl mďéice:
an Finnín Fearna
nó grióď lonn mar Loġ mac Eiġleann
ďo ďloġ bearna.

IV, l. 1 mairg, m. nóċar, C; nuaċair, m. l. 2 miannaċ, C; ṁiannaċ, L, m. l. 3 féire, L, m: feiri, C. an ḟoltċaim, m. V, l. 2 la, L, m; le, C. l. 3 uim, thus always in L; um, m; im, C. VI, l. 1 craďaď, m; cráďuioc, L, C. l. 3 naċ, C, ná, L, m. VII, l. 4 aṁuil, C, L, m. a ďtaccar, m. VIII, l. 2 ríġneim, m.

---

[1] Fionnghoill: vide supra, p. 50, n.[2].

[2] Seanghoill: vide supra, p. 50, n.[2].

[3] Perhaps the translation should be 'couched their spotless lances.'

[4] Galls: the Nuaghoill or Dubhghoill, i.e. the recent foreign settlers, i.e. the Protestant English settlers, who came over after the Reformation.

[5] Lord Cineáil mBéice: Lord Kynalmeaky, Lewis, fourth son of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork. He was born on the 3rd of May, 1619, and, while still an infant, was created Baron of Bandon-bridge and Viscount Kynalmeaky in the year 1627. In the Eleven Years' War, which began in 1641, he, like his father and brothers, took the English side, and after having taken the castle of Mac Cárthaigh Riabhach, Kilbritaine and that of Pollalong, he was killed by a shot in the head at the battle of Lios Cearbhaill, 3rd September, 1642. He died leaving no issue,

IV

May Oliver the youthful long enjoy his consort,
Mine whose ore is purest,
Noble partner of a flawless fair-locked maiden,
Beauteous foreign blossom.

V

Erin's Fionnghoill[1] ever have been found by poets
The choicest flock of nobles,
Folk who ne'er rejected claims upon their bounty,
Princes never blighted.

VI

Never hath their firmness in the faith been wheedled,
Sages of the Seanghoill,[2]
They who ne'er retreated in fierce fray but stood by
Honour's spotless standard.[3]

VII

Though the Galls[4] attempt to gain their grace und favour,
Common race alleging,
Who have e'er been quicker those same Galls to slaughter
In the time of battle?

VIII

Let Lord Cineáil mBéice[5] answer me this question:
Was it Finnín Fearna[6]
Or a daring griffin like to Lugh mac Eithleann[7]
Broke a gap in battle?[8]

---

and was buried at Lios Mór. Four sons of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, were engaged in that battle: Richard, Lord Dungarvan and afterwards second Earl of Cork (1643–1647); Lewis, Viscount Kynalmeaky (1627), who was there killed; Roger, Baron Broghill (1627), afterwards Earl of Orrery (1660–1679); and Francis, afterwards Viscount Shannon (1660). From this rann it would seem that Viscount Kynalmeaky was killed by Colonel Oliver Stephenson. Cinéal mBéice (Kynalmeaky) is a barony lying to the north-west of the town of Bandon, Co. Cork.

[6] Finnín Fearna, al. Finghin (vid. var. lect.) Fearna, Finnín (Finghin) of Ferns, Co. Wexford, evidently some famous legendary character, unknown to me.

[7] Lugh mac Eithleann, otherwise Lugh Lámhfhada, king of the Tuatha Dé Danann, who distinguished himself especially in the second battle of Magh Tuireadh, cf. Part I, p. 43, n. 7.

[8] The battle of Lios Cearbhaill, Co. Cork, fought 3rd September, 1642, in which Colonel Oliver Stephenson (first cousin of Richard Stephenson, father of Oliver óg, the bridegroom) distinguished himself by killing Lewis, Viscount Kynalmeaky (vid. supra, p. 52, n.5), and taking Lord Inchiquin prisoner, whom he, however, released, but only to meet his own death shortly afterwards.

IX

Neiṁionnaḋ liom iaḋ ar eoċaiḃ
uim iaiġ Neiṁiḋ,
iaḋ féin beiċre ir buaine leanar
cuaine ó Neiṁir.

X

Iaḋ ir líoṁċa laḃrar rcoiriġ,
caḃrar cealla,
iaḋ a ḃfil re dréaċtaiḃ d'ḟulann
éaċtċuin treanga.

XI

Iomḋa tonn do ġrianḟuil Ġolaiṁ,
fiaḋain aire,
i nġruaḋaiḃ úra na n-óġ n-ioḋain:
ní fóḋ caile

XII

Ná curfurra an ċonair ġeaḃaim
ċum a floinnte,
a leaḃraiḃ loma do ṁeall mire
ceann a ḋtoinnte.

XIII

Ní ḟil ionntaiḃ iarṁar treiḃe
aċt triaiċe troma
d'ḟíorċrú Éiḃir uill ir Eoċaiḋ
Ċuinn ir Ċolla.

IX, l. 2 neimiḋ, C. l. 3 leanar, C, m; leaṁar, L. X, l. 3 ḃfil, L, m; the spelling fil is common in L; ḃfuil, C. l. 4 le éaċtċuin, m; le deleted, L. earċuin, L, éaċtċuin m, eaċtċuin, C. XI, l. 1 ġo láiṁ, m. l. 2 fiaġuin, L, C. l. 3 nioḋan, L, C; níoḋain, m. XII, l. 1 ná cuir urra, m; ná cur úrra, C; ná curfurra, L. na ċ. C; an ċ., L, m. ġaḃuim, m; ġeaḃaim, C, L. l. 4 ttaointe, C. XIII, l. 1 ḃfil, L; ḟuil, m; ḃfuil, C. l. 2 triaċa, C. l. 3 raorċrú, m. eiṁir, L, C. eaċaiḋ, C; eoċaiḋ, L, m.

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[1] Neimheadh was the leader of the second of the early colonies, Clann Neimhidh, who settled in Ireland after Parthalón, and ruled over the island for 217 years, after which they were subjugated by the Fir Bholg; vid. Keating, History, Part I, pp. 172–189. The land of Neimheadh signifies particularly Munster, for Neimheadh died at Oiléan Arda Neimheadh in Críoch Liatháin, afterwards better known as Oiléan mór an Bharraigh, now the Great Island in Cork Harbour.

[2] Neimhir I understand as neimh-Ir, i.e. Ir, fierce and daring. Ir, son of Golamh, was, on the occasion of the Milesian invasion, drowned off the coast of

IX

I am not surprised at seeing them on warsteeds
Ride round Neimheadh's[1] country;
Bears are they in courage, daring and persistent,
Dauntless Ir's[2] descendants.

X

They of Scottic[3] are too most accomplished speakers,
Helpers of our churches;
They the sole supporters are of learned essays,
Graceful hounds of valour.

XI

Many a wave of Golamh's[4] blood, serenely glowing,
An important witness,
Floweth in the fresh cheeks of these guileless youngsters.
Road untrod by wenches

XII

Or by vulgar yeomen is the path I enter,
Their descent when tracing
Out of well-thumbed volumes, whence I have enticed the
Clew-end of their kindred.

XIII

For they are no wretched, paltry tribal remnant,
But puissant seigniors
Of the unpolluted blood of mighty Éibhear,[5]
Eochaidh,[6] Conn,[7] and Colla.[8]

Co. Kerry, and his remains were buried at Sceilig Mhichíl. From him are descended most of the ancient princely families of Ulidia or East Ulster, as well as the families of the O'Connors of Kerry and Corcomroe, and the O'Loghlens of Burren.

[3] Scottic: the Irish language; cf. Liber Hymnorum (ed. Atkinson and Bernard, Henry Bradshaw Society, 1897, vol. I, p. 168) Ꝺıuꞇepcc ꝺana nomen compositem ó ꝇaꞇın ocup ó ꝼcoꞇıcc (a gloss on the Amra Choluim Chilli). For the termination of the word may be compared the common word ꝛaeꝺeaꝇ and the combꝼec (the Cymric or Welsh language) of Cormac mac Cuileannáin (Wh. Stokes, Cormac's Glossary, Williams and Norgate, London, 1862, p. 8).

[4] Golamh, son of Bile mac Breoghain, ancestor of the Gaedhil of Ireland. He was also and more popularly known as Míle Easpáine, Miles Hispaniæ, whence Clanna Míleadh or the Milesians.

[5] Éibhear, eldest son of Golamh, from whom the kings of Leath Mhogha and the principal families of Munster descend.

[6] Eochaidh, cf. Part I, p. 40, n.[1].

[7] Conn, cf. Part I, p. 41, n.[7].

[8] Colla, cf. Part I, p. 137, n.[1].

XIV

Ní ḋom ḟeiḋmre a ḟairnéir ronna
fairnéir meire,
cuirfeaḋ cairḋe far muaiḋ orra
go huair eile.

XV

Ḋoċiu oiḋċe i mbruġ í Ḃreafail
luċt uim loraiḋ
feoltar mé mar ċrorán ċuġaiḃ
corán coḃraiḋ.

XVI

Aġa ó Ḋoċaill fuarar fáirḋeal
go raiḃ Noḋlaiġ
aġur bainnre fan mbruġ ḃrionnro
rub ċum roḋair.

XVII

Fá na ḋtuairim tuġar iarraċt
am a brórta,
fúil go roiċfinn cinnte an cúrra
rinnce ir rórta,

XVIII

Nó réaḋ éigin fil ar foġnaṁ
ḋ'ḟolt an ḟéarta,
mé mo nuar anora ar cóirir
cora céarta,

XIV, l. 1 ḋom ḟeaḋuimre, m. ronna, L, m; fearḋa, C. l. 3 iar mbuaḋ, m; far muaiḋ, L, C. XV, l. 1 a ttig í ḃ., C. XVI, l. 1 Aigá, m. fuairear, m. l. 3 ꝝ bímre, m. XVII, l. 2 aṁuil a brórḋa, L, m. l. 3 roiċfinn, L, C; roiḋfinn, m. XVIII, l. 1 fil omitted, C. l. 3 anoċt, m; anoċta, L; anora, C.

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[1] Teach (al. Brugh) í Bhreasail is seemingly somewhere in Co. Cork: cf. Ui Bresail Beiri (leg. Beirri?) quoted by Father Hogan, Onomasticon Goedelicum; Dublin, 1910. There are also tribes of Uí Bhreasail in Uí Failghe and in Co. Armagh. The latter are also known as Clanna Breasail, whence Clanbrassil.

[2] Losset: literally, a kneading-trough, but applied metaphorically to a well-filled table or a well-tilled farm (Dinneen, Dictionary).

XIV

But I am not able to reveal them further,
Vain and foolish rashness,
Hence I shall reserve my eulogies upon them
For another season.

XV

I, one night beholding in Ó Breasail's[1] mansion
Folk around a losset,[2]
Start to travel hither like a crosán[3] to you,
Tramping steady onwards.

XVI

When not far from Eochaill[4] I got tidings of the
Christmas celebrations
And the wedding banquets in this white-walled castle,[5]
Charm to set me trotting.

XVII

Eager not to miss them off at once I started,
Imminent the marriage,
Hoping to arrive there by determined coursing
In time for roasts and dances,

XVIII

Or in time at least for something worth securing
From the banquet's tail-end;
Hence, alas, you see me at the feast this evening
With my feet all wounded,

---

[3] Crosán, originally a cross-bearer, came to be afterwards used in a depreciatory sense, perhaps from the fact that these cross-bearers took a prominent part in singing the denunciation of those who had rendered themselves liable to ecclesiastical censures (cf. Todd, Irish Nennius, p. 182). It is translated 'præco' in the Latin Lives of Irish Saints (cf. Plummer, Vitæ Sanctorum Hiberniæ, Oxonii, MCMX, tom. secund., pp. 383, 384) and 'scurra' in later Irish Glosses (cf. Kuno Meyer, Contributions to Irish Lexicography, Halle, 1906, sub voce). Their chants seem to have been composed in the same metre as the present poem, whence the name Crosántacht, for the origin of which vid. Keating, History, vol. III., pp. 216–218 and note, pp. 378–380.

[4] Eochaill: Youghal, barony Imokilly, Co. Cork.

[5] Castle: Cathair Maothal (Cahirmoyle), in barony Shanid, Co. Limerick.

XIX

Agus brírte beart nár dual dam
ar mo čóinre,
tug ar ruacać do breiť biaďtać
beiť na rtroinre.

XX

Créad aćt táťaď uairle ir oinig
umla ir ana
rnaďmaď ruairc na raorgéag rona
maolrcéal mara :—

[A.] Agus Maolruďain[a] ua Cearbuill anamćara Briain mic Ćinnéide 7 oide fogłama na dtrí ndomhan[b] eirion, i n-Inir Faiťleann do bíoď ré, et mar ráinic an duanaire donnfúileać i dtír iar mbeiť lá go n-oiďće lánfada i mbioracán brirte bruaćírreal do ag luaimeireaćt Loća Cime i ndóig go brugbeaď bunaďar imťeaćta an mara mórádbail do mionrcrúďaď,

XIX, l. 1 brirde, L, C; brírte, m. l. 2 eir, C. l. 3 biatać, m; biaďtac, C; biaďtać, L. XX, l. 3 ronna, m. l. 4 mara, C ends here.

[A.] [a] Maolreaćluinn, E. [b] ndomnall, L; ndomann, E.

[1] Biadhtach: a public hospitaller, who held his lands rent free, in consideration of his supplying gratuitous hospitality to his lord with his retinue on his official visits.

[2] Maolsuthain Ó Cearbhaill: his death is put by the Four Masters under the year 1031. Maolruthain anmćara Briain mic Ceinneiccig 7 Conaince ua Cerbaill airćinnech Glinne dá locha ceann cráďaď 7 déirce na nGaoiďel déce. Consequently there seems to be some confusion between him and the person who is commemorated in the same Annals as well as in the Annals of Ulster in the following terms under the year 1009 (recte 1010): Maelruthain hua Cerbaill airďru Erenn 7 ri Eoganachta Loća Léin, etc., dormierunt (A.U., l.c.) and Maelruthain ua Cerbaill do muinntir Inri Faiťlend príomhraoi iarťair domain ina aimrir 7 eigerna Eoganachta Locha Léin déce iar ndeigbeathaiď (F.M., l.c.). The Uí Cearbhaill were kings of Eoghanachta Locha Leín prior to the immigration of the Uí Donnchadha from the vicinity of Caiseal in Co. Tipperary; and Maolsuthain Ó Cearbhaill, whether king or not of that district which comprises the present barony of Magonihy and the south-east of Co. Kerry, was the learned doctor of Inis Faithleann and the adviser of King Brian, whom he accompanied on his visit to Armagh, on which occasion he wrote the following entry in the Book of Armagh, at present preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin: Sanctus Patricius iens ad cœlum mandauit

XIX

Being now decked out in such a pair of breeches
As I am not used to,
Thus is one whom Biadhtachs[1] judge a dashing fellow
Made to seem a stroller.

XX

What but welding closely dignity and honour
Unto wealth and virtue
Is this grafting gay of happy noble branches?
Bald and pointless sea-yarn :—

[A.] Now Maolsuthain Uí Cearbhaill,[2] the soul-friend[3] of Brian Mac Cinnéide[4] and the most learned professor in the three continents. used to reside in Inis Faithleann,[5] and when the brown-eyed versifier Ó Duibhgheanáin[6] came ashore after having been the whole length of a day and a night piloting over Loch Cime[7] in hope that he would succeed in minutely scrutinizing the fundamental facts of the wonders

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totum fructum laboris sui tam baptismi tam causarum quam elemoisinarum deferendum esse apostolicæ urbi quæ scotice nominatur Ard Macha. Sic reperi in bibliotheca Scotorum. Ego scripsi, id est Caluus perennis [a literal Latin translation of his Irish name Maolṗuṫain] in conspectu Briain imperatoris Scotorum et quod scripsi finiuit pro omnibus regibus Maceriæ [i.e. for all the kings of Caiseal, Munster]. For the curious legend about him and the three students from Cuinnire [i.e. the diocese of Connor] see O'Curry, Ms. Mat., pp. 76–79. According to Munster tradition the Annals of Inisfallen were first compiled by Maelsuthain Ó Cearbhaill; and it is certain that his 'screptra' or Mss. were preserved for a long time after his death in the library of Inisfallen.

[3] Soul-friend; confessor or spiritual director, a literal translation of the Irish term 'anamchara.'

[4] Brian mac Cinnéide: the famous expeller of the Danes from Ireland. He was king of Ireland from 1003 to 1014.

[5] Inis Faithleann: a celebrated monastery, the ruins of which still exist in the island of Inis Faithleann in Loch Leín, now known as Innisfallen in the Lower Lake of Killarney.

[6] Ó Duibhgheanáin, one of the learned family who, during the period from the thirteenth till the sixteenth century, held the position of Ollamhs of Conmaicne. I cannot determine which of these historians and poets is referred to here. He may have lived considerably later than Maolsuthain Ó Cearbhaill, whose name, indeed, has perhaps been introduced by David Ó Bruadair merely on account of its first syllable Maol, which resumes the first word of the preceding line of poetry, maolṗcéal maṗa.

[7] Loch Cime: now known in English as Loch Hackett, Co. Galway.

ıf é ar aiṫfıf ḋ'ıonganṫar ḋo raṫ a raṁuiġeaḋṫa .ı. go raiḃ an ṁuıf fliuḋ fuar fairfıng fforḋoṁain go n-ıomaḋ éırc et ainḃfıne, ıonnuf ḋe fın go faoılıḋ frúıṫe ar an ṁuıf gur maol a fréala, et naċ maoıle ıonnáıḋ mo fréalafa ḋá nḋeıngınn ıongnaḋ nó maoıḋeaṁ uım an uıle ḋeaġḋáıl ḋaonḋa ḋ'ḟaġḃáıl fa ċaoṁċuıng ḟórfa na ḋeıfıfı .ı. Oılıfeaf Stíḃın 7 Ełıonóıf ḋo ḃúfc :—

XXI

Oılıfeaf Stíḃın fcuaḋ gan fcoıfm
fuaınne ór fearaıḃ,
buınne búıḋ naċ bruıġneaċ borb
muıṁneaċ mearḃfuıḃ.

XXII

Ełıonóıf an ḟaoılеann ıoḋan,
aoıḃ an t-aıfteaf,
fá na ḋtuaıfım tfıall tar uıfce
nıaḋ ó naıfceaḋ

XXIII

Rıf an nḋéıḋġıl ıf ḋóıṫ ḋáıṁe
ḋıa ḋá nḋíḋean,
ınġean tSeaın ıf oıġfe Rıftıfḋ
foıġne fíleaġ.

XXIV

Slıoċt na ḃfıal go ḃfara a ḃflaıṫeaf
ḋ'áıf ṁıc Ílluıfe
ḋ'ḟıaḋaın ċáıṫ aġ foınn go raḃaıḋ
ḋfonġ go nḋfuınne.

XXI, l. 1 Stíḃınn, m. l. 2 fuaınne, m. l. 3 ḃuıġ, L. XXII, l. 1 ıoḋuın, m. l. 2 taıftıf, m. l. 4 naıfġe, m; naıfġeaḋ, L. XXIII, l. 1 ıf ḋóıṫ, m; ḃuf ḋoıṫ, L. XXIV, l. 1 fo fárfa a, m. l. 4 nḋfuınġe, m; nḋfuınne, L.

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[1] Stíbhin : the English name of this family, Stephenson, is rendered Stíbhin in Irish, and Stiuin, Steuin, in contemporary Latin records.

of the great and awful ocean, all the marvels that he had to report as the result of his rowing about were that the sea was wet, cold, wide and very deep, and that it contained many fish and weird creatures, whence it hath come to pass that experts are of the opinion that sea-tales are barren and pointless, and yet they are not more barren and pointless than my tale, if I were to express astonishment or wonder at all the refined accomplishments which are to be found beneath the gentle marriage-yoke of this couple, Oliver Stephenson and Eleanor Bourke :—

XXI

Oliver Stíbhin[1] towers, arch by storms unshaken,
High above all heroes,
Darling chieftain never haughty nor contentious,
Deft-hand child of Munster.

XXII

Eleanora, maiden guileless as the seamew,
Pleasant is the journey,
Crossing o'er the water on a visit to them,
Since the binding of the

XXIII

Champion to the white-toothed maiden, hope of poets,
God protect them ever!
Her,[2] of John the daughter, him,[3] the heir of Richard,
Choicest king-physicians.

XXIV

By the will of Mary's Son[4] these nobles' offspring
Shall in princedom flourish;
May they long dispense their alms for all to witness,
Just and upright people.

---

[2] Eleanor, the bride, daughter of John Bourke of Cathair Maothal and Anne ní Urthuile.

[3] Oliver óg, the bridgroom, son of Richard Stephenson, of Ballyvoghan, and Áine.

[4] Christ.

XXV

Ór mar ċrannaiḃ ċuirid cnuarać
fior ón ngrárać,
tiocfa ón gcaraid gcrann ir úire
clann gan fárać.

XXVI

Síolċur foċrać Seain ir Rirtird
Áine ir Anna
i gceann a gcéile aniod ḋá ndortaḋ
tiug na panna.

XXVII

Fíneamain ḟíor innre Fódla
di na máiṫre,
faorḋáil gCair ba ceann i gcéidiol
feang an fnáiṫe.

XXVIII

Seifear fuaiṫniḋ líon mo fulla
fíor a foiṫeirt,
ar nać féidir ál aċt aiṫġin
dán gan doċtċeirt.

XXIX

Ceirt do ċuir ó Liaṫáin Luaċra
fioṫlán fáile,
an ḃfacaiḋ Fionn iarc do b'annra
ionná fiarc Ġráinne?

XXV, l. 2 ón, L; na, m. l. 3 ccapuiḋ, m; ccapuiḋ, L. XXVI, l. 1 foċrać, m; focruiḋ, L. l. 3 and l. 4 omitted in E, m. XXVII, l. 3 cceadoil, m; cceidiol, L. XXVIII, l. 1 fuaiṫne, m. folla, m; fulla, L. l. 3 a laċt, m; al aċt, L. XXIX, l. 2 fioṫlann, m; fioṫlan, L. l. 4 ma, m; ionna, L. ġraine, m: Ġrainne, L.

[1] Cf. supra, p. 61, n[2], and n.[3].

[2] Fódla: Ireland, vid. Part I, p. 45, n. [8].

[3] Dalcassians: for a pretty full account of the branching of the numerous families of the Dál gCais see O'Curry, Ms. Mat., pp. 208–212.

[4] Six persons: the newly married couple and their parents.

[5] Ó Liatháin: otherwise unknown, His puzzle I must leave unsolved to exercise the ingenuity of readers. The tribal lands of the Uí Liatháin comprised the present baronies of Barrymore and Kinnatalloon in Co. Cork. The use of the form Ó Liatháin, in Irish, to designate a definite individual of that family should be noted. There are very many examples of this usage in this poem and other

XXV

Since they are like trees in sowing seeds of harvest,
Taught by God of graces,
There shall come from coupling trees of freshest vigour
Plants which are no wildings.

XXVI

Gainful were the sowings done by John and Richard,
By Áine and by Anna,[1]
Which to-day converging tend unto each other,
Ample contributions.

XXVII

Truly native vineyard of the Isle of Fódla[2]
Are her mother's people,
Noble-born Dalcassians,[3] ever first in battle,
Delicate the weaving.

XXVIII

Six emblazoned persons[4] fill my roll of honour,
Lasting is their glory,
Thence there cannot issue brood unlike the parents,
Rhyme without a riddle.

XXIX

Listen to the puzzle of Ó Liathain[5] Luachra,[6]
Strainer of the ocean:
"Did Fionn[7] ever see a fish which was more charming
Than the 'riasc'[8] of Gráinne?"[9]

---

instances in other poems of David Ó Bruadair. Such forms as mac uí Liaṫáin and an Liaṫánaċ are being constantly misused by many who attempt to write Irish at the present day.

[6] Luachra: of Luachair or Sliabh Luachra, the mountainous district on the borders of the present counties of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry.

[7] Fionn mac Cumhaill: vid. Part I, p. 40, n. [2], p. 199, n. [6], and Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 234 et seqq.

[8] Riasc: signification doubtful.

[9] Gráinne: daughter of Cormac mac Airt, king of Ireland. She was given by her father in marriage to the then aged Fion mac Cumhaill, but eloped during the marriage-feast at Tara with Diarmaid Ó Duibhne, one of the officers of the Fianna Éireann. This incident forms the subject-matter of the romance, known as Ṫóruiġeacṫ Diarmada ⁊ Gráinne, published by Standish Hayes O'Grady, in vol. III of the Transactions of the Ossianic Society, Dublin, 1855–61. The story may also be found in O'Curry's Ms. Materials, p. 313.

XXX

Cpéad fap cpoċaḋ Cúrnán cáintеaċ
clog na n-uaipe,
caoile a ppáige tpuime a ċeangan
luime luaiṫe.

XXXI

Ní ḟil oil ḋá ḋtaḋall tíopċa
leip naċ mópċap,
appaċt é naċ iṫ aċt ḋaoine
an ḃiṫ gé ḋ'ólpaḋ.

XXXII

Ḋ'ól ó Cnáiṁín epiop i gCpuaċain
uipc ip éapla,
ná cuip beann ap ḃogaḋúpam
boḋ gan ḃéapla :—

[B.] Agup an béapla teibiḋe[a] teangа ip lúġa[b] laḃpaḋ ó Lónapgáin i Lonḋuin tpé ṁéaḋ ṁíċaḋuip na ḃpiliḋe i ḃPreaṁainn, conaḋ aipe pin ná cuipeaḋ :—

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xxx, l. 1 Cúrnán, L; Cupnnán, m; cainnteaċ, L, m. l. 3 ppáige, m; ppág, L. xxxi, l. 1 ní ḃpil, L: ní ḃpuil, m. taġall, L, m. l. 2 móipċeap, m. l. 4 an biṫ cé, m; an ḃiṫ gé, L. xxxii, l. 1 ḋol, L; ḋól, m. l. 2 uipe, m; uipc, L.

[B.] [a] teibe, E; teibiḋe, L. [b] luġe, L.

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[1] Curnán: otherwise unknown; perhaps some contemporary of our poet. I venture to read cáintеaċ, satirical, for cainnteaċ, loquacious.

[2] Ó Cnáimhin: otherwise unknown. The family of Ó Cnáimhín of the Dál gCais, being descended from Cosgrach mac Lorcáin maic Lachtna. The name is often absurdly anglicised Bowen, as 'cnámh' means 'bone.'

[3] Cruachain: perhaps the place referred to is Rathcroghan, near Elphin, the ancient palace of the kings of Connacht; but there are many places of this name throughout Ireland.

[4] Ancient grammarians and historians speak of five dialects of Irish, viz., béapla péine, béapla na ḃpileaḋ, béapla eaḋapрcapṫa, béapla teibiḋe, ip gnáiṫḃéapla (cf. Keating, History, Vol. II, p. 10), which words are translated by the learned Tadhg Ó Rodaigh about the year 1700 as follows: the law or lawyers' dialect, the poetic dialect, the separative dialect, the abstractive dialect, and the common Irish (vide O'Donovan's Supp. to O'Reilly's Irish

XXX

Why was the satiric Curnán[1] executed
At the hour-bell's tolling?
His paws were thin and narrow, his tongue was dull and heavy,
Barren leaden spirit.

XXXI

There is no disgrace, which comes upon the country,
But he lauds it highly,
Monster he who feeds on nought but human beings,
Though he'd drink the whole world.

XXXII

Ó Cnáimhín[2] once when drinking swallowed down a girdle
In Cruachain,[3] holus-bolus,
Pay thou no attention to the senseless chatter
Of a dunce unlettered :—

[B.] Now the Béarla Teibidhe[4] is the language which Ó Lonargáin[5] used to talk least of all in London[6] on account of the excessively silly bombast of the poets in Freamhain.[7] Wherefore let him not send[8]:—

Dictionary, sub voce béarla). The Béarla Teibidhe or abstractive dialect, called a mixed dialect by O'Reilly, got its name from its abstracting, or adopting, words from foreign languages. Thus Keating (History, Vol. II, page 62) when speaking of the relationship between the Irish and French languages: mo ḟreagra ar an péarúnro go bṫuilid focal ar gać aoinceangaid ar airleagad ran ċeaṫraṁad mín don ġaeḋilg neráidḋeap béarla teibiḋe ó aimrir Ḟéimura Ḟarraid anuar ⁊ mar rin aṁail atáid focail ón bṫraingeir innte atáid focail ón rráinnir ón eadáilir ón ngréigir ón eabra ón laidin ir ó gać ṗrimṫeangaid oile innte.

[5] Ó Lonargáin: otherwise unknown. The Ó Lonargáins belong to the Dál gCais, being descended from Longargán mac Donnchuain maic Cinnéide maic Lorcáin maic Lachtna.

[6] Irish was commonly spoken by the Irish gentlemen resident in London in the seventeenth century. It was from associating with them there that James, Duke of Ormonde, learned to speak Irish in the year 1629.

[7] Freamhain: Frewin Hill over the western shore of Loch Uair (Owel), in the parish of Portloman, Co. Westmeath.

[8] The nonsense rhymes which follow seem meant as an imitation of the ancient Rhetorica, cf. Part I, p. 98, n.[2].

leannta í Ḃonġaiḋ
ġiopt go ġrealluiḋ
gan ceaḋ cuirte
ċill ḋá carna;
no luiġe ar lurna
an ḋoṁain alla
i nḋóiġ a ḃrirte
le raċt ġairce;
ní cúir meirce
ríora prairce
no lionn loirte
gleann[a] ó nġairte;
bíḋ crainn ċorta
i[b] nḋruim ó Marċa
gan ċuim cleirte[c]
re linn treaca;
ġurabé an boḋaċ
buanna an ḃata
ḃuaileap ḋorrann
ar a ċaile
faoi na maluinn;
aġur róġa
le pronócum
nó rotáta
mar ḟalúta[d]
ria na róraḋ:—

---

[a] gleann, L; gleainn, E. [b] a ḋruim, E, L; a nḋruim, L as catchword at foot of page. [c] ceirte, L; cleirte, E. [d] ḟalúta, L; ḟalutum, E.

---

[1] Ó Longaigh: otherwise unknown.

[2] Greallach: there are many places of this name throughout Ireland. Perhaps the place intended here is Greallach uí Cuicneacáin in Caoille, near Fermoy (Hogan, Onomasticon Goedelicum).

[3] Without a permit from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

[4] Losset: vide supra, p. 56, n.[2].

[5] Gleann Ó nGaiste: unidentified. The following names may be compared:

The ales of Ó Longaigh[1]
Or barm unto Greallach[2]
Without safeguarding permit
From the Church's Commission[3];
Or throw himself down on
The cobwebs of spiders,
Hoping to break them
In a wild fit of valour.
A morsel of pottage
Is no cause of drunkenness
Nor the brew of a losset[4]
From the Glen of Uí Gaiste.[5]
Bark-covered trees grow
On the ridge of Uí Marcha[6]
With bosoms unfeathered[7]
In the cold frosty seasons.

For he is a bodach[8]
Who wieldeth a cudgel
And strikes with his clenched fist
His wife and companion
Under her eyebrow;
Whereas it was kisses,
Pronocum,[9] potatoes,[10]
That used to salute her,
Before they were married:—

Goiste, a hill in S. Dublin, Goisdine, a river, and Gaileanga Gaisiti in Iarthar Corcothri, which included the baronies of Leyny and Corran in Co. Sligo, and that of Gallen in Co. Mayo (Hogan, Onom. Goed.).

[6] Druim Ó Marcha: unidentified. Could it be intended to represent Sliabh Mairge on the borders of Queen's Co., Carlow, and Kilkenny?

[7] That is, without foliage.

[8] Bodach: vid. Part I, p. 133, n. [1].

[9] Pronōcum: still a living word in some parts of Ireland. It is an Irish slang word signifying primness, prudery, or affectation.

[10] Potatoes were extensively cultivated as an article of food in Ireland early in the seventeenth century. This is, I think, one of the earliest, if not the very earliest, occurrences of the word in Irish, though there are several earlier references in documents written in English in Ireland.

XXXIII

An póraḋ nuaḋ ro anoċt ḋá ṁóraḋ
go maḋ áġa,
ḋá ġraoiḃ ċuanna ċuṁra ċaoṁna
húrla hárla.

XXXIV

Mire ċuireaṙ íoḋna ór iomaḋ
Ríoġna ó Raċluinn
aġ ḋéanaṁ ḋaoine ḋ'aiṫle a gcoḋa
Aiṫne ir acfuinn.

XXXV

Ṫar toinn ṫánaġ ar bórḋ curaiġ
mar ṗort ragairt
le fail ṗórta on ngriollra ċugaiḃ
liomra laḃairt

XXXVI

Agur ráiḋte gan ró ċéille
ó ló ḋ'innrin
aġ cur ċáiċ ar fuḋ a brionnra
cuiḋ ḋom ċinnriol.

XXXVII

Ait an teaġlaċ teaġ an ḋá rota
eaḋ ó Ḿala,
ann ḋo rin ó ḃraonáin ḃiorra
taoḃáin ara.

XXXIII, l. 1 annoċt, L; anoir, m. XXXIV, l. 2 raċluinn, m; raċluinġ, L. XXXV, l. 3 ngriolla, m; ngriollra, L. XXXVI, l. 3 ċáċ, m. brrionnra, m. l. 4 ċinnrial, m; ċinnriol, L. XXXVII, l. 1 áiṫ, m; tig, m; teaġ, L; ṗota, m; rota, L. l. 2 eaċ, m. ṁala, L; ṁálla, m. l. 3 branán biorra, m; braonáin biora, L.

---

[1] Húrla! Hárla! an old Irish cheer.

[2] Rachluinn: the place referred to is not certain. It can hardly be Ráth Raithleann; vide infra, p. 88, n.[2]. As far as the form of the name goes it should mean Raghery (or Rathlin) island off the north coast of Co. Antrim, for which the forms Reachrainn, Reachlainn, and Rachlainn are all found (vid. Hogan, Onom. Goed.).

[3] Curach: called 'caruca' by Adamnan, a skin-covered or canvas-covered coracle.

XXXIII

This new marriage, which is being solemnized now,
May it be propitious!
For the noble pair of fragrant loving branches,
Cheers of Húrla! Hárla![1]

XXXIV

I am he who bringeth labour unto many
Princesses from Rachluinn,[2]
Forming men according to their means and species,
Task of skill and vigour.

XXXV

O'er the wave I come on board a curach[3] sailing,
Like a kind of cleric,
With a ring of marriage from the 'griollsa'[4] for you,
Bringing with me speeches,

XXXVI

Sayings and discourses, not with wit o'erburdened,
Freely to be uttered,
Putting everybody right through all their facings,
Portion of my malice.

XXXVII

Merry is the homestead known as Teach an dá Pota[5]
On the road from Mallow,
There Ó Braonáin Biorra[6] used to manufacture
Cross-stay ribs for roofing.

In ancient times curachs were often of considerable size and were furnished with antennæ, vela, rudentes, &c.; cf. Reeves, Adamnan, p. 169, n.[k], p. 170, and p. 176 n.[b].

[4] Griollsa: a word of uncertain meaning. It may be merely the same word as the English 'grilse,' a young salmon on its first return to fresh water, usually in its second year of life, in which case there would seem to be a reference to some such story as that of Polycrates and the ring. If ꝑa be the demonstrative particle, the noun would be ȝꝑoll, a word which I do not understand.

[5] Teach an dá Pota: still called Twopothouse village, halfway between Mallow and Buttevant in Co. Cork.

[6] Ó Braonáin Biorra (i.e. from Birr, King's Co.): otherwise unknown. The Uí Braonáin, now Brenan, Brennan, were a family of Ossory, descended from Braonán son of Cearbhall mac Diarmada, king of the Osraighe. A variant reads bꝑoꝑa, spits, stakes.

XXXVIII

Sagart rúgaċ mé gan laiḋin
lé ní ḃroicim,
ní ḟuil im ḟortúr puinn ḋon tralṫair
luim a loitim.

XXXIX

Cuirim óigḃean uaral uṁal
ruar go rocair
le na céile ḋo luiġe ar leabaiḋ
ní buiḋe an tropġoil.

XL

Mar a rcaoiltear glair do ġlúiniḃ
clair do ċárna
an tan tógḃaim daorċrior diuide
Maonar cána.

XLI

Ḋéanaiḋ dorar ar an obair
leir na pógaiḃ
ir dá éir rúgra rub i rúra
ṗá na ndóirniḃ.

XLII

Éirġim arta ḃeiṫ re teagarc
ní dár gcéimne
d'uaṁain earroig Ċill dá ċanna
nó Ċinn léime.

XXXVIII, l. 3 tralṫair, L; tralċair, m. XXXIX, l. 4 ní ḃi, m. XL, l. 1 glar, m; glair, L. l. 3 daorċrior, m; daorċroir, L. XLI, l. 3 rurr, m; rub, L. XLII, l. 1 eirgeam, m; eirgim, L. dá tt., m; re t., L. l. 3 Ċille Ḋara, m; Cill dá ċanna, L.

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[1] Odonr: or the meaning may be rather "after it I hunt not."

[2] Portus: a breviary, a book of hours also used sometimes in general for a prayer-book; but the word has fallen into desuetude since prayer-books ceased to be composed principally of the canonical hours. The lines in the text remind one of those of Spenser—

"In his hand his portesse still he bare
That much was worn, but therein little read
For of devotion he had little care."

XXXVIII

I'm a gay and jovial priest, who knows no Latin,
Such is not my odour,[1]
There is in my portus[2] little of the Psalter,
Thumb well what I injure.

XXXIX

I know how to lead a docile, noble maiden,
Happy and delighted,
To her loving partner of the couch of marriage,
No mere straw-stuffed bedding.

XL

Just as if unlocking fetters limb-confining,
Forming fleshy furrows,
I remove from guileless youth austere restrictions,
Maonas'[3] rite-observant.

XLI

Let them turn their minds then to the joys of marriage,
Rapturous embraces,
And indulge thereafter love's concealed caresses,
Sportive, sprightly frolic.

XLII

Let me cease, however, trying to instruct them,
That is not my business,
For fear I should offend the Bishop of Ceann Léime[4]
Or of Ceall dá Channa.[5]

The variations of the spelling of this word in English are more numerous than the letters of the word. The following forms are found:—portus, portass, portace, portesse, porthose, porthuis, portuis.

[3] Maonas: a form of the name Magnus. I do not know the person referred to; but he seems to have been some local or legendary master of ceremonies.

[4] Ceann Léime: either Ceann Léime Conchulainn, now Loop Head on maps (corrupted from Leap Head), in the extreme west of Co. Clare, diocese of Killaloe, or Ceann Léime, in the extreme west of Co. Galway, diocese of Tuam. This latter name has been corrupted in a still worse manner in passing into English. On the maps it is printed Slyne Head, corrupted from Slime Head, which is itself a corruption of Lime (i.e. léim, leap) Head.

[5] Ceall dá Channa: probably Ceall Da-Chonna, al. Teach Da Chonna, anglicized Tiaquin, in the barony of Tiaquin, Co. Galway, a few miles to the north of Athenry.

XLIII

Gioḋ fum fuirgeaċ ḋul i bfulpíḋ
níl im ftaillfi,
ḋéanaiḋ úrfairt oċta léarḃfonn
nó forf mainnfi.

XLIV

Ḋeoċ go ḃfiodḃar náċ leig ḋúinne
ḋul ar ftáitfe,
do ċuir oirne an imne péine
fimne cáife.

XLV

Ḃiocar ḃoirne an ḃulcán ḃríogṁar
tig le fórfa,
tugaiḋ ḋaṁfa ciarfa céiḃe
a ḃiarfo ar ḃrófaḋ.

XLVI

Forad ḋuine i n-aoir gan orna
aoḃḃa an t-aṁar,
iaḋ ar aon ní cam ḋoċonnarc
clann do ċarar.

XLVII

Carṫain éigfe ir ḟann ir aoiḋeaḋ
am a ḃrfeartail,
ḋáiḃ ir ḋual ní ḋán gan turaḋ
tál náċ teartuiġ.

XLVIII

Ṫeartа a ḋtuirteaḋ cruar gan ċoigill
cian aḋċluintear,
lonnraḋ a ngníoṁ ní cnú gan ċornaṁ
clú na gcuilcḟear.

XLIII, l. 3 oċta ir urḃfonn, m; oċta learḃfonn, L. XLIV, l. 1 ḋuine, m; ḋuinne, L. l. 3 eimne, m; imne, L. XLV, l. 1 bíoċuin, m; biocair, L. l. 4 ḃiaro, L; ḃiarro, m. XLVI, l. 2 tamar, m; taṁar, L. XLVII, l. 3 torad, m; turaḋ, L. l. 4 tearḋa, m; tearḋuiġ, L.

[1] Boireann: probably the present barony of Burren, Co. Clare; but the name is found in very many places in Ireland, being applied to a rocky, stony district.

XLIII

Though to mount a pulpit appertains to wooing,
I am not so forward,
Let them start a whirl of breast and swelling bosom,
Reel of mirthful music.

XLIV

Having drained the wine-cup to the dregs forbids me
On a stage to venture;
Cheese-stack, high as chimney, weighs me down oppressive,
Painful, qualmish feelings.

XLV

The vicar of the Boireann,[1] Vulcan full of spirit,
Comes with force and power,
Give me, pray, a wharf-tierce,[2] O ye happy couple,
Now that you are married.

XLVI

Marriage at an age which knows nor sigh nor sorrow,
Pleasant consummation,
I have watched the two of them with eye auspicious,
Loved them both as children.

XLVII

Dearly are they loved by poets, guests, and weaklings
For their kindly service;
Hence their due by nature is no fruitless fortune,
Tide which knows no ebbing.

XLVIII

Energy unsparing is their parents' glory,
Far and wide reported,
The splendour of their exploits is no nut unguarded,
Fame of mantled[3] heroes.

Baile Bhóirnigh (Ballyvourney, in the barony of West Muskerry, Co. Cork), being of ecclesiastical origin and being situated nearer to Cathair Maothal, may perhaps be the place referred to. A variant reads, "the Viscount of the Burren," which is a title of the O'Brien family.

[2] Tierce: a barrel containing forty-two gallons of porter, &c.

[3] Mantled: or rather "possessing rich coverlets."

XLIX

Iomḋa cuilc ıṙ cuaċ ıṙ capall
cṙuaċ ıṙ cıotal
ı mbṙuġaıḃ bána na laoċ leaḃaıṙ
naċ maoṫ mıotal :—

[C.] Eṫ ıṙ é mıotal ḋá nḋeáṙnaḋ an meaṙaċán,[a] ı. ḋo ṙleıṁne[b] na ġcloċ ṙıṙ a ṙáıḋṫeaṙ aḋamanṫ, ı. cloċa buaḋ ⁊ bıṙıġ ıaḋṙıḋe ; óıṙ an t-aṙm ṙa ḃonn ṙıa a mbeanann ní ḋıa a nḋúċaṙ[c] bıċḃṙıġ ṙáıḋṫe ⁊ ṙíoṙċollṫa ḋo ġṙéaṙ aıġe. Eṫ máṙ ṙíoṙ ṙın ıṙ ṙóṁóṙ ṙeıḋm eṫ ṙoıṙneaṙṫ na ġcloċ ṙeıṙean ⁊ an ṙṫócaıġ ṙáṙaṙ aṙṫa, eṫṙ. :—

L

Aṙ ḋo ṙṫócaċ ná ḋéın uaḃaṙ
an ṙe haımṙıṙ,
ıomḋa cṙaoḃ ı ġcoıll ġan uḃla
maıll ıṙ aımṙıġ.

LI

Amuıṙ cṙaoḃ na ḃṙoıġéaġ ḃṙáılṫeaċ
ṙṙoṁ cıa an ṙıoḋaċ,
ṙıaḋ na Ṙṙaınnce ṙúıċe ıṙ ṙulanġ
ḋúıċe mıoḋaċ.

LII

Cṙoıṫ an aḃall ġcneıṙṁín ġcuṁṙa
ıṙ úṙċaoın ınṙe,
táılṙıḋ taoḃ na ṙeaḋa ṙuaıṙe
meaḋa mılṙe.

LIII

Ṙıonnṙuıl Ḋúṙcaċ ḃeıṙeaṙ báıṙe
ḋıl an ḋíoṙma,
ḋoṙtaḋ annṙa aṙ ċáċ ḋon ċıneaḋ
ní ṙáċ ḋíomḋa.

XLIX, l. 4 mbṙoġaıḃ, m ; ḃṙuġaıḃ, L.

[C.] [a] meaṙaċán, L ; meaṙaċán, E. [b] ṙleamṙaḋ, L. ṙleıṁne, E. [c] ṙıa a mbeanann ní ḋıa a nḋúċaṙ, L ; ṙe a mbaınean nıḋ ḋá ḋúċaṙ, E.

LI, l. 1 ḃṙoıġéaġ ḃṙáılṫeaċ, m, E ; ḃṙoġaḋ ḃṙaılġeaċ, L. l. 3 ṙıaḋ, m ; ṙıaḋ, L. ıṙ omitted, m. LII, l. 1 uḃaıll ċn. ċ., m ; aḃull ccn. cc., L. l. 2 úṙ cṙaınn, m. LIII, l. 1 ṙíonṙuıl, m. l. 3 ċıne, m, L.

XLIX

Many are the mantles, goblets, cups, and horses,
Stacks and ricks and kettles,
In the white-walled mansions of these lithesome heroes,
Formed of no base metal :—

[C.] Now the metal of which the gay youth is made is the polishings of the jewels which are called adamant, that is, precious stones of many virtues and great advantages, for the implement which partakes in any way of the nature of adamant ever possesses constant efficacy in thrusting and perpetual piercing. Now if that is true, the efficacy and energy of these same jewels and of the fine young gallant who owes his origin to them must be exceeding great indeed, etc. :—

L

With thy gallant suitor be not too elated;
Tarry first a little:
There are many branches appleless in forests;
Wait and test the issue.

LI

Drawing near distinguish trees with greeting branches
From the worthless coppice
Which conceals beneath it foreign game and sorrows[1]
In a meadful country.

LII

But the smooth and fragrant apple-trees, when shaken,
Fairest in the island;
Shed beside the useless brushwood of the forest
Measures full of sweetness.

LIII

For the pure De Burgo blood[2] in test triumphant,
Amiable people,
Is a stream which winneth love from all and never
Causeth any hatred.

---

[1] The translation of this line is quite uncertain.

[2] The Bourkes of Co. Limerick descend from Edmond fitz Richard fitz Richard mór fitz William fitz Adelm de Burgo, ancestor of all the Bourkes of Ireland.

LIV

Iomḋa ciappa ir cláp i gCorcaiġ
cnáṁ ir capal
óigḃean ḟionn ġeal im ir eoċair
lionn ir laraip.

LV

Iomḋa cárc ir pionnc ir porca
ḟonnra ir ḟeirce
Saxġeap rúgaċ rcian ir rcilling
mian ḟir meirce.

LVI

Iomḋa cliaḃ ir cóṙḋa ir cproiceann
ḃróg ir bíopa
in ran ngaillcreiḃ nglúinig ngairḃ
guna ir giolla :—

[D.] Agur an Giolla Ḋeacair marcaċ ir meara ḋár móraḋ i ḃriannuiġeaċc .i. marcaċ mearca míoċapa mall méircneaċ[a] míllaoċair ḋur ḃiomḋaċ ḃragancra airceaċ ſoṫmar aiṁirreaċ[b] ec ḋo ḃí arraċcaċ uaċmar anċumḋa eiċ aiġe naċ rugˢ aon ḃann[d] ar a haġaiḋ riaṁ i n-am eaċca na áċuir[e] ó ċoraċ ḋoṁain go Ḋireapc Ḋiarmaḋa, ionnar naċ cuala riaṁ neaċ ba neaṁ-ċoraṁla :—

LVII

Re hOilirean Scíḃin ionná an rcráille
ḋruim re ḋeaḃaiḋ,
iomḋa i n-Éirinn broic ir bráiċre
cnuic ir creaḃair.

LIV, l. 3 ḟinnġeal, m. LV, l. 1 piunc, m ; pionc, L. l. 3 Saixġir, m ; Saxġior, L. l. 4 miann, m, L. LVI, l. 2 bróġ, L. bíorra, m. l. 4 gunna, m ; guna, L.

[D.] [a] meirḋneaċ, L, E. [b] aimirrioċ, L, E. [c] cug, E ; rug, L. [d] ḃan, L ; ḃann, E. [e] aċuir, L ; aiċir, E.

LVII, l. 1 Scíḃinn, m ; Scíḃin, L. l. 2 ḋeaḃuiḃ, m.

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[1] The nonsense rhymes recommence here.

[2] The juxtaposition of Saxons, drink, knives, and shillings in this description of Cork recalls the will of John Langley, 3rd March, 1674/5, for which see Father Denis Murphy's Cromwell in Ireland, Dublin, 1883, p. 425.

[3] The Giolla Deacair: the slothful fellow, the chief character in the Fenian story Imtheacht an Ghiolla Deacair. He appeared at Almha before Fionn and the Fianna Éireann, dragging a lazy horse slowly after him, and begged to be admitted into Fionn's company. His request was granted and his horse was turned out to

LIV

In the town of Cork[1] are many planks of timber,
Tierces, bones, and garments,
Many fair young women, locks and keys and butter,
Gaily lighted ale-shops,

LV

Many quarts and pints and many draughts of liquor,
Barrel-hoops and bond-stores,
Many jolly Saxons, many knives and shillings,
Heart's desire of tipplers,[2]

LVI

Many creels and baskets, ropes and cords and hides and
Many shoes and meat-spits,
In that city where the rough prolific Galls live,
Many guns and gillies :—

[D.] Now the Giolla Deacair[3] was the worse cavalier of all those who were famed in Fenian story, for he was a cavalier who was cowardly, slow, dilatory, feeble, pusillanimous, obstinate, invidious, violent, voracious, thirsty, and faithless, and he had a frightful, ugly monster of a horse which in time of prowess and triumph never took a single step forward, from the place where the world begins up to Diseart Diarmada,[4] so that there never was anyone more unlike to :—

LVII

Oliver[5] Stíbhin than the lazy lout who used to
Turn his back in battle,
Many badgers are in Erin, many friars,
Many hills and woodcocks.

---

graze among the other horses, whereupon it began to kick and bite them. Conán Maol, seeing his horse attacked, goes to drive off the assailant, but when he wished to lead it away, it stopped fast. The Giolla Deacair tells him that the horse won't move for strangers except when ridden. Conán mounted it, but still no stir. The load was too light, so eleven other Fenians ascend. Then the Giolla Deacair struck the horse with an iron rod and off it started rapidly for the sea, which opened before it, making a way for them to fairyland. Fionn and a few followers pursued them in a boat, and after many wild adventures all return home again safe (O'Curry, Ms. Mat., p. 317). The Irish text of the story has been published by John Hogan and Joseph Lloyd, Gaelic League, Dublin, 1905.

[4] Diseart Diarmada: corrupted to Tristledermot and Castledermot, in the barony of Kilkea and Moone, Co. Kildare.

[5] Oliver óg Stephenson, the bridegroom.

LVIII

Oilipeap oll pán eing do ċopċaip
teinn a ċaiċṁiḋ,
léigċeap leo mo ġadra i gcoṁaip
Ag po a aiċġin.

LIX

Raċa a ngaol 'p a ngníoṁ pe apoile
ḋíp a ḋaipċne,
Oilipeap úp ip Oilipeap oile
poipḃe an aiċle.

LX

Leannán lúibe an ṗiapṗuilt altaiġ
pialpcoċ poċtaim,
an ḃpil ḋíoḃ gan úip ap aġaiḋ
ḋúil naċ doċtġoin.

LXI

Atá pcéal nuaḋ pe na innpin aġam
pílipim poċpom,
Ḋiapmaiḋ donn ip Ḋáipe dpeaċḋuḃ
glaine ip coċall.

LXII

Do ṁapḃ ġeapán ġaoċ nó giopta
ppaoċ nó peapċain
in pan tulán taob pe tulaiġ
maop uí Ḷḷeaċaip.

LVIII, l. 1 oll eing, m; oll pá neing, L. l. 2 aiċṁiḋ, m; ċaiċṁiḋ, L. LX, The order of the next eight lines is disturbed in m. LXI, l. 1 innpin aġam, L; aġam omitted in m. l. 2 poṫpam, L; poċpom, m. LXII, l. 1 ġeapṗán, L; ġeapán, m. na, m; no, L. l. 3 tuluiḋ, L.

---

[1] Colonel Oliver Stephenson (first cousin of Oliver ȯg's father, Richard), who fell in the battle of Lios Cearbhaill, Cork; vide supra, p. 53, n.[8].

[2] Diarmaid Ó Duibhne: vide Part I, p. 41, n. [11]; and supra, p. 63, n.[9].

[3] Dáire: I cannot identify him. There was a Dáire Donn among the ancestors of Fionn mac Cumhaill according to some genealogists; another Dáire was father of Curói, the opponent of Cúchulainn and the hero of Corca Duibhne in West Kerry; and a Dáire Dornmhór, styled emperor of all the world except Erín,

LVIII

Oliver[1] for his country proudly fell while fighting,
Memory to grieve us,
I will give my bond of tillage-partnership that
Here we have his image.

LIX

Now their fame and kindred shall be joined together,
Two from acorns springing,
Oliver the youthful and the other Oliver,
Prosperous succession.

LX

Fair-locked darling of the twisting jointed tresses,
Flower fair, I ask thee:
"Doth desire of every one of them unburied
Not excite affection?"

LXI

I have still another tale to tell, so let me
Start again the jingle:
Charming brown-haired Diarmaid,[2] sullen-visaged Dáire,[3]
Crystal, cowl, and mantle.

LXII

It was either grumbling or the wind or girth-band,
Rain or tempest's fury,
At the little slope beside the Tulach[4] killed the
Steward of Ó Meachair.

---

invaded Ireland, and was repulsed by the Fianna Éireann after a struggle lasting one year and one year, according to the fanciful tale entitled Cath Fionntrágha or the Battle of Ventry, Co. Kerry.

[4] Tulach: a hill, the name of many localities in Ireland. Tulach at the source of the river Bunóc, Co. Limerick, has already been mentioned by the poet in Part I, p. 172, and the Uí Meachair are also mentioned by him in Part I, p. 154. These words may possibly contain an allusion to Ó Meachair's trusty servant, Ꝑeaḋmanaċ ḋo ṁuinṫir Ṁeaċair, who killed the Red Bard, Aenghus Ó Dálaigh, 16th December, 1617. Vide O'Donovan, The Tribes of Ireland, Dublin, 1852, p. 84.

LXIII

Tug ua Duibne dil an iarċair
goil ar Ġráinne,
corṁail fe muing ċnuic uí Ċuille
fluic uí Ḿháille.

LXIV

Ná ua Dála ná ua Dubda
luiġfear léire
acht Oilifear Stíbin flat na foillre
glac mar ġéire.

LXV

Tug fear anma an ṁaiġre ṁeirre
m'aigne ag moċġul
do ċrú ḟoġlaċ innre Ḃaċaiḋ
bímre i mbroċul:—

[E.] Ḃt gé bím ní bṙaiṫim a beag do buiḋeaċar nó do ċion Ċairṫín Cupar, et ní hé rin do ġréaraiḋe[a] an ċaolġa Taḋg na cúla, acht ní haiṫniḋ dam féarún rir rin acht munab[b] é:—

rug an riabaċ
go Raiṫ Raoille
dá ċuid ráibe[c];

LXIII, l. 2 goil ir gráinne, m; goil ar ġr., L. LXV, l. 1 fear a anma, m. l. 2 moċḋul, m. l. 4 mbruċall, m; mbroċull, L.

[E.] [a] ġrearuiḋe, L. [b] monab, L. [c] raiḋe, L; ráibe, H.

---

[1] Diarmaid Ó Duibhne: vide supra, p. 63, n.[9], and Part I, p. 41, n.[11].

[2] Gráinne: vide supra, p. 63, n.[9].

[3] Cnoc í Choille: perhaps the principal hill in Uí Mac Coille, the barony of Imokilly, Co. Cork.

[4] Ó Máille: seemingly some contemporary, otherwise unknown, who was perhaps present at the marriage feast of Cathair Maothal. There was a tribe called Uí Máille Machaire located in Caoille, a district extending northwards from Fermoy, Co. Cork, to the river Funshion (Hogan, Onom. Goed.). This tribe was different from the Uí Máille of Umhall in Connacht.

[5] Ó Dálaigh and Ó Dubhda: contemporaries of the poet, who are otherwise unknown. They too may have been present at the banquet; but the names seem

LXIII

O Duibhne,[1] fondest darling of the west, abandoned
War for love of Gráinne,[2]
Like the rough grass growing on Ó Cuille's mountain[3]
Are Ó Máille's[4] whiskers.

LXIV

Ó Dálaigh and Ó Dubhda,[5] neither of them ever
Shall with her cohabit;
No one shall but Oliver Stíbhinn, brilliant scion,
Graceful-handed, swanlike.

LXV

He who bore the same name[6] as this sprightly salmon,
Made my mind grieve early;
For the foray-loving race of Eochaidh's Island[7]
I with zeal am boiling:—

[E.] Now although I am, I do not look for the slightest thanks or favour for it from Captain Cooper.[8] It is different, however, with regard to Tadhg na Cúla,[9] the wattle-trimmer,[10] but I do not know any reason for that, unless it was:—

He who brought the grey cow
To the fort of darnel[11]
For its feed of turnips.

---

to be here used humorously to mark the difference in rank between them and the lordly Stephensons.

[6] That is, Colonel Oliver Stephenson, who fell at Lios Cearbhaill; vide supra, p. 53, n.[8].

[7] Eochaidh's Island: cf. Part I, p. 40, n.[1].

[8] Captain Cooper: according to the Act of Settlement Edward Cooper was a grantee of the lands of Hamonstown in the parish of Downe and Long, and of Ballingerode in the parish of Killienan and Particles, both in the barony of Coshlea, Co. Limerick. (J. Grene Barry, Cromwellian Settlement of Co. Limerick, 1909.)

[9] Tadhg na Cúla: a contemporary otherwise unknown. There are very many places called Cúl (Coole) in Munster; for instance: Cool, in barony Coonagh, Co. Limerick; Cool, in barony Barrymore, Co. Cork; and Coole, near Millstreet, Co. Cork.

[10] Translation uncertain. It might mean "shoemaker of Caolgha," if the latter were a place-name.

[11] Rath Raoille, fort of darnel, not identified.

annaṁ ceapca
Ċorca Ḋuiḃne
go Cionn tSáile ;
gupab aipe[a] pin naċ
cuipiḋ Cúirpiġ[b]
cpuiṫneaċt tpléiḃe :—

LXVI

Cpuiṫneaċt Ġaeḋeal ip Ġall na heinge
an ċlann po ċugaiḃ,
onn ip áḋ naċ opċpann uille
conċlann cuḃaiḋ.

LXVII

Cuḃaiḋ piu ní heol gan ḟiaḋain
ceol ip cnáṁṫoipt,
óigpéip aṁap uipḋ ip aoiḋeaḋ
buipḋ ip bántoipc.

LXVIII

Bponnaḋ eaċ ip óip ip ioppa
cóip a gcoḃaip,
cuḃaiḋ piu do péip a n-aiṫpeaċ
ḟéin go bpoġaiḃ.

LXIX

Cpeiḋioṁ Ċpíopt ip paiteant ppionnpa
caipt na ngall po,
a pealḃ pin pe cúig céaḋ bliaḋan
ní bpéag ḟallpa.

---

[a] aip, L. [b] Cúppuiġ, H.

LXVI, l. 1 ġaoiḋil, L. l. 3 aiḋh, L; aigh-, m. ópċpainn, m, L; l. 4 cupḃaiḋ, m. LXVII, l. 1 oigneip, L. LXVIII, l. 4 peinn, L, m. LXIX, l. 1 paitint, m. l. 3 peilb, m.

[1] Corca Dhuibhne: Part I, p. 155, n.[2].

[2] Ceann tSáile: Kinsale, a town and barony in the south of Co. Cork.

[3] Cúirsigh: the De Courceys, who give their name to the barony of Courceys, which lies to the south of the town of Kinsale, Co. Cork.

Seldom do the hens of
Corca Dhuibhne[1] venture
To approach Ceann tSáile.[2]
Hence it comes to pass that
Mountain wheat is never
Planted by the Cúirsigh[3]:—

LXVI

Choicest wheat of Erin's Gaels and Galls[4] are these two
Children here before you,
Firm-set rock and fortune, which no force can shatter,
Fitting bond of union.

LXVII

This is what beseems them—statement not unwitnessed—
Joints of meat and music,
Entertaining guests and orders and retainers,
Boards with white boars laden.

LXVIII

Bounteously bestowing steeds and gold and garments,
Equitable succour,
That is what beseems them, judging by their fathers,
Fierce-attacking Fenians.

LXIX

The diploma of these Galls[5] is Christ's religion
And their prince's patent,
The prescription of five hundred years' possession.[6]
'Tis no lying falsehood.

---

[4] Galls: here meaning the Seanghoill; vide supra, p. 50, n.[2].

[5] Galls: see preceding note.

[6] A prescription dating from the time of the Norman Invasion, since which five centuries had just elapsed, 1169–1674/5. The Bourkes and the Fitzgeralds were descended from these early Norman adventurers, but the Stephensons did not settle in Co. Limerick until the sixteenth century (vide supra, p. 49). They may, however, have claimed descent from Robert fitz Stephen, one of the early Norman adventurers.

LXX

Sé céad ḋéag ıf feaċtṁoġa faṁfaḋ
ıf ḋá ḋó annofa
bliaḋna ċinnte a n-uffaıḋ óıfne
ḋ'ḟulang cfofa.

LXXI

Iomḋa laoċ ıf lann ıf leaḃaf
cfann ıf cufaċ
tugfat líon na loıngfı a ḃfeataın
foıllfı ḟuṫaın.

LXXII

Iomḋa comaoın uafal oıle
ó an ua fan ofaınn,
tfom fan tír a gcáın ḋo ċeallaıḃ
táın go ḋtofaınn.

LXXIII

Ṫofaınn trúmfa ıf tórmaċ tfoḋa
ceol naċ cleaċtaım,
téıḋ af aoı fan gcuan ḋo ċnıoċtaıḃ
fuan fe feaċtṁaın :—

[F.] Et feaċtṁaın na faṁna fo ım ḋıaıḋ ḋo ċuıt tuıle lánṁór ı n-Aḃaınn ó gCeárnaıġ[a] le af coṁloıfceaḋ[b] cfaınn 7

LXX, l. 1 feaċtṁoġaḋ, L, m. l. 3 bliaḋaın, m; anuf-, m.
[F.] [a] anaḋuın ó geárna, L. [b] coıṁloıfgeaḋ, L; qu. coṁluafceaḋ?

[1] Champion: Christ. This rann gives the date of composition of the poem, 1674 A.D. (old style), i.e. January 8th, 1675 (new style).

[2] Curach: vide supra, p. 68, n.[3].

[3] Britain: Wales, where the early Norman invaders were settled previous to 1169.

[4] The poet's disinclination to follow a military career is expressed at a much later date in his reply to Sir John Fitzgerald's complaint (cf. Part I, Introduction, p. xli), where he says :—

Ó ḋ'eafcafaf gan aıfgıoḋ gan ınntlıoṁ óıf
ná acfuıng ḋul af eaċtfa le cloıḋeaṁ ım ḋóıḋ,
aċċuıngım af ċafċanaċt an ċoıṁḋe ċóıf
gan ḋafcaḋ af bıṫ go ḋtagaıffı ḋon ṙfíċfı beo.

LXX

Sixteen hundred summers when twice two are added
Form till now the number
Of the years exactly of the Champion[1] who for
Us endured afflictions.

LXXI

Many daring soldiers, many swords and volumes,
Many masts and curachs,[2]
Did that fleet's crew bring across the sea from Britain,[3]
Everlasting radiance.

LXXII

Many other noble favours by that sept have
Been conferred upon us,
Heavy tolls for churches on their lands they levy,
Tribe as stern as thunder.

LXXIII

Thunder-blare of trumpets, swelling roar of battle,
Tunes I am not used to,[4]
At the summons hasten bands of knights and soldiers,
Peace for weeks securing:—

[F.] Now during last Samhain week[5] a very great inundation came upon the Abhainn Ó gCearnaigh,[6] by which trees and the stones of

---

[5] Samhain week: the three days before and after the pagan festival of Samhain (the 1st of November), which marked the close of the summer half of the year and the beginning of the winter half. During those days fires were lighted on the hill of Tlachtgha, now the Hill of Ward, near Athboy, Co. Westmeath (vide Keating, History, vol. II, p. 246), and the Feis Teamhra was celebrated in every third year according to Eochaidh Ó Ciarain, who flourished about 1000 A.D., and whose words are translated as follows by O'Curry, Manners and Customs, vol. II, p. 13, Dublin, 1873:—

Three days before Samhain at all times
And three days after by ancient custom
Did the hosts of high aspirations
Continue to feast for the whole week.

[6] Ms. Abhainn Ó Gearna, recte Abhainn Ó gCearnaigh, the Owenogarney, a river which rises near Broadford and enters the estuary of the Shannon, at Bunratty, Co. Clare.

cloċa na haḃann go huiliḋe, ionnar gup ꝼcaipeaḋar a héirc go hiomarcaċ ꝼá inḃearaiḃ eile taoḃáille Tuaḋṁuṁan, gurab ꝼíneaḋ ꝼéin ⁊ roċair ḋon tír an tuile ꝼin. Et ir mar ꝼin tiocꝼar ḋo ḋeoin Ḋé ḋon tuile annraċta et ꝼíonċorma ḋo ṫuit i gCaṫair Maoṫal inr an tꝼeaċtṁain roineanḋa ro a ḋtáim et ḋá ċoṁluarcaḋ cloċa ⁊ cꝼainn maiġꝼeaḋa meara moráille ḋo leaṫaḋ ꝼa ċuanṫaiḃ cluṫara Conallaċ et Ċontaoi Luimniġ go huiliḋe; óir ní ṫug Iollann óraꝼmaċ aṫt aointꝼeaċtṁain ꝼe húcaiꝼeaċt, et ir iomḋa bꝼat líoġa lánṁaiꝼeaċ ḋo ḋóiriġ ꝼir an ꝼé ꝼin, go bꝼuair :—

toġa ceile
a lor a lúṫa
an gart gréagaċ
ó ṫor Téibe
naċ olc ḋ'úcaḋ :

corṁuil ꝼin ir

úrṁac Áine
cnú na cléire
ꝼuair roġa ríoġna
ar ꝼeir láiṁe
mór gcairḋe
ḋo raṫ gcéirḋe :—

LXXIV

Ꝼuair roġa ríoġna ḋo raṫ gcéirḋe
ceap mo ḋuaine,
maiṫ ḋorónar teaċt ḋon tírꝼe
bleaċt a buaile.

LXXIV, l. 1 raiṫ céirḋe, m; raṫ ccéirḋe, L, A. l. 2 ḋo rinnear, m; ḋo ṙónar, L, A. l. 4 an ḃuaile, M.

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[1] Tuadmhumha : North Munster, formerly including the County of Clare and portions of north Tipperary and north-east Limerick, practically co-extensive with the diocese of Killaloe. The name Thomond is now, however, usually applied to Co. Clare only.

[2] Cathair Maothal : cf. Part I, p. 88.

[3] Conallaigh : cf. Part I, p. 96, n.[1].

[4] Iollann : cf. Part I, p. 41, n.[9].

the river were dashed together on every side, in consequence of which the fish of the river were scattered in great shoals throughout the other beautiful-banked streams and river-pastures of Tuadhmhumha,[1] so that that inundation was a tempest of good fortune and profit to the country; and in like manner, by the favour of God, the very same thing shall come to pass as a result of the inundation of love and wine-feasting, which hath rained down on Cathair Maothal[2] during this present auspicious week, and through the dashing together of stones and trees, most beautiful sprightly salmon shall be spread far and wide throughout the sheltered harbours of Conallaigh[3] and of the entire county of Limerick, for Iollann[4] of the golden arms only devoted one week to fulling, but many a very fine coloured mantle did he fashion in that space of time so that he:—

Won the choicest spouse as
Payment for his quickness,
He, the bounteous Grecian,[5]
From the Theban[6] tower
Who was no idle fuller:
Like him is the youthful
Noble son of Áine,[7]
Darling of retainers,
Who hath won the choicest
Queen in hand-engagement,
Chance of great enjoyment,
Thanks to tactful talent:—

LXXIV

He hath won a choice queen, thanks to tactful talent,
Burden of my poem,
Well I did indeed in coming to this region,
Milk-rich is its buaile.[8]

---

[5] Grecian: Iollann was the son of the king of Greece.

[6] Tor Téibe, or the fortified city of Thebæ in Bœotia in Greece, occupies a large place in Irish legends.

[7] Áine was the wife of Richard Stephenson and the mother of the bridegroom, Oliver óg.

[8] Buaile: cf. Part I, p. 159, n.[2].

LXXV

Caṫair Maoṫal ceann na fcríbe
caoṁ a curaiḋ,
iorcaḋ úr naċ aiṫiġ iaḋaḋ
aiṫġin ċuḃaiḋ.

LXXVI

Aiṫġin creiḃe Ráṫa Raiṫleann
í ar ḟéile,
mór a muirear cearc a bíoḋḃa
fearc na cléire.

LXXVII

Ḟuarar fcéal gan fcáṫ car urrain
cáċ gan ċailg,
fear an tíġe naċ réiḋ gan roġa
méin gan ṁairg.

LXXVIII

A ḃeiṫ buan fá ċlú go gcumar
bú ir bleaċtar,
oṁain ḋé go ḃíreaċ ḋliġṫeaċ
ḋíneaċ ċleaċtar.

LXXIX

Seán de ḃúrc an t-eo gan ḟoċall
ceo nár ċeile
Láiṫe an laoiṫ ná féan a ḟleaċta
tréan fá eire:—

[G.] Et ní hé rin eire Ċeinn ḃiorraiḋe,[a] noċ do ċuir corr an ċaṫṁíleaḋ Ċonċuḃair ar a ċorraġualainn ḋá iomċar gan

LXXV, l. 1 Maoṫal, L, A; Maoṫail, m. l. 2 curraiḋ, m; curaiḋ, L, A. l. 3 áiṫiġ iaḋaḋ, m; aiṫiġ iaḋaġ, L; aiṫiġ ioḋaġ, A. LXXVI, l. 3 murar, m. LXXVII, l. 1 ór orrain, A. l. 2 ċalg, m. l. 3 ríoġna, A; roġa, L, m. l. 4 méinn gan m., m. LXXVIII, l. 1 beiṫ, A; ḃeiṫ, L, m. l. 3 oṁann, m; oṁain, L; aṁain, A. bleaġṫeaċ, m; ḃliġṫeaċ, L, A. LXXIX, l. 1 ḟoċall, m; ḟoċal, A; focall, L. l. 2 ċéile, m; ceile, L, A. l. 4 laeṫe, m; laiṫe, L: láiṫe, A.

[G.] [a] Ċinn ḃiorruiḋe, A.

[1] Cathair Maothal: cf. Part I, p. 88.

[2] Ráth Raithleann: Part I, p. 155, n.[23]. The exact location of this fort has been recently determined about five miles and a half to the north of Bandon, in

LXXV

Cathair Maothal,[1] final goal of every effort,
Comely are its heroes,
Noble treasure-house, which stinginess frequents not,
Image of perfection.

LXXVI

Perfect image of the manor of Ráth Raithleann,[2]
Generous in bounty,
Many its dependents, few its foes in number,
Love of clerks and poets.

LXXVII

All advised me not to fear to cross the threshold,
Everyone was stingless,
And the manor's lord[3] was meek without compulsion,
Mind by gloom unshaded,

LXXVIII

Flourishing in power, in repute unfailing,
Blessed with wealth and cattle,
Mindful of the fear of God, in conduct ever
Law-abiding, righteous.

LXXIX

Seán de Búrc[3] the salmon by decay untainted,
May no mist obscure the
Hero in his lifetime nor his offspring's welfare,
Steadfast under burdens :—

[G.] Now quite different was the burden of Ceann Biorraide,[4] who put the body of the warlike soldier Conchubhar[5] upon his bent

---

the barony of Kinalmeaky, Co. Cork, by the Rev. John Lyons, P.P., Rath, Co. Cork.

[3] Seán de Búrc of Cathair Maothal, father of the bride Eleanor; cf. Part I, p. 88.

[4] Ceann Biorraide: This story is told by Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 202–204, who draws the following moral: ꝑonaḋ ṫréan ꝺníoṁ ro aṫá an ṡeanḟocal aḋeir ꝑuṁab í ṁíoꝺaċt Ċinn beaṙṙoiḋe iaṙṙaṙ neaċ an ṫan ċuiṙeaṙ noiṁe ꝑo huaillṁanaċ céim ḋo ṗoċtain ir aoiṙḋe ioná maṙ ḋo ṗéaḋṙaḋ ḋo ꝺṫeamuꝺaḋ.

[5] Conchubhar mac Nessa, king of Ulster at the time of the Ulster cycle, about the period of the Incarnation; vide Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 188–204.

ṡíṫ go mullaċ an ċnuic ór cionn Ḋoire Lamhraiḋe i nḋóiġ go bfuiġḃeaḋ síoġaċt Ulaḋ ḋá ċionn. Aċt ċeana, ní cian ón láṫair ḋoċuaiḋ, an tan ba marḃ ón marḃualaċ é le ḋáraċt ionnar náir ġaiḃ síoġaċt Ulaḋ ná Eamhna ó ṗoin go annsa; aċt is é eise iomċarar Seaġan do ḃúrc, i. beoġualaċ boċt ⁊ bainṫreaḃaċ, aoiḋeaḋ ⁊ ollamhan, ceall ⁊ ċorr ⁊ cros ⁊ aosa gaċa hearbaiḋe ar ċeana go mbeir gan ṡíṫ gan oirisreamh iaḋ go mullaċ cnuic an ċoimḋeaḋ ór cionn ṗuirt ṗarṫair bail i ngaḃaiḋ síġe ⁊ ḟlaṫar do ⁊ dá iarḋraoi i n-aonṫaiḋ naoi ngraḋ[a] neimhe per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

LXXX

Mo ṡéal féin anoċt

Mise an cosán taiḃreaċ tuisleaċ
taḋlaim taisḃean,
bím i bróiṫġoil ṡuas go ṡussaing
cluas se caisiol.

LXXXI

A séis san ġearṫa ġcoill do ċodlas
ḃruim se dearcaiḋ,
ní do ċuis mo ċeann ċum ġlioġais
meanġ ón mearcaiḋ.

---

[a] ngraḋ, L; ngráḋa, A.

LXXX, l. 2 taġluim, A, L, m. l. 3 broiṫġoil, A; bróiṫġoil, L; bṫ., m. l. 4 claisṫiol, m; caiseal, A; caisiol, L. LXXXI, l. 1 do collas, L. l. 4 mearġaḋ, m; mearġaiḋ, L.

---

[1] Doire Lamhraidhe: cf. Coill Lamhruidhe i bFeasaiḋ Roir, where king Conchubhar mac Nessa died (Keating, l. c., p. 202). Keating gives Ardachadh Sléibhe Fuaid as the name of the spot where Ceann Biorraide fell dead. The story of Ceann Biorraide enables us to determine the spot as that summit of the mountain range of Sliabh Fuaid which is now known as Deadman's Hill, 1178 feet high, near Newtown-Hamilton, Co. Armagh, a name which preserves the memory of this old legend.

[2] Ulaidh: the ancient inhabitants of the province of Ulster.

[3] Eamhain: the palace of the early kings of Ulster, destroyed by the three Collas in the fourth century; cf. Part I. p. 154, n.[12].

[4] The poet's thought here resembles very closely the customary formula for

shoulders, in order to carry it up without resting to the top of the hill which rises above Doire Lamhraidhe,[1] in the expectation that he would by that means obtain for himself the kingdom of the Ulaidh[2]; however, he had not proceeded far from the spot when, on account of his violent exertion, he fell down dead beneath that fatal burden, whence it came to pass that he never took possession of the kingship of the Ulaidh or of Eamhain[3] from that day down to the present time; but the burden which Seán de Búrc bears is the living shoulder-load of poor people and widows, of guests and learned doctors of the Church, both body and bones, and every other destitute class besides, all of whom he carries without resting or stopping to the summit of the hill of the Lord which rises over the citadel of Paradise, where, I pray, he may acquire for himself and his posterity kingship and principality in union with the nine heavenly choirs, per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.[4]

LXXX

My own tale to-night

I myself am but an eerie, stumbling crosán,[5]
Gentle maid I visit,
And from feats of drinking filled to waist am found then
Ear to wall reclining.

LXXXI

In the forest corner[6] yesternight I rested
After dreggy potions,
An event which set my brain absurdly rattling,
Drink's delusive cunning.

---

concluding an Irish homily, of which the Leabhar Breac offers many examples, such as: ı n-oentaiḋ nói ngṙaḋ nime na taiṙmḋechatar, ı n-oentaiḋ uaṙalathṙach ⁊ ṗátha, ı n-oentaiḋ aṙṙtal ⁊ ḋeiṙciṙul, ı n-oentaiḋ ḋiaḋachta ⁊ ḋoennachta meic ḋé, iṙ ı n-oentaiḋ iṙ uaiṙle olḋáṙ cech n-oentaiḋ .ı. ı n-oentaiḋ na noem tṙimóite uaiṙle aiṙmitniġe ulichumachtaiġe athar ⁊ meic ⁊ ṙpiṙuta noim. Alme tṙócaiṙe ḋé ulichumachtaiġ tṙia immṙiḋe na n-uli noem ṙoiṙṙumm uli in oentaiḋ ṙin ṙoṙaiṙillem ṙoṙaittṙebam in sæcula sæculorum. Amen. (Cf. Atkinson, Passions and Homilies, passim.)

[5] Crosán: vide supra, p. 57, n.[3].

[6] The meaning of the words of the text is obscure to me. Perhaps they conceal a place-name.

LXXXII

Ďoċuala fréal beag aiṫ i n-Eaṁain
bale if bolg,
Infe í Ċuinn ar caifṫ i gCaifiol
caile if colg.

LXXXIII

Tug ó Maoilín muc ar ṁeafaif
cif fá ċufṫarď,
ní naċ ďeafnaiď Aft ná a aṫaif
mafṫ if mufṫarď.

LXXXIV

Ďá ďfaġainn gloine im ġlaic do ḟúiġfinn
aiṫ liom tofcaċ,
táim ón aifṫeaf ḟuarḟliuċ ḟaďa
guaifeaċ gofṫaċ.

LXXXV

Téiď mag Ránaill ar muin ċapaill
ag cuf lofa,
bíď ní beiṫ gan bfiṫ i bffaifiġ
glic a gcofa.

LXXXVI

Bíď i n-Ulṫaiď oif i gcoilltiď
fliuċa fuafa,
bímfe ar ógaiď naċ ďuď ďúṫċaf
ag cuf cluana :—

LXXXII, l. 1 an eaṁuin, m; a neaṁain, L. LXXXIII, l. 1 ṁeafaif, L, m. l. 3 ná Aṫaif, L, m. l. 4 m. if m., m; m. na m., L. LXXXIV, l. 3 f. f. f., m. LXXXV, l. 1 mac, m; mag, L. l. 2 a cuf, m. LXXXVI, l. 1 am ollṫuiď, m; an ollṫaiď, A; a nulṫaiď, L. l. 3 ógaċ, A. l. 4 a cuf, m.

---

[1] Eamhain: vide supra, p. 90, n.[3].

[2] Inchiquin: Murrough O'Brien, sixth Baron and first Earl of Inchiquin, who took a prominent part in the wars of the seventeenth century. Notice how the title, Infe í Ċuinn, which is grammatically in the genitive case, is here used in English fashion as if it were a nominative.

[3] Caiseal: the town of Cashel in Co. Tipperary.

LXXXII

I was told in Eamhain[1] a funny little story:
Stout in build and sturdy,
Inchiquin[2] was carried on a cart in Caiseal,[3]
Sword and chalk-white buckler.

LXXXIII

Once Ó Maolín[4] gave a pig to get a measure,
Pigling at a custard;
Art would ne'er have done that, neither would his father,
Bullock-beef and mustard.

LXXXIV

I should drain a glass if in my hand I got it,
For in boarish humour
I am from my journey, cold, wet, long and dreary,
Bristling, frozen, famished.

LXXXV

Forth Mac Ránaill[5] sallies mounted on a horse to
Plant his leeks and scallions;
Victuals then will not be lacking streaks in pottage[6];
Skilful is their footing.

LXXXVI

Deer in freedom roam through Ulster's woods and forests,[7]
Cold and bleak and rainy,
I am busy putting cluains on youths, whose nature
Is not sad or sullen.

---

[4] Ó Maoilín: otherwise unknown. This family name, now anglicised Moylan, is derived from Maoilín, who was sixteenth in descent from Oiliol Ólum (Cronnelly, Irish Family History, p. 249, Dublin, 1865).

[5] Mac Ránaill, recte Mac Raghnaill, some contemporary seemingly, but otherwise unknown. The Mac Raghnaills were chieftains of Conmaicne Réin or Muintear Eoluis in the south of Co. Leitrim. The name is usually anglicized Magrannell or Reynolds. For their pedigree vide Cronnelly, op. cit., p. 72.

[6] The construction of this line is difficult, the meaning obscure, and the translation uncertain.

[7] The deer seem to have disappeared quickly from Ulster's forests during the seventeenth century, in consequence of wars and plantations.

CEANGAL

LXXXVII

Cluain ar ċroḃaing gan ċogal do ċuireamair ann
dá dtuar ċum codalta ó nodlaig go hiniḋ anonn,
ba fuairc an follaṁain cogar na cloinne gan ċam
d'uairliḃ Conallaċ conaċlann ionaṁuin liom.

LXXXVIII

Dá luaḋainn lorg a ḃfola níor ḟionnamair mannt
ba uaṁain d'ollaṁ do ċorċar uige fe haill,
ir fuadar torraiḋ ḃar onċuin cuarata crann
cnuar i gcollaiḃ naċ coigil a cirte le fainnt.

LXXXIX

Cuaine croiḃḟionn do foilceaḋ i ḃfoirrḟuil ġall
'r do ġluair ó Scotaiḃ na horcair ba ḋile don droing,
d'ualaċ orm a gcrora ar gaċ tubairt i n-am
gan fuaċ gan formad coċrom go gcongṁaiḋ cuing.

XC

D'ḟuadaiġ rtoirm an clogad beag oireas dom ċeann
ir do buaileaḋ dorn ar ġrogaire í Ḋuċairne i gcoill,
truaġ gan Donnċaḋ ó Droma 'na ġliogaire i ngleann
ar dtuaċal ċognar bodaċ í Ḋiorrainn a ḃraim.

LXXXVIII, l. 1 luaiġin, L; luagainn, E. l. 4 a collaiḃ, L; a ccollaiḃ, E. a cirde, E; a ccirde, L. LXXXIX, l. 1 fuirrḟuil, L; foirrḟuil, E. l. 4 fuaċ, E; fuaiċ, L. ccongṁaḋ, E; gcongṁaiḋ, L. XC, l. 1 oireas, E; bireas, L. l. 2 ġrogа, E; ġrogaire, L. l. 4 na gleann, E; a ngleann, L. l. 4 ḃiorraim a ḃraim, L; ḃiorrainn a ḃram, E.

---

[1] Cockleless: i.e. containing no worthless members.

[2] Cluster: vide supra, p. 51, n.[3].

[3] Cluain: cf. Part I, p. 93, n.[1].

[4] Inid, Shrovetide, derives is name from the early Latin term for Quadragesima Sunday, Initium Quadragesimæ, or the beginning of Lent.

[5] Conallaigh: vide Part I, p. 96, n.[1].

[6] Web against a cliff: similar expressions denoting ineffectiveness are very common in Irish literature. Compare also St. Paul's "æs sonans, aut cymbalum tinniens" (1 Cor. xiii. 1), and "quasi aerem verberans" (1 Cor. ix. 26). For corresponding comparisons to denote effectiveness, cf. Hogan, Cath Ruis na Riogh, pp. 98–100, Dublin, 1892.

THE SUMMING-UP

LXXXVII

I have successfully put on a cockleless[1] cluster[2] a cluain,[3]
Which formeth an omen of peace from Christmas to Shrovetide[4] for them;
Gay hath the festival been with the whisper of innocent youth,
But the union of Conallaigh's[5] nobles to me hath been dearer than all.

LXXXVIII

When I traced the descent of their blood, not a single defect did I find,
No casting of web against cliff,[6] to an ollamh[7] a cause of dismay,
But a promise of fruit which shall be the most knightly and noble of trees
Is the harvest proceeding from hazels[8] that miserly hoard not their stores.

LXXXIX

This white-handed noble tribe bathed in the generous blood of the Galls,[9]
Oscars,[10] descended from Scots,[11] by the people most dearly beloved,
With the sign of the cross I must cross them to shield them in time from all harm,
That they without envy or hate may live faithful and true to their vows.

XC

A violent storm[12] swept away the small helmet which fitteth my head
And Ó Duthairne[13] got on his haunches a blow of a fist in a wood,
I should like to see Donnchadh Ó Droma a gibbering fool in a glen,
Ó Biorraing's low ignorant bodach[14] perversely delights in foul smells.

---

[7] Ollamh: vide Part I, p. 15, n.[2].

[8] Harvest of hazels: vide supra, p. 51, n.[4].

[9] Galls: here used of the Seanghoill; vide supra, p. 50, n.[2].

[10] Oscar: son of Oisín son of Fionn; cf. Part I, p. 16. n.[1].

[11] Scots: Irish, cf. Part I, p. 204, n.[1], and Part II, p. 55, n.[3].

[12] The nonsense rhymes recommence.

[13] Ó Duthairne, Donnchadh Ó Droma, and Ó Biorraing are all otherwise unknown.

[14] Bodach: vide Part I, p. 133, n.[1].

XCI

Ďoċuala ı gCromaď go ngobaıď na coılıġ a gceann
'r gur ḟuagaır coggaď ar na cloċaıď ó Ḟıoċalla fıonn,
glıuaraıď boďaıġ ċum roďaır le rrıoraıď ar rrıonġ
ruaıll naċ rlogaımre an ronar le longaım ďo lıonn.

XCII

Ċuar ı gCorcaıġ ďo croċaď le cuırmearc crıur
ır ďuaıď ó Corcarṫa coċall í Ċuıgılle a rír,
cuaırď do ċorruıġ mo ċora gan cuırrı re crıur
ďá ruaga ım rorcaıď naċ ďona ċıg ďuıne ďon ďír.

XCIII

Ꝑ uaım ďıl ď'rorcuıġ ır ď'ḟolaṁuıġ ırfearn ċall
buanuıġ borruıġ ır coċuıġ an ċuıngır ġeal ďonn,
geaď ruaċṁar roċram ďar ďrocal ag ďuďrıne gall
an ċluaın rı croıċımrı oraıď ó ďaċar go bonn.[a]
et go maırṫıďe a ċéıle.

XCIV

Ďoċum fır an cıġe ċuar
Oıl m'áďďaċt go ďfáıċďeaď mar ďeoraıďe ıď ďún
ır cuır fáılte rem ďánaċt ó ďóıċıġear cú,
ıcċe áılım ná cáırıġ mar ċóırıġım clúın
a ċuır ċáďaċtaıġ ċáılear a lóırtín long.

XCI, l. 1 cceınn, L; cceann, E. l. 2 cogga, L; gorta, E. l. 3 rrrınġ, L; rrrínġ, E. l. 4 rlogaımr, E; rloıgımre, L. XCII, l. 2 ċoċall Ċuıgıle, L; c. ſ Coıgılle, E. l. 3 corruıď, E. L; re, L; le, E. l. 4 ċıg, E; cıg, L. XCIII. The first words of the first and third lines of the next two ranns are illegible in A. l. 1 ırfearrn, L, E; ırrneann, A. l. 2 borraıcc, L; borruıcc, E, A. coċaıď, L; coıċıg, E, A. ċuıngır, L, A; ċluċaır, E. l. 3 ďuıďrıne, A, E; ďuďrıne, L. ġall, A; gall, L, E. l. 4 ďaċar, E, L; ṁullaċ, A. XCIV. This rann is found in A and H only. In A the first words of the third and fourth line are illegible. l. 1 ďfáıċďeaď, H; ďraıcďeaď, A. l. 3 ıcċe, H. l. 4 ċaďaċtaċ, H; ċaďaċtaıg, A. do ċáılıor, A, H.

[a] Finis per David Bruadair, Jan. 8, 1674. Finis per me Jno. Stack, Jan. 11°, 1708/9 (L).

---

[1] Cromadh: vide Part I, p. 113, n.[3]. Some proverbial saying seems to be alluded to here. It reminds one of the Kilkenny cats. The Croom cocks ate each other's heads off, while the Kilkenny cats ate each other all except the tails.

[2] War: a variant reads gorta, hunger.

[3] Ó Fiothalla Fionn: otherwise unknown. The family name is spelled more correctly Ó Fitcheallaigh, now anglicised Fihelly, Feely, Field, and Fielding. They were chiefs of West Barryroe, Co. Cork.

XCI

In Cromadh[1] I hear that the cocks are accustomed to gobble their heads,
And that war[2] was declared against stones by the fair-haired Ó Fiothalla Fionn,[3]
Bodachs start off on a trot, full of spirit as if on a spring,
It is almost like drinking in bliss such measures I swallow of ale.

XCII

Up in Cork city were hanged in the midst of a riot three men
And the cloak of Ó Coigille[4] was by Ó Coscartha[5] eaten last night,
My feet without any delay to my trousers a sudden dart made,
Lest one of the two luckless legs should be whisked away out of my sight.

XCIII

O dear Lamb, who once didst relieve and didst empty the prison of hell,[6]
Preserve long, increase and maintain this couple of fair brown-haired youths;
Though hateful the sound of your words to the ears of the black tribe of Galls,[7]
O'er you I sprinkle this cluain[8] from your crowns to the soles of your feet,
—and may you long live happy together.[9]

XCIV

To the above-mentioned Lord of the Manor[10]

May my blundering muse in thy fort like a stranger rejoice,
And do thou greet my boldness with welcome, for centred in thee are my hopes;
I pray and beseech thee contemn not my way of arranging a cluain,
O powerful prince who dispensest in charity vessels of food.

---

[4] Ó Coigille: otherwise unknown. The name would now be anglicized Quigley. A different family, Ó Coiglidh, is mentioned in Mac Firbis's Uí Fiachrach.

[5] Ó Coscartha: otherwise unknown. The name is now usually anglicized Coskery. This family descends from Coscrach mac Loreáin maic Lachtna of the Dál gCais, but there are various other families of Ui Coscraidh, of different origin, v.g. Uí Coscridh of Fermoy and those of Síl Anmchada.

[6] Hell: Limbo, the "limbus patrum"; cf. 1 Peter 3, 19: In quo et his, qui in carcere erant spiritibus [Christus] veniens prædicavit.

[7] Dubhfhine Gall: the Dubhghoill, or recent Protestant English planters; vide supra, p. 50, n.[2].

[8] Cluain: vide Part I, p. 83, n.[1].

[9] In 23 L 37 the following note is added: "Finis per David Bruadair, Jan. 8, 1674 [i.e 1675 N. S.]. Finis per me Jno. Stack, Jan. 11°, 1708/9."

[10] Seán de Búrc of Cathair Maothal, in whose mansion the festivities took place.

XIII.—Truaġ Liom ġuil Deise go Dian

16° Maii, 1675

[Ms. R.I.A., 23 L 37, p. 220.

This little poem, so far as I am aware, has been preserved to us in one Ms. only, written in the first decade of the eighteenth century by the Cork scribe, John Stack. In this Ms. the poem is incomplete. In its complete form the poem consisted of nine stanzas in English and four in Irish. The latter alone are extant, for the nine English stanzas were deliberately omitted by the scribe, as he confesses in the following note which he prefixes to his copy :—"The 16th of May, 1675. Written by David Bruadair on ye death of Elizabeth Aghieran, alias Fitzgerald. Tuig a léaġtóir ġur linġior tar 9 ṁinn béarla ⁊ ġur ṡgríoḃar na 4 ṁinn ġaoiḋeilġe ro um ḋiaiġ, óir ir iad ar ṗó ionṁaine liom ; ⁊ mar [an] ġcéadna ġaiḋ mo leiṫṡġéal ar ron mo leaḃráin do ṗalḋa ó ṫúir le béarla," i.e. "Understand, O reader, that I have skipped over nine English stanzas and have copied the following four Irish stanzas, for I prefer the latter by far; wherefore accept also my apology for having soiled my book in the beginning with English." The English verses, unfortunately omitted by the scribe, may have contained valuable information, for some of the most interesting facts connected with David Ó Bruadair and his times are found in those documents in English with which John Stack "soiled his manuscript in the beginning," viz., the letter of David Ó Bruadair to Justice Keating (vide Part I, Introduction, p. xxxiii), the introduction to Father Mac Cartain's genealogy (vide Part I, p. xxxvii) and those to a few other poems, and finally David Ó Bruadair's poem addressed "To all my friends in Kerry" (vide Part II, pp. 16–18).

In Dromcolliher there then lived a family of Aherns, at present represented by the Aherins of Hernsbrook, Broadford, Co. Limerick. As these Aherns were next-door neighbours of David's patrons, the Fitzgeralds of Claonghlais; it is more than probable that Elizabeth Aghieran, alias Fitzgerald, was a near relation of the Claonghlais family, and that her husband, whose Christian name is not given, was one of the Aherns of Dromcolliher. I suspect that she was either a sister or a

I

Tṗuaġ liom ġuil Deiṗe go Dian
ar huaiġ a ṗoiċiollaċ ṗáiṅ,
ġaċ maiḋin ir muiṗt im ṗuan
nuall ġuiṗt na laġḃan lán.

II

Go hailcneaḋ an ṗeaṗtáin úd
leaċtáin leṗ loiṫeaḋ an ṗód,
aċt a nġníoṁ níor ṁuiṫ do ṁéad
a ġéaġ do líon ṗuil ṗan ḃṗód.

I, l. 3 maiḋion.

XIII.—PITEOUS IS THE PAIR LOUD WAILING

16th May, 1675

cousin of Sir Edmond Fitzgerald of Claonghlais, whose elegy, composed by David Ó Bruadair in the year 1666, has been printed above (Part I, pp. 138–183); but I am unable to determine the exact relationship between them from the information at present at my disposal. This point might have been clear if John Stack's excessive love of the Gaelic language had not led him to suppress the English portion of the elegy.

In the year 1686 David Ó Bruadair addressed a poem to Seámus O Eichthighearn (James Ahern), when the latter joined the Royalist army. This Séamus Ó Eichthighearn was probably a son of the Elizabeth Aghieran of this poem. On the other hand, it is certain from documents kindly communicated to me by Dr. E. Lloyd Aherin, Hernsbrook, Broadford, that one of his ancestors, William Aherin of Dromcolliher, Gent., took a lease of Tooreenfineen and other lands in the County of Cork from Nicholas Lysaght of Brickfield, Co. Limerick, on the 22nd of August, 1721. William Aherin's wife, Elizabeth, and their two sons, William and James, were living at the date of the execution of that deed. The similarity of names and the location of the families seem to point to close connexion. From the above facts it may not be rash to conclude that Elizabeth, a sister or cousin of Sir Edmond Fitzgerald, of Claonghlais, married one of the Aherins of Dromcolliher, that their son, Séamus Ó Eichthighearn, who listed as a trooper in the Army of King James II, in the year 1686, had a son, William, who married Elizabeth ——, and had two sons William and James, all the four last-mentioned persons being alive in 1721.

Metre: Rannuiġeaċt, ḃualtaċ otherwise called Rannuiġeaċt mór. Its scheme is 4 $\{7^1\}^{2+4}$, that is four heptasyllabic lines, each ending in a monosyllable, with a rhyme between the finals of the second and fourth lines. These rules, as well as those regulating the internal rhymes, are carefully observed throughout this short poem.]

I

Piteous is the pair loud wailing,
O'er thy tomb, sweet gentle one.[1]
Nightmares in my sleep are caused by
Fainting ladies' bitter shrieks.

II

Dragged to build that rocky death-mound
Flagstones muddied all the road,
But they failed to crush thy greatness,
Branch whose blood imbrues the sod.

[1] Elizabeth Aghieran, alias Fitzgerald, on whom the elegy is written.

III

Ḋo ċodlaḋ ṗan ġeillṗi ċuaṗ
ḋoḋ ċaṗaiḋ ní coimṗe an cáṗ,
ḋo ṗae níoṗ ḟionnaḋ a ṗaon
ḋo ċaoḃ ġuṗ bioṗaḋ ṗe báṗ.

IV

Ḋo íḃ nġeaṗailt ḋo boṗṗaḋ baiḋḃ,
ḋo honġaḋ a mbeaṗt ġlan ḃúiḋ,
aṗ ḋáil gCaiṗ ḋo ċuiṗ a clann,
bann náṗ ċaiṗ ḋon ṗroiġ i n-úiṗ.

XIV.—eaċtas uaim ar amus oiḋe

24° Junii, 1675

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 L. 37 (L), 23 M 34 (M); and a copy of 23 M 34 made in 1814 by Piaras Móinséal, now in the possession of Canon Murphy of Macroom (P).

Titles: Ḋáiḃí ua ḃṗuaḋaiṗ ccc. ḋon ṁáiġiṗtiṗ ṁóṗeolaċ .i. Seaġan mac Cṗiaġain (M, P); cc. 24° Iunii, 1675 (L). This poem was written by David Ó Bruadair to commemorate a visit which he paid to the learned professor, Seán Mac Criagáin, on the 24th June, 1675. The poem gives us a slight glimpse of the educational work then being carried on under difficulties in Irish schools. Seán Mac Criagáin's health seems to have been breaking down at this time, and the poem, which follows immediately after this one in M and P, is a short elegy

I

eaċtaṗ uaim aṗ amuṗ oiḋe,
oṁain ḋaṁ a ḋul ċum bṗóin,
maḋ eaṗṗ aoiṗi annoṗ ḋon ḟuilngiḋ,
cloṗ a ġaoiṗe iṗ uiṗġill óiṗ.

III, l. 3 aṗ aon. IV, l. 1 ḋo boṗṗaḋ baiḋḃ. l. 2 an mbeaṗt ġlan mbuiḋe.

I, l. 1 aṁaṗ, L. l. 3 anoċt, L; annoṗ, P.

---

[1] Badhbh: the Irish goddess of war, who was thought to appear in the form of a raven or scaldcrow. For her characteristics and the distinction between Badhbh and Bodhbh, see the article by J. O'Beirne Crowe on the Religious Beliefs of the Pagan Irish (Journ. Kilk. Arch. Soc., 1868–69, pp. 317–19).

[2] ḋoṗṗaḋ, swelling, is a standing epithet of Badhbh's. It usually signifies swelling with fury—a sense which would not well suit here.

III

Now thy sleep in southern churchyard
To thy friend brings boundless grief,
Rightly ne'er thy life was valued,
Till thy heart was pierced by death.

IV

Badhbh[1] for Geraldines with pride swelled,[2]
Gracious birth by unction sained,[3]
For Dál gCais[4] she bore her children,
Fearless tread of foot to grave.[5]

XIV.—GREETINGS FROM ME TO A TEACHER

24th June, 1675

on his death by David Ó Bruadair. Nothing is known of Seán Mac Criagáin beyond what may be gleaned from these two short poems, but his name deserves to be remembered as that of one of those learned men who handed on the traditional learning of Ireland in those dark days when an alien government looked upon Irish learning as a crime second only to Irish faith. The Ceangal or concluding stanza is found in M and P but not in L.

Metre: (1) R. I–IX, Séadṗaḋ mór, the scheme of which is (vide Part I, p. 119) $2\{8^2 + 7^1\}^{2+4}$.

(2) R. X, (◡) | a ◡ | é ◡ | é ◡ | au ◡ | u.]

I

Greetings from me to a teacher
Whose approach to grief I fear;
If the hero's life should end now,
'Twere wisdom's fame and golden pledge.

---

[3] This line refers to the birth and baptism of Elizabeth Fitzgerald. The unction referred to is that of baptism, as in Part I, p. 125, n.[1].

[4] Dál gCais: vide supra, p. 47, n.[4]. The Uí Eichthigheairn (anglicized Aghieran, Aherin, Ahearne, Hearne, &c.) are a branch of the Dál gCais, being descended from Eichthighearn son of Cinnéide and brother of King Brian. They held in ancient times the territory of Coillte Maibineach near Mitchelstown, Co. Cork, as well as a cantred in the barony of Muskerry in the same county, where they had a strong castle (Cronnelly, Irish Family History, p. 319).

[5] That is, that foot which kept ever advancing with courage and constancy now lies buried in the earth. In this rann we have a brief résumé of the different stages of Elizabeth's life—her birth, baptism, marriage, death.

II

Ꝺo hua ꝥCriaꝥáin cuaiḋ puꝥ mire,
méapaiḋ linn ꝩo láiṫe an ḃáir,
a ḃṗríṫ ḋ'upraim uaḋ ir ḋ'annraċt,
ruaḋ ꝩan urrainn ḋ'ḟallraċt ꝩnáir.

III

Cúirt ir coṁḋáil ḋo ṫréiꝥ oirne
ꝓromaḋ ꝓéalṁac ir aor ꝩráiḋ,
ꝓeaḋ an laoi ba lonn an ġairꝥe
ḋia mbaoi bonn ꝩaċ airte im láiṁ.

IV

Uaiḋ ꝩér anáir náp ḟiu inne
ꝓuapar ḋeire an ḋoinn i ḋtráṫ
túr a ċainꝥín ċaoiṁ ra ċorma
lainḋíl aoiḃ mo ċolba ór cáċ.

V

Airnéiḋeaḋ neaċ é maḋ oirċear
i n-iaṫ Ċonṁaoil cuin ḋo ró,
ḃur ṗéaḋ raṁla ḋár rrúiṫ neaṁḋuiḃ
ḋaṁna múiṫ iar nḋeaġuil ḋó.

VI

Aiꝥéan uaiꝥneaċ an iuil ḃliġċiġ
ḃreaꝥan ḋaonnaċtaċ re ḋáil
ar ṫrí teanꝥṫa ḋ'ḟiġe ar ḃeirioḷ
ꝥealṫa ar ḋtírre ir eirioṁ táir.

---

ii, l. 4 urraann, P. iii, l. 2 ṗéalṁaċ, L, P. iv, l. 1 anair, L; anáir, P. l. 2 ḋeire, L; ḋéire, P; ḋoinn, L; ḋúinn, P. l. 3 cainꝥín, P; ċainꝥin, L. ċaoṁ, L, P. l. 4 lainḋil, L; láinḋil, P. v, l. 3 ꝓeḋ, L; ꝓeaḋ, P; rrúiṫ, L, P. l. 4 ṁúiṫ, L, P. vi, l. 3 ḋeirioḷ, P; ḋeirioḷ, L. l. 4 ar ḃṗine ir eirioṁ taip, L; ar tírre ir eirean táir, P.

---

[1] Elsewhere David Ó Bruadair uses the form Mac Criagáin.

[2] A school of poetry or a bardic reunion was called a court.

II

To Ó Criagáin[1] visit brought me,
Nor shall I forget till death
The respect and love he showed me,
Sage who shares not falsehood's modes.

III

He for me left court[2] and meeting
Testing students' graded ranks;
Fierce that whole day raged the contests;
My hand held each essay's prize.

IV

Though unworthy of the honour,
I got all the prince's best,
First sup of his pleasant beer-jug,
Highest honoured couch of all.

V

None of all who enter Conmhaol's[3]
Country fitly could describe
Jewel like my darkless senior,
Parting from whom causeth woe.

VI

Shoreless sea of sterling science,
Noble dragon,[4] meek and mild,
Who doth weave three tongues[5] adroitly,
Model champion of our land.

---

[3] Conmhaol, son of Éibhear son of Gollamh alias Míle Easpáinne, after slaying Eithrial son of Irial Fáidh in the battle of Raoire, became king of Ireland. Thirty years afterwards he was defeated and slain by Tighernmas in the battle of Aonach Macha, and buried near where he fell. His grave was known as Feart Conmhail. Conmhaol was the first king of Ireland from Munster, and the chief Munster families trace themselves back to him (vide Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 118-120).

[4] Dragon: vide Part I, p. 52, n.[2].

[5] The three languages referred to are Irish, Latin, and English.

vii

Seán mac Criaġáin ní ċéal oruiḃ,
ıṁneoın ıonnṙmuiġṫe ḋár ṙcıuıṙ,
tonn tıoḃlaıcṫe ḃréaċt ır ḋaġṙann,
ḋíonaıce cṙéaċt n-anḃṙann n-ıuıl.

viii

An ṁám ılċıalluıḋ le ar hoırneaḋ
é ór oıḋıḃ ıona ṗár baırṙ
go mbeır leo ıar nḋul go nḋaġċuıḋ
ḋon ḃruġ ḃeo naċ taḋluıḋ ḋaıll.

ix

Go ṙíne ḋıa láıṫe ar leannáın
leam ır ıṫe í maḋ ḋleaċt
go ceann uınge ḃór geaḋ blıaḋna
buınge ar ṙór náṙ rıara leaċt.

x

Ġaċtur éıgın ḋ'éırıġ ḋaṁṙa ḋul
ḋ'ṗaıcṙın ṗéıle an té náṙ ċrannḋa ṙıor,
ır glan ḋom réır ḋo ṫréıġ a ċlann ṙa ċuıḋ
an tamall ḋ'aoṁar trélṁṙı ṫall na ċoıġ.

---

vii, l. 1 ṁá Criaġaın, L; ċéal, P; ċeal, M. l. 2 ınḋeoın, L; ıonṙmuıṫe, L; ṙcuıṙ, M. l. 3 tıoḃlaıce, L; tıoḃlaıcṫe, P. l. 4 ḋíonaıcc, L; ḋíonaıce, P. viii, l. 1 Anmam, L; an ṁám, P. l. 2 ıon ṙar barr, L; na ṗar báırṙ, P. l. 3 go nḋaġċuıḋ, L; na náġċuıḋ, P. l. 4 taġluıḋ, L; taġluıḋ, P. ix, l. 1 laıṫe, L, P. l. 2 ıṫce, P. l. 3 ḃór ḋo blıaḋanaıḋ, P; ḃor geċ blıaġna, L. l. 4 buıne, L; buınge, P. x. This rann is omitted in L. l. 4 ċıġ, P; toıġ, M.

VII

I conceal not Seán mac Criagáin,
Oft-struck anvil, faithful guide,
Fecund flood of ranns[1] and essays,
Ward to shield weak learners' wounds.

VIII

May the subtle hand which graced him,
Fairest growth of all who teach,
Bring him to the living mansion,
Which the blind[2] do not frequent,

IX

God prolong my darling's lifetime,
Such my prayer, if right it be ;
May the gravestone not for years rule
O'er our rose-trees'[3] fairest shoot.

X

Special was the greeting met me, when I went to visit one
Famous for unfailing wisdom and for generosity;
To attend to me he left his duties and his family,
All the time that I consented to remain there in his house.

---

[1] Rann: the four-lined stanza of Irish metric.

[2] Blind: those unskilled in literature; also those ignorant of the true faith.

[3] Rose-tree: metaphorically for one distinguished for talents or dignity. Another example of this use of the word may be seen above, p. 12.

XV.—D'éaȝ Duine naċ Deárnaḋ

[Mss.: R.I.A., 23 M 34 (M); and the Ms. of Piaras Móinséal (P).
Titles: An ꝑeaṗ céaḋna ccc. aṗ ḃáṗ ȯSeáin ṁeiȝ Cṗiaȝáin (M, P). In both Mss. this undated elegy on Seán Mac Criagáin follows the last poem Caȯcaṗ uaiṁ aṗ amuṗ oiḋe, whence it is probable that Seán Mac Criagain's death took place shortly after the visit which David Ó Bruadaír paid to him about the 24th June, 1675. The poem, like the Ceangal to Caȯcaṗ uaiṁ, is not found

I

D'éaȝ duine naċ deárnaḋ cárnaḋ ṗiaṁ dá ḃṗuaiṗ,
d'éaȝ uṗṗa do b'áiḋḃṗeaċ cáiṫ i nȝṗianán ṗuaḋ,
d'éaȝ ṗile aȝuṗ ṗáiḋ an lá ṗuȝ dia aṫá ċuaṗ
an t-oiḋe ȝan táiṗ ba Seán ṁáȝ Cṗiaȝáin uainn.

II

D'éaȝ eiṗte na ndáiṁ ȝan ċáim 'ṗan ȝcliaḃán ṗuain,
d'éaȝ tuiȝṗin iṗ táḋḃaċt cṗáiḃċeaċ ciallȝnáṫ cṗuaiḋ,
d'éaȝ tuile do ċáileaḋ bláṫ ȝaċ biaideáin tṗuaiṗc
le ṗṗṗionȝaṗ na pleáȝa do ḃáiṫ an tia dá uaiḋ.

III

Do ṗuȝaḋ le báṗ an báiṗe iṗ lia dá ċuaṗ
aṗ ionnṁuṗ ceáṗd do b'áluinn iaṗ ndáiṫ uaiṗ,
ȝeaḋ muṗtaṗaċ ḃáim iṗ ḃáiḋ aȝ tṗiall ꝑá ḋuaḋ
ní ꝑicimṗe ina áit i ȝcáċ aċt cliaḃán uain.

IV

Liḃṗe máṗ ȝeáṗṗ an tṗáċt ṗo a ċliaṗ naċ duaiṗc
tiliḋ a lán 'ṗan bṗáṗ ȝo pia an dá ḃṗuaċ,
tuilleaḋ baḋ cáiṗ do ṗáḋ 'na ḋiaiḋ má ȝcuaiṗḋ
tuȝṗa i dtṗáṫ ṗul dtáṗla bial dá ḃuain.

I, l. 4 buḋ, M; ṁáȝ, M, P. II, l. 4 pleáȝa, P; pleáȝa, M. III, l. 4 in aiṫ, P, M. IV, l. 3 The first half of this line is illegible in P. tuille ba cáṗ, M. ṁá ccuaṗḋ, P.

XV.—DEAD IS HE WHO NEVER SOUGHT

in L. This fact would seem to point to a second edition of these poems by the author, for M and L are contemporary collections of David Ó Bruadair's poems, both made in the first decade of the eighteenth century.

P is, as has been said, a copy of M, and is generally more legible; but in the case of this poem portions of lines 4 and 15, which are worn in P, are fortunately perfectly legible in M.

Metre: Amhrán: (ᴗ) | ı ᴗ ᴗ | á ᴗ | á ᴗ | ıa | á | ua.]

I

Dead is he who never sought to hoard up what he had acquired,
Dead the best reputed pillar in the soller bright of seers,
Dead the poet and the prophet, since that day when God above
Took away from us the master, Seán mac Criagáin, spotless sage.

II

Dead the muse's treasure lieth, cradled in his sleep of death,
Dead religion, worth and wisdom, ever prudent, faithful, firm,
Dead the welling wave which watered every flower of pleasant wit
With the shafts of sprightly satire, sped by him on every side.

III

Thus the game, as oft was threatened, hath at last been won by death
O'er a skilful brilliant craftsman, once in public shining bright,
Though with haughty mien we hasten, I and they,[1] to certain woe,
Nothing can I see in others but the cradle of a lamb.[2]

IV

Gentle minstrels, if this essay seem to you to be but brief,
Thickly fill the lines of parchment, till they reach from edge to edge;
Sing ye, all around assembled, justly after this his praise,
Opportunely see the axe of death arrive to cut it short.

---

[1] Translation doubtful.

[2] Those who survive are the merest novices in the art of poetry compared to him.

XVI.—OSNA ĊARAD NÍ CEOL SUAIN

2° Octobris, 1675

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 C 26, pp. 52, 53 (C); 23 L 37 (L).

Title: Ďáiḃi ua ḃruaďair, ccc. (L). There is no title in C, which contains the last fifteen ranns only of the poem (Rr. XXXII–XLVI). The fragment contained in C, a Ms. of which a short description has been already given in Part I, p. 118, is found among several poems of David Ó Bruadair, and follows the poem A ṗir aiċeanta léaχa, which will be published later. The present poem is an elegy on the death of Eleanor Bourke, the daughter of John Bourke of Cathair Maothal, Co. Limerick, and the wife of Oliver Stephenson, on the occasion of whose marriage, nine months previous to this date, David Ó Bruadair had composed their epithalamium. The high hopes of enduring happiness then expressed by the poet were doomed to early disappointment. In the introductions to Poem X in the first part of this collection (Part I, pp. 88 et seqq.) and to Poem XII in the second

I

Orna ċarad ní ceol ruain,
aoiḃil aďanar anḃuain
i gcroiďe an ċomċaiġ aďċluin
goire ď'orcraď a raċuin.

II

Na comċaiġ ċongṁar a gcáil
ir ionann ďaṁna a ndiombáiď,
an lann ċealgar a gcara
ní gann ďeargar ďaġċala.

III

Aḃar na horna ro a ďtuaiď
ṗá an leaďar liom ir anḃuain
'r an t-aolḃroġ ó ngluair a ġonṁ
ag ďaorġol i ngair ġalair.

IV

Ṫreaḃ go maoiċ mo nuar anoċt
Caċair Maoċal na miaďṁolt,
tug báp na reinge ba raor
cáp na heinge go hanaoḃ.

I, l. 1 orna carad. l. 2 aiḃil. III, l. 3 t-aolḃroġ. IV, l. 2 Maoċail.

XVI.—SIGH OF FRIEND

2nd October, 1675

part (supra, p. 48 et seq.), some information about the families of Eleanor Bourke and Oliver Stephenson is given.

Metre: Rr. I–XLV. Ðeiðiðe, the chief classical metre of Irish, the complicated rules of which have been so often explained, that it is unnecessary to repeat them here. The principal rules are summarily represented in the following scheme: $4\{7^{2}{}_{+}{}^{3}\}^{3+4}_{1+2}$, that is, the rann consists of four heptasyllabic lines, the first and second lines rhyme, so do the third and fourth, and the final word of the second line contains one syllable more than the final word of the first line, and similarly the final word of the fourth line contains one syllable more than the final word of the third line.

R. XLVI, Aṁṗán: (ᴗ) | o ᴗ | ıa | ıa ᴗ ᴗ | e | ı | ó.]

I

Sigh of friend no soothing strain,
Spark enkindling restlessness,
Heard by listening comrade's heart,
Ruin's nearness is its cause.

II

Comrades faithful to their fame
Equal cause of sorrow feel,
For the blade which strikes a friend
Woundeth deeply kindly minds.

III

By the book[1] this cause of sighs
In the north disquiets me,
Fair the fort whence pangs proceed,
Wailing lord in throes of grief.

IV

Home, alas, in woe to-night,
Cathair Maothal,[2] rich in flocks,
By the free-born lady's death
Lies the land in grievous plight.

---

[1] By the book of the Gospels or by the Bible.
[2] Cahirmoyle: vide Part I, p. 88.

V

Olc doġéaḃann mon nglacpuinn
cion dá beaḋġa um baoċacpuinġ
an tpeaḃ naċ dopċa pe um dáil
leap a hopċpa ní héadáil.

VI

Do péip Ġille Ḃpiġde ḃoċt
atú uim ana ġeaḋ ollnoċt,
cpéaċta mo ċapad pomċpáiḋ
déaċta naċ daṁad anḃáil.

VII

Map aoṁap aipdpí neiṁe
mo ċion dam dá doġpaingpe
ip tpuaġ naċ tóġḃaim dá líon
duaḋ a ḃpódaim don mṁíoṁ.

VIII

Dá ndeapnainn codla ap a ċpuiṁ
ní piu me ḃeiṫ im ḃeaċuiḋ,
an té do aipiḋ uaip eile
m'aimiṁ i n-uaim m'éigniġe.

IX

Mac Réamuinn an poipc lonnpaiġ
buinġe peanġ naċ paoḃċonnlaiḋ
pa ċoinn ḃpóin do ṁeap mipe
peap dom ṗóip ġaċ ndípiġpe.

V. l. 1 doġeaḃann. l. 3 pé. VI, l. 2 atu; Anna. l. 4 déata. VII, l. 4 don nimṁíoṁ. VIII, l. 4 an uain meigniġe.

---

[1] Giolla Brighde Ó hEoghusa was a distinguished Irish religious writer and poet, born in the diocese of Clogher about the middle of the sixteenth century. He went afterwards to Douay, whence he wrote a letter in Irish to Father Robert Nugent, the superior of the Irish Jesuits, dated 19° Septembris, 1605, and signed Brigidus Hosseus. In this letter, which has been published in the Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1605, p. 311, he announces his intention of proceeding to Louvain. In a list of former students of Douay, drawn up for the Archdukes

v

Base were I, unless I shared
Its dismay with frenzied mind,
Home, which greets with welcome me,
Sunk in ruin profit-void.

vi

As poor Gille Brighde[1] says,
Though I am of wealth[2] bereft,
Wounds of friends have tortured me,
Doom too heavy to be borne.[3]

vii

Since the King of heaven high
Gives me in her grief to share,
Would that the distress I feel
Lessened her abounding woe.

viii

Slumbered I while grief gnaws him,
I should not deserve to live,
Once in time of sorrow he
Kindly looked on my distress.

ix

Son of Réamonn,[4] lustrous-eyed,
Graceful sprout of prudent mind,
Ever straightway quickened me
Buried under waves of grief.

Albert and Isabella in 1613, he is mentioned among those who had entered the Franciscan Order (Calendar of State Papers, Carew, 1603–24, p. 286). He took the name Bonaventura in religion; and after professing philosophy and theology there he died in 1614. His Christian Doctrine (Louvain, 1608) was the first book printed in Irish on the Continent.

[2] I have ventured to read ana (wealth) here for the Ms. Anna (Anna). The former is more likely to be the word used by Gioll̇a Brighde; but David Ó Bruadair may have intended the ambiguity.

[3] Text and translation doubtful.

[4] Seán mac Réamuinn de Búrc: John Bourke of Cathair Maothal, father of Eilionóir, on whom the elegy is written: vide Part i, p. 88.

X

Uċán Anna ḟóṙ ní ċéal
liom ıṙ ꝡoıṙt an ꝡṙoıḋṙcéal,
le cıaċ a céıle pomċaṙ
a lıaċ ní ꝡéıṙe ꝡalaṙ.

XI

Ḋo ċoṁaıll Seán ṙaoṙ an moḋ
ṙıaġaıl aıċṙeaċ ıṙ ollaṁ,
tuꝡ túıṙ a paċa ḋon ṙíġ
cúıṙ an ċaċa ḟa a ḃṙuılṙı.

XII

Ṫoṙaċ ꝡaċ toṙaıḋ ḋo ġnáċ
ıḋıṙ ċlaınn aꝡuṙ ċonáċ
ıṙ eaḋ ḋon ḋúıleaṁ ıṙ ḋleaċt
ṙmúıneaḋ naċ eaḋ a n-ımċeaċt.

XIII

Ma tá ó ċúıṙ náṙ ċeaḋuıġ
a ınġean uaıḋ ı n-úıṙleaḃuıḋ,
ḋá ꝡcuıṙe a ċoıl le toıl nḋé
a ꝡoın ní ṙaıḃ aċt ṙoıġne.

XIV

Ṫéıḋ an ḃúṙcaċ blaḋ bunaıḋ
aıṙce ċuṁṙa ċṙíoṙtaṁaıl
ṙṙíoṁ a ṙéaḋ ṙa ṙleaċta
ḋon ċıll ;—cṙéaḋ aṙ caoınḃeaṙta.

XV

Ruꝡ uaḋa an tṙıaċ ıṙ teınne
úṙṗáṙ ꝡan uaıll ınneınne
ı maċṙáċ aoıṙı na hala
ṙcoċḃláċ ꝡaoıṙı ıṙ ꝡṙıanana.

XVI

Oıġṙe ıṙ uaıṙle aꝡuṙ uṁla
ḟéıle ıṙ cṙáḃaḋ cṙoıṙıomḋa,
ṙuꝡ an ġéaꝡ ꝡan ġuċ nḋoċṙaıḋ
ıaṙ n-éaꝡ cṙuċ ıṙ caoıṁṙoċṙaıḋ.

---

x, l. 1 ní ċeal. xii, l. 1 toraḋ. xiv, l. 1 an mbuṙcaċ ; bl÷. l. 2 cuḃṙa. xv, l. 1 uaġh÷. l. 3 a ṁac tṙáċ. l. 4 ġrianana.

X

Anna's[1] sigh I shan't conceal,
Bitter piercing tale to me,
Gloom of him, her spouse, my friend,
With her grief forms keenest pang.

XI

Seán fulfilled in noble wise
Rules of ancients and of seers,
Gave the King his first and best,
Such the present trial's cause.

XII

As the first of every fruit,
Be it child or be it wealth,
Is to the Creator due,
So too is its end, I deem.

XIII

Though he find it hard to let
Her depart to earthen bed,
If he join his will to God's,
Choicest gain her wound hath been.

XIV

To the churchyard noble Bourke
Goes with fragrant Christlike[2] gift,
First of all his gems and race;
Could there be more pious deed?

XV

From him God Almighty took
A noble child with prideless mind,
Swanlike in the age of youth,
Fairest flower of mind serene,

XVI

Heirloom, grandeur, bounty meek,
Cross-embracing piety,
Offspring void of sullen speech,
When devoted beauty died.

---

[1] Anna ní Urthuile, wife of John Bourke and mother of Eilionóir. Her father, Seán Ó hUrthuile, John Hurley, was the uncle of Sir Maurice Hurley of Knocklong, not the brother, as wrongly stated in Part I, p. 89.

[2] Christlike: in the sense of *Christianus alter Christus*.

XVII

Ráiniġ lé ꝑa liġ na liaċ
ꝑionnḟuil ḃúꝑcaċ na mbꝑeacꝑciaċ
ġo ꝑꝑoċaiḃ ḋ'ḟuil Ċuinn ıꝑ Ċaiꝑ
ꝑuim ón ꝑoċꝑaiḋ an ḟuaꝑċlaiꝑ.

XVIII

Inġean ꝑSeáin ġo ꝑóil ı ḃꝑeaꝑꝑ,
maiġꝑe náꝑ ıomċaiꝑ éiġceaꝑꝑ,
ꝑuġ ꝑꝑomċıa uim ċꝑíċ Ċonaill,
ꝑꝑíꝑ ḋá ḋꝑomlıa ḋaoꝑoṁain.

XIX

Mar oıꝑeaꝑ ḋon óıġ nıaṁḋa
ġoıꝑꝑ an oıꝑıġ aoınḃlıaḋna,
caıꝑꝑéım a ꝑáınne ꝑa ꝑeaꝑꝑ
aıꝑléım a háılle ḋ'ımꝑeaċꝑ.

XX

Aıꝑeaċ lıomꝑa naċ laoıḋ leınḃ
ꝑaꝑla ḋıꝑe ġo ḋlúıꝑḋeılḃ,
ón nġéıꝑ nġloın ꝑe ꝑaıḃ m'ḟáılꝑe
ġaıl ḋa héıꝑ ıꝑ eaꝑláınꝑe.

XXI

Uċḃaḋaċ Oılꝑeıꝑ Sꝑíḃınn
leam ıꝑ oꝑꝑuꝑ anaoıḃınn
aġ caoıneaḋ a ċéıle cneıꝑ
ꝑaoıḋḃean ḃa ꝑéıṁe ıꝑıꝑ.

XXII

Cuṁaıḋ Oılꝑeıꝑ óıġ uımꝑe
neaṁġuꝑ cúıꝑ a ċoṁċaoınꝑe,
ꝑeıꝑe ꝑeanġnuaḋ a ġlaıce
ġan ꝑꝑeıꝑe aċꝑ eanġḟuaꝑ aḋlaıce.

XVI, l. 3 ġéaġ. l. 4 néaġċꝑuꝑ. XVIII, l. 2 eıġċeaꝑꝑ. XX, l. 3 mꝑaılċe. l. 4 ıꝑ obliterated. XXI, l. 1 Sꝑíḃın. XXII, l. 1 Oılꝑeaꝑ.

---

[1] Conn Céadchathach: for whom see Part I, p. 41, note [7]. From him descend most of the princely families of Connacht, Ulster, and Scotland.

[2] Cas: ancestor of Dál gCais, the Dalcassians of whom the Uí Urthuile were a branch.

[3] Cathair Maothal was situated in the old territory of Conallaigh, or Uí Chonaill, for which see Part I, p. 96, note [1].

XVII

With her went 'neath stone of sighs
Blood of Bourke of quartered shields,
Mixed with streams of Conn[1] and Cas;[2]
Graced by her the cold trench is.

XVIII

Tombed for aye the child of Seán,
Salmon ne'er unjust in act,
Shrouds in dense mist Connello,[3]
Crushing dread by gravestone caused.

XIX

Truly for the maiden blithe
Bitter was this one year's[4] due,
Solemn rites of ring and grave,
Beauty's bounding triumph gone.[5]

XX

That no lay of fondled babe
Greeted her makes me repine,
Pure white swan who welcomed me,
Courage since her death is weak.

XXI

Oliver Stíbhin's[6] heaving sigh
Pains me like some fell disease,
As he moans his bosom-spouse,
Gentle lady, strict in faith.

XXII

Oliver óg in grief for her,
Mute the cause of his lament,
Tender mate, who clasped his hand,
Lifeless tombed as chill as clay.

---

[4] Eilionóir was married on the 8th of January, 1675 (vide supra, p. 48), and died on the 2nd of October of the same year (vide supra, p. 108).

[5] Compare the lines of Gerald Griffin in The Bridal of Malahide :—

But oh! for the maiden who mourns for that chief
With heart overladen and rending with grief,
She sinks on the meadow, in one morning-tide
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride.

[6] Oliver óg Stíbhin (Stephenson), son of Richard Stephenson, and husband of Eilionóir de Búrc; vide supra, p. 49.

XXIII

D'oiġre Ripeirid na ṗéad ṗeanġ
ir cṗeaċ a ċéile cṗoiḃṡionn
ġo mbláṫ a doinne do ḋul
ór cáċ ḟa ṫṗuime an talṁan.

XXIV

Ní ṡiġim uiṗṗcéal dána,
ní ṗuim taiḋḃṗeaċ teanġṁála,
níṁ ġoṗtaċ ḟom ġṗáḋ ġiḋ eaḋ,
ṗe hál naċ tolṫaċ dom ṫṗéiġean.

XXV

Doċuala ġo ṗaiḃ peiṁe
manaċ i n-oṗd dáiṗiġṫe
ġan diul aonoċta dá ṡóiṗ
aċt ṗiuṗ aóḃḋaċta ó an altóiṗ.

XXVI

Daoi le lúib an ṡoilt ċlannaiġ
maṗ ir dual aġ dlúiṫṗannaiḃ
ṗeaṗc dá bṗáṫaiṗ ór ġaċ bí
beaṗt dá ḃáṗṫain ba neaṁní.

XXVII

Iona loinġ aġ leanṁuin dé
luiġeaṗ an ġaṗt maṗ ġlainṗé,
ní ṗáṗ ṡóbaiṗ éaġ dire
méaḋ aṗ ṡóḋaiṁ d'aincire.

XXVIII

Ġaḃaṗ ġalaṗ a ċṗíċe
ir é i ġeṗior na coiġeṗíċe,
ġaol na ġluaire le aṗ ġoiṗt
taoḃ a ṫṗuaile do ṫoċailt.

XXIII, l. 1 Ripdeird. XXIV, l. 4 tolṫaċ. XXV, l. 2 daiṗiġṫe. l. 3 dul. l. 4 aoḃḋaċt. XXVI, l. 1 ṗoilṫ. l. 4 ḃaṗṗṫain. XXVII, l. 2 on ġaṗt. l. 4 daincire.

XXIII

Slender-steeded Richard's heir,[1]
Robbed of his white-handed spouse,
She, her husband's only charm,
Lies beneath a load of earth.

XXIV

I weave no artful episode,[2]
No fantastic chance conceit,
But am pining for my love,
Who was loath to part with me.

XXV

In a certain order once
Lived a monk, as I have heard,
By no kindred heart sustained
But an altar-sister mild.

XXVI

The maiden fair of flowing locks,
As must be where ties are close,
Loved her friar more than all,
Ne'er did aught to cause him pain.

XXVII

Following the call of God,
Sailed away the worthy man;
She had lief to die, so great
Was the anguish she endured.

XXVIII

Longing for his native place
Seized on him in foreign lands,
Kinship of the fair who grieved
To have pierced his bosom's side.

---

[1] See p. 115, note[6].

[2] The episode which begins in the next stanza and continues to the end of stanza XXXVI is obscure in parts. The obscurity of the vocabulary is increased by the variations of the two Mss. in the case of aspirations, indicative of gender, hence I am not sure of my interpretation of several lines.

XXIX

Ꝑríoṗaṗ a ṁeanma ꝑan ṁeanꝑ
ṗia ndul ḋon ṁaṗcṗlaċ ṁeaṗṗeanꝑ
uim ṗeṗíḃinn an ṗcéil ḋo ċuiṗ
ṫaṗ ḋíline ṗo ċéill ċluṫaiṗ.

XXX

Ḋo ḃí ḋ'uaṁain beaḋꝑéa bríꝗ
a ṗeaṫraċ ṗéin aṗ an ḃṗialṁín
iona ṗíoṗṫuṫ náṗ ṗcoilt an ṗcéal
ṗíoḋaċ ḋo ḋoiṗt a ḋoiṁléan.

XXXI

Aḃaṗ cneiṗéaḋaiꝗ ḋá ċom
áileiṗ an ṗéata ṗoḋonn,
iṫċe náṗ ṗoillṗiꝗ ꝑo ṗóil
ṫṗice an ṫṗuimṗin ḋá ċoṗṗóiṗ.

XXXII

Aibío úṗ ḋ'olainn ṫṗéata
mná náṗ ṗuilinꝑ aoinéata,
bun aṗ éaꝑcaoin ḋ'eaṗbaiḋ uaiḋ
ꝑé ḋ'eaṗcaiṗ ḋ'éaꝑcaoiṗ aḋṗuaiṗ.

XXXIII

Ꝑaoiliḋ iṗe a ṫiuꝗ a ṫṗéaḋ,
uṗuiṗ ḋ'iomċaiṗ an beaꝑṗéaḋ,
ꝑo ṗcṗúḋain a ndeaċuiḋ ḋi
leaṫċuin úꝗḋaiṗ na haice.

XXXIV

Leiꝗeaṗ an liṫiṗ aṗíṗ
a puim ḋo ṁeaṗ náṗ ṁainíṗ,
ṗuaiṗ náṗ ṗóiṗ olann a molt
ṗolaṁ a ḋóiꝗ ṗa ḋúṫṗoċt.

XXIX, l. 1 ꝑṗiopaṗ. l. 3 um; ḋo cuiṗ. XXX, l. 3 ṗíoṗṫuiṫ. XXXI, l. 3 ṗoill. XXXII, 23 C 26 begins here and continues to the end. l. 1 ṫṗeata, L; ṫṗéata, C. l. 2 aoineata, L; éineata, C. l. 3 b . . . aṗ, L (illegible); ḃún or ḃím aṗ, C; eaꝑcaoin, L; eaꝑċaoin, C. l. 4 ḋéaꝗ-

XXIX

Ere the gentle knight proceeds
His deceitless mind impels
Him to write and send the news
O'er the flood in hidden sense.

XXX

Loath to shake his sister's strength,
Kind and courteous, he disclosed
Not the tale in all its truth,
Mutely he poured forth his grief.

XXXI

Stuff for skin-garb for his breast,
Begged the brave and noble knight,
Prayer revealing not forthwith
The ceaseless pain assailing him.

XXXII

Habit new of fleece of flock
Of dame ne'er struck by jealousy,
I am sore in need of it,
Rendered cold by want of warmth.[1]

XXXIII

Happy in her thick-fleeced flock,
Sure to bear the treasure small,
While she searched for what she missed,
She retained the author's note.[1]

XXXIV

She read the letter once again,
Judged its meaning was no jest,
Found her wethers' wool no use,
Saw her hope and zeal were vain.

ċaoiṗ aṡṗuaiṗ, C; ḋeaȝcaoiṗ ionnṗuaiṗ, L. XXXIII, l. 1 ṗ . . . ḃṡ, L (illegible); ṗaoiḃṡ, C. l. 2 beaȝṡéaḋ, C; beaȝṡeaḋ, L. l. 3 ḋi, L; ḋi, C. XXXIV, l. 1 leiȝiop, L; leiȝeaṗ, C.

[1] Translation doubtful.

XXXV

Sipeaṗ ġaċ ṗoṁnaoi aile
aḃuṗ ḃaṗ lé ba líonmaiṗe,
ġeaḋ ṗionnaḋ ní ḟuaiṗ ṗá ḋeoiḋ
ġan ciorṗaḋ ḋo ċuaiḷ ċṗiċleoin.

XXXVI

Aiṫneaṗ iaṗ náṗ ċéim cṗiṫṗe
neaċ náṗ ḟuilinġ aimṗiġṫe,
uċ ḋ'ṗáġail ṗa ċṗiop an ċé
ṗtánaiḋ ḋá ṗiop ġo ḃṗiḋné.

XXXVII

Cṗéaḋ aṗ maṗ iaḋ aṗ iṗe
naċ beinn ġá mó maolṫuiġṗe
náṗ a baṗaṁuiḷ aḃuṗ
ṗáṗ ḋ'anaṁuin ġan oṫṗuṗ.

XXXVIII

Ġeaṗa cáiċ níop ċaill Anna
ṗáiniġ teiḋm a tóṗanna,
naċ ṗoḋaċ ṗoineann a huain
ḋ'ḟolaċ uilleann an éaġcṗuaiḋ.

XXXIX

Ionnaṗ aṗ buile naċ biaḋ
máṫaiṗ ċúiṗi mo ċoiṁḋiaḋ,
ṗá uiṗce an ċeaṫa ḋoċóiḋ
tuiṗte naċ ṗeaċa aṗ ṗeanmóiṗ.

XXXV, l. 3 ġeaḋ ṗionna, L; maḋ ṗionna, C. l. 4 ġan ciorṗa, L, C. XXXVI, l. 1 iaṗ náṗ, L; iaṗ aṗ, C. l. 3 ṗá ċṗiop cṗé, C. l. 4 ṗtanaiḋ ḋa ḟiop ġo ḃṗinne, L; ṗtánaiḋ ḋá ṗiop ġo ḃṗíḋne, C. XXXVII, l. 1 cṗeaḋ, L; iaḋaṗ, L. l. 2 ġa, L; ġá, C; maolṫuiġṗe, L; maolṫuiciṗi, C. l. 3 a baṗaṁuiḷ, L; a ḃaṗaṁuiḷ, C. l. 4 ḃanamuin, L, C. XXXVIII, l. 2 ṫoṗanna, L; tóṗann, C. l. 4 eaġcṗuaiḋ, L, C. XXXIX, l. 1 biaḋ, C; biaiḋ, L. l. 2 ċoiṁḋiaḋ, C; ċoiṁḋiaiḋ, L. l. 3 ḋo ċoiḋ, L; ḋo ḋíoḋ, C.

XXXV

She besought all other dames,
Whom she deemed most rich on earth;
In the end she found no tuft
Undeformed by rending briars.[1]

XXXVI

Then she learned 'twas hard to find
One by malice unassailed
On the girdle of the earth,
And convinced she stops her search.

XXXVII

Why should I not be, quoth she,
Like to them? What duller wit
Than to think that here below
Growth can be without disease?

XXXVIII

Anna wronged the rights of none,
Ills their limit reached in her[2]
How her loans serene and bright
Clothe the elbows of the weak!

XXXIX

The mother[3] of my cause of grief,
Lest she should go mad, hath burst
Into tear-floods[4]—parent who
Will not spurn this speech of mine.

---

[1] Translation doubtful.
[2] No one in sickness or sorrow ever appealed to her without being relieved.
[3] Anna ní Urthuile, mother of Eilionóir de Búrc.
[4] Compare the well-known song by Tennyson in The Princess:

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

XL

Ṫug mar ċeannaċ ar ċéill
a céadḋuid ċlainne a caiṫréim,
ḋiṫ a ḋúiliṁ mar ḋligḟe
glic ḋá glúmiḃ gnáiṫḟille.

XLI

An ṫráṫ ir ṫoil a ċoiṁḋe
liḃ a roinn ḋá roḋoilḟe,
gan caoineaḋ na gcorp ir cáir
orṫ a maoiḋeaṁ ir mórḋáil.

XLII

A rí do rug ir do raḋ
toirrḋior taoḃḟeal mo ċaraḋ
ruaiṁniḟ doṁ ḟóirrin dá héir
tóirriḟ naċ tuairim d'ḟairnéir.

XLIII

Ná ceaḋuiḟ doṁ ċroḃuinn uill
a ḋé ḃar reaċt do roċoill
ráḋ ċóir réin uainn do ċaḃaċ,
céim naċ ruaill an reanaraċ.

XLIV

Aḋṁolaḋ ní ḋéan dirí
ní raiḃ oiliṁean inntirí,
craoḃ cuṁra dár lean gaċ gnaoi,
neaṁ dá huṁla go n-aoṁċaoi.

XL, l. 1 mar, C; mo, L. l. 2 a ċaiṫréim, L; a caiṫréim, C. l. 3 ḋiṫ a ḋuiliṁ, L; ḋiṫ a ḋúilḃ, C. l. 4 glúmeiḃ, L. XLI, l. 1 ċoiṁḋe, L; ċoimḋe, C. l. 3 cair, L; cáir, C. l. 4 maoiḋim, L; maoiḋeaṁ, C. XLII, l. 3 ruaiṁniḃ, L; ruaiṁniḟ, C. l. 4 toirriḃ, L; tóirriḟ, C; ḋrairne . ., L (end of line illegible). XLIII, l. 1 ceaḋuiḃ, L; ceaḋuiḟ, C; ċroḃuinḟ, C; ċroḃuinn, L. l. 2 a ḋé, C; a ḋia, L. l. 3 ċóir, C; coir. L. l. 4 reanarać, L; reanáraċ, C. XLIV, l. 1 aḟṁolaḋ, C; ḋean, L; ḋéan, C. l. 2 oilṁém, C; oilṁean, L. l. 3 cuḃarṫa, L; cuṁra, C.

XL

She, as price of wisdom, gave
Her delight, her eldest child,
As is due, to Thee, O God,
Quick to bend her knee in prayer.

XLI

Since it is Thy will, O Lord,
That she share in sorest pain,
Not to wail the corpse is just,
Praise of Thee is glory great.

XLII

King, who gavest and hast ta'en[1]
The side-white offspring of my friend,
Soothe whom she hath left behind,
Torches[2] whom I can't describe.

XLIII

Let this mighty cluster[3] ne'er
Violate Thy law, O God;
To exact Thy due from us
Ancient bonds form no mean claim.[4]

XLIV

I shall not attempt to praise
Her, in whom was no reproach,
Fragrant branch, beloved by all,
May her meekness heaven gain.

---

[1] Cf. Job i. 21: Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit: sicut Domino placuit, ita factum est: sit nomen Domini benedictum.

[2] Torches: brilliant princes.

[3] Cluster: figuratively for family; vide Part I, p. 187, note[2].

[4] God has every claim on their loyal service in consequence of the obligations which the favours conferred on them by Him in the past impose upon them.

XLV

Ḋamaḋ tualaiṅg a tionóil
do ḃiaḋ m'uiḋe d'Ḃeilionóiṙ,
lúb ċunnail an ċuim ḟoraiġ,
cumaiṙ do ċuill tromorṅaiḋ.

XLVI

Orṅa ċian ċṙiaḋċuilt uim Ḃeilionóiṙ,
an ċroiḃḟionn ḟial ḃiaḋa náṙ ċeiḃ ġnaoi ḃeo,
orṫ a ḋia iarṙaim go mbeiṙe í id ċóiṙ
ḋon mbroġ iṙ lia ġṙianċṙuṫ i ḃṙeiṙ naoi n-óṙḋ. Amen.

XVII.—Truaġ bRón an ḃaile sí

[Ms.: R.I.A. 23 C 26, p. 53.

This poem is without date or name of author in the only Ms. which contains it, 23 C 26. In spite of its anonymity, the style and the subject-matter point unmistakably to David Ó Bruadair's being the author of it. It occurs also in that older section of the Ms. which consists almost entirely of his poems. It follows the fragment of Orṅa ċaṙaḋ described above (p. 108), from which it is separated only by the two lines Tṙuaġ ġan ġloiṁe, etc. (vide infra, p. 125, n.[1]), and it is followed by Iomḋa ṙcéiṁ aṙ ċuṙ na cluana, a poem of David Ó Bruadair's already published (Part I, pp. 88–117), and then after a few intervening verses entitled Ṙṙeagṙa an anma ⁊ a ċuiṙṙ (for which see Part I, pp. 116, 117), by a fragment of another of David Ó Bruadair's poems Cuiṙṙeaḋ cluain aṙ ċṙoḃaiṅg (vide supra, p. 48 et seqq.). None of the above poems have the name of the author, but all of them are known from other sources to have been written by David Ó Bruadair, with the exception of the present poem which is found nowhere else. The poem is an elegy on the death of Caitilín de Búrc, Kathleen Bourke, seemingly a daughter of John Bourke of Cathair Maothal, Co.

I

Tṙuaġ bṙón an ḃaile ṙi ċíoṙ
ṙcíoṙ móṙ aṙ m'aiṙiṙi d'ḟáṙ
áitṙeaḃ Anna ṗá ċlúid ċeo,
mo ġṙúiġ ḃeo an balla ṙan ġcáṙ.

XLV, l. 1 ḋa maḋ, L; ḋá maḋ, C. l. 2 ḃiaiḋ, L; ḃiaḋ, C; muiġe, L; muiġe, C; Ḋeilmóiṙ, L, C. l. 3 an cuim, L. XLVI, l. 1 orṅa, C, L; oṙíaḋuilt, C. l. 2 ḟial, C; ḟial, L; ceib, L; ċeib, C; beo, C; ḃeo, L. l. 3 mbeiṙi aḋ ċoiṙ, L; mbeiṙe í a ċóiṙ, C. l. 4 ġṙianċṙuiṫ, L; ġṙianċṙuṫ, C; a ḟéiṙ, L; a ḃṙeiṙ, C. The following two lines are scribbled at the end of the poem in C:

Tṙuaġ ġan ġloin do ḋéanaṁ ḋíoṫṫ
a líoġ ḋṙéaġ a ḃṙuil ṙúṫṫ.

XLV

Could I meet with Eilinóir,
Unto her my steps would turn,
Prudent maid of steadfast heart,
Fair who merits heavy sighs.

XLVI

Cause of weary wailing is the quilt of clay round Eilinóir,
Kindly, pious maid, whose fair hand never failed in courtesy;
I beseech Thee, God Almighty, that Thou bring her to Thyself,
To the festive radiant mansion of the nine angelic choirs.[1] Amen.

XVII.—PITEOUS IS THE SORROW OF THIS TOWN.

Limerick. She was married to Éamonn, whose family name is not given, from the bright Uamna (Rr. x, xvi), apparently the name of some place. She appears to have died at Cathair Maothal (R. i); but if Lios na gCraobh of R. xiii is not merely a descriptive epithet of Cathair Maothal, John Bourke's residence, it is possible that Lios na Coille, Lisnacullia, in the same neighbourhood, the residence of William Bourke, brother of John Bourke of Cathair Maothal, may have been the place of her death.

Metre: (1) Rannuiġeaċt ḋialtaċ, also known as Rannuiġeaċt ṁór. Its scheme (vide supra, p. 99) is $4\{7^{i}\}^{2+4}$. Coṁaṗḋaḋ between single and double consonants, which was permitted occasionally by the rules of classical poetry, is exemplified by the following instances: ḋúmn and úiṗ (R. ii), céill ṗéil (R. ii), ṗúil and ṗṗúill (R. ix), uaill and uaiḋ (R. xiv), céill and cléiṗ (R. xv). The spelling of ċaoiḋċe, to rhyme with maoiċe (R. iii), may also be noted.

(2) Rr. xix–xx, Aṁṗán:

(◡) | a ◡ | í ◡ | a ◡ | í ◡ | ú ◡ | ó.]

I

Piteous is the sorrow of this town[2] which lieth to the north,
In my mind increasing greatly the exhaustion caused by grief,
Anna's[3] dwelling overhung by shrouding coverlet of mist,
How it pains me to the quick to see its walls in woful plight!

[1] Vide supra, p. 90, note[4]. The two short lines which follow in 23 L 37, which are given in the variant readings on the preceding page, but which do not belong to this poem, may be translated:

Would, O stone, that thou wert glass,
That we might see who lies beneath.

[2] Cathair Maothal, for which see Part i, p. 88.

[3] Anna ní Urthuile, wife of Seán de Búrc of Cathair Maothal, vide Part i, pages 88–91.

II

Caṫair Maoṫal i mbeirt bróin
cóir gan ceilt a daorḟuil dúinn
'r naḃ bí riortḟoiṁ real um ċéill
naḃ réil d'ḟear an iortaiḋ úir.

III

Ḟoiṁ ár maoiṫe ir minic d'ḟóir
firean ċaoiḋḃe ir cóir ár mbáiḟ,
oċ amoḋ a ċlann i ḟeriaiḋ
tall a liaiḟ fad ċion don ċáiḋ.

IV

A ḟin ċorrḃaoṁ ċlainne an áir
do ḋáil fortḃéim faille fuair,
aḟ fin feannfa fceol don ḋáiṁ
fráiḟ ir daṁna deor a huaiḟ.

V

An eanḟḃaile ar hoileaḋ í
eanḟ ir ḟar do ḟoineaḋ lé,
fáṫ a cuirne Cáit a bí
ir tuirre an tí don áit ir é.

VI

I Leaṫ Moḟa ir annaṁ eanḟ
leam ir toḟṫa fóir ir fonn
ioná treaḃ an laoiṫ fa lán
maoiṫ a mál ir cneaḋ im ċom.

VII

D'éitteaḋt feinḟe na ḟeiab ḟelaon
ciaṫ uim ċaoḃ na heinḟe ir fál,
tiḟ do ḟruaim a cinn ór cionn
naḃ binn liom aṫt uaim a hál.

III, l. 2 mbáiḟ. V, l. 3 cáit.

II

Cathair Maothal, thus apparelled in a garb of mournfulness,
I must not in silence pass now over its distressful wail,
Since no clamour-forcing anguish ever came upon my mind,
But was by the owner of this noble treasure-house observed.

III

Frequently hath he relieved the pain and anguish of my woe,
Whence my zeal and my affection unto him are ever due,
Since to-day, alas, his children buried lie beneath the clay,
Find a place, Divine Physician, near Thee for the faultless man.

IV

On his beauteous-bodied daughter, child of combat-loving clan,
Unexpectedly hath fallen a destructive heavy blow,
There, behold the cause which filleth with dismay the learned bands,
Flood-producing, ebb-absorbing, tearful sea-strand is her grave.

V

Home, where she was reared and fostered, girt around with its demesne,
Home and land have both been wounded by a well-nigh fatal blow,
Torpid chill occasioned by the loss of Cáit,[1] who was its life,
And by the despondent languor of the master of the place.

VI

There is scarce, methinks, a region to be found throughout Leath Mhogha[2]
More deserving of selection for its lands and charity
Than this hero's tribe and nation with its numbers and its wealth;
Ah, the anguish of its princes is a sore wound to my breast.

VII

By the death of the enchanting lady of the flowing locks
Wall of dismal mist envelops all the land on every side,
From the gloom her loss occasions one thing more hath come to pass,
Ever shall I miss her children, never gladdened be by them.

---

[1] Called Caitilin, infra, R. XIX.

[2] Leath Mhogha, the southern half of Ireland; vide Part I, p. 56, note [1].

VIII

Ó nać cumġaim péaḋ ḟá ṗíṗ
buḋ ḋéaḋ ṗuim ṗe ṗonnaḋ ṗuaiṁ
ní ṗáṁ ṗilleaḋ ná clop cáiġ
linġeaḋ na nḋáil ná ḟop uaiḋ.

IX

Méala an ógṡ̇laċ ḃannḋa ḃúiḋ
cpannḋa ḟá ḟóḋḃpaṫ an áiṗ
ṗa ḃiaċt púil ṗe ṗuan ṗán ṗeiṁ
ḋá béim a ṗṗúill tṗuaġ ḋo ṫáil.

X

Céile an eo ó an uamna nġil
monuaṗ beo ġo ṗiaḋ nać ṗaiḃ
ainḋṗeann ḟoinn an alṫċaoiṁ ġlaiṁ
muiḋ ġo loiṁ ġo laċtċṗaoiḃ n-aiṗ.

XI

Ḋá n-aoṁaḋ ḋia ḋiṗi ḋul
i ṗeilḃ ṗáṫa na ṗóḋ nġlan
ḋ'ḟiaḋ na ṗṗeaḃ iṗ ḟuaiṗġeal ḟuṗ
buḋ bean ḟial ḋo ḃuaiḋṗeaḋ blaḋ.

XII

Ġeallaiḋ a ġníoṁa poiṁ pé
ḃaineaṗ iaċ ḋá ḋoċaḋ ḃí
ġo maḋ clú ḋá cine lé
cpé na cnú ba ġile ġnaoi.

XIII

Baḋ ġeall ḋíola ḋo ċléiṗ cṗoṗ
ḋ'éiġṗiḃ iṗ ḋ'ḟóiṗ ḃoċt ġo mblaṗ
ṗtuaḋ na ḋtláṫġlún bá ṗaoṗ ṗliop
ó liop na ġcṗaoḃ nġnáṫúṗ nġlaṗ.

IX, l. 1 bannḋa ḃúiġ. X, l. 3 an ttṗéan ḟoinn. l. 4 muiġ. XII, l. 2 banaṗ iaṫh ḋa Soṫaḋ (*leg.* ḋoṫaḋ?) ḋi. l. 4 bá.

---

[1] Uamna is seemingly a place-name. Father Edm. Hogan, in his Onomasticon Goedelicum, has the following places which resemble Uamna in spelling: In Uamama (Navan), Cath Omna (not identified), Port omna (Portumna), Uí Chille ón Omnæ (a branch of the Uí Corpri). As there were various tribes of Uí Corpri in Munster, Uamna is, perhaps, situated in that province.

VIII

Since it is not in my power to do anything, alas,
That would form an efficacious palisade around my sleep,
There is now no soothing rest in seeing, hearing anyone,
In approaching crowds assembled or in staying far from them.

IX

Sad it is to see the princess, charming, ladylike, and young,
Lying withered, spent, and helpless 'neath the fatal pall of earth,
While so many eyes looked forward to the gentle one for rest,
Now by reason of her death-blow sorrow flows in streams of tears.

X

Loved companion of the salmon from the Uamna[1] bright and fair,
'Tis a cause of lively sorrow that the rough and rugged land[2]
Of the pure and gracious hero was not clear and open ground,
Fertile plain in milk abounding, decked with sapful branching trees.

XI

If God should consent in mercy to permit her to obtain
Entrance into the possession of the rath[3] of spotless roads,
There in presence of the rivers, limpid, satiating, cool,
Liberal and noble lady, she would gain triumphant fame.

XII

By her deeds she hath already promise of security,
Property in prospect for her, birthright for her family,[4]
May renown and reputation with it to her tribe accrue
Through the clay belonging to the darling nut of charming mien.

XIII

Pledge of payment and redress to clerics who endure the cross,
To throngs of poor, to learned poets with refined and pleasant taste
Was the graceful-sided lady, stately arch of tender limbs,
From the fort of spreading branches,[5] mansion ever fresh and green.

---

[2] I read aindreann for Ms. an ccréann. It is required in order to give the necessary alliteration.

[3] Heaven.

[4] The word ḋoćaḋ for Ms. Soćaḋ is required by the law of alliteration.

[5] Lios na geraobh is here taken by me as a descriptive epithet of Cathair Maothal, already mentioned in the poem; but it may be a variant for Lios na Coille, the residence of William Bourke, the brother of John Bourke of Cathair Maothal.

XIV

A céile ir báilteaċ na biaiḋ
    fáilteaċ an ḟéile gan uaill,
doġní neaṁċlú a dtug na tóir
    donróiṁ rug a ġealċnú uaiḋ.

XV

Eirion uimpe ní balc bán
    braiċteap a ḃronnta fa ḃrón
mar ir cuḃaiḋ fe céill triall
    riar don ċléir ir cuṁaiḋ lór.

XVI

Ní grádḋ diombuan daoi dar leat
    tug Éamonn d'úrċairi a folt
ná dá dearcḟuan fa ḋruim leac
    aċt fearc ruim naċ creatḟuar corr.

XVII

Martra an baile fá dual dó
    ḃeiṫ ar eaċtra truaġ mar tá,
an ḟail gan lic na luing ċlú
    go raiḃ fa ċuing ṁic na mná.

XVIII

An treaḃ ċuṁċaċ adċiu i dtáṁ
    cluċair a gráḋ liom go luan,
rin mar oirear fréaṁ mo rún
    don dún oileap tréan ir truaġ.

XIX

An fear céadna ccc.:

Do ċarar í gan ċealg croiḋe fa ḋrong go deo
an ċaċair ċoinnleaċ ḋearcaim fillte i gclúda ceo
ir geallaim tríd fa aradḃríġ na mionn ir mó
gur fearḃ linn uim Ċaisilín do ḃúrc a brón.

XX

Mairearíoġan ealaḟíreaċ ionnraic óg
doḃ ḟearra cuing dá ḃraca roinn ar iomċur ċóir,
aċċuingim ó d'aċrurġ rí na ndúl a cló
tré ḟearraiḃ Ċríort go realḃuiġe na dúiṫe glóir.

XIV, l. 3 do ní neaṁ clú. XVI, l. 3 fá druim. XVII, l. 3 loing.
XVIII, l. 2 cluċair. XIX, l. 3 aradḃrí. XX, l. 1 óig.

XIV

Lavish in dispensing is her loving spouse since she is gone,
Kind and open-hearted is his prideless hospitality,
Which reduceth to oblivion all he spent on her account,
Since his darling fair is from him snatched away unto the tomb.

XV

By his grief for her he is not made a hardened barren soil;
Let his presents and his sorrow be by one and all observed;
He adopts a course of conduct which beseems a prudent mind,
Needy clerks relieving kindly in the midst of keen regret.

XVI

'Tis no commonplace, inconstant, churlish love, you must admit,
That by Éamonn[1] once was given to the fresh plaits of her hair,
And to her bright eye now closed in sleep of death 'neath crushing stone,
But affection such as stirs not in a cold-rifed body's frame.

XVII

Sorrowful it is to see his castle's bleeding martyrdom,
Castle, which is now engaged in struggling fearlessly with woe,
Ring, which now hath lost the brightest gem its costly setting had,
May it faithfully continue subject to Our Lady's Son.

XVIII

The dejected tribe I see now in the swooning trance of death
Ever will by me be warmly loved until the day of doom;
That is what beseems the longings deeply rooted in my soul
For the castle which doth cherish strong and weak in charity.

XIX

Idem cecinit

I have loved it and its folk without deceit,
Cathair[2] brilliant, which I see in mist-robe wrapt,
By the virtue of the greatest oaths I swear
Bitter to me is its grief for Caitilín Bourke.

XX

Beauteous queen of blameless youth and swanlike neck,
Best of all whom I have seen for conduct just,
Since creation's King hath changed her mien I pray
She may gain her home of bliss by grace of Christ.

[1] The family name of Éamonn, the husband of Caitilín de Búrc, is not known.
[2] Cathair Maothal, vide Part I, p. 88.

XVIII.—Caḃair ċaibḋean ʒean ꝑlaċa

24° Ian., 1675 [= 1676 N.S.]

[Mss.: Maynooth, II (m); R. I. A., 23 G 24, p. 292 (G), 23 L 37, p. 129 (L). The poem is entitled Ḋáiḃiḋ ó ḃruaḋair ccc. (m, G), January 24th, 1675 (L)—that is, 1676 new style. The scribe of L adds the date of transcription at the end of the poem, "Copied carefully by me Jno. Stack, Jan. 6°, 1708/9." The three concluding stanzas (Rr. XXVI–XXVIII) are wanting in m, but found in G and L.

The poem is written in self-defence on the occasion of an estrangement between the poet and his patron caused by certain ill-defined accusations brought against him (R. III), and criticisms passed upon him (R. XVIII) by his enemies (R. VIII). Whatever the accusations or criticisms were, his patron gave ear to them, and the poet incurred his displeasure (Rr. IV, V). David characterizes the charges as baseless insinuations (R. IV), secret whisperings (Rr. XXII–XXVI), and a slandering of the ancient customs of the learned (R. XV). He does not mention the name of his patron, taking it for granted that everybody will know to

I

Caḃair ċaibḋean ʒean ꝑlaċa
ar ṫiʒ uaill a n-iomċaċa
córaċ ḋá ḋteann ṫiʒ
maḋ ꝑeanʒ mórꝑlaċ le minḋiʒ.

II

Aiċnim ꝑiuḋ oruiḃ ir orm
a ḃuinʒe na ḃꝑear ḃꝑialċorm
ʒibé tú ḋá ꝑinnim ꝑin
ir tú ḋom innill imniḋ.

III

Má tá náp ġairear do ġrúiʒ
ḋá ndearntaoi meaḋ re mionꝑcrúiḋ
ꝑam croċta ʒan cionaḋ réil
tre iolar loċta mo loirꝑcéil.

IV

Héirteaċt ꝑiu nímpiʒ a lear
an ḃream ꝑorálar m'aiṁlear
óḋ ġnúir níp caḃair ċoḃraiḋ
ꝑalaiḋ ʒan ċúir ʒcoṁꝑoraiḋ.

I, l. 1 caibḋean, m. l. 3, this line contains only five syllables, m, G, L. l. 4 maḋ, L; mínḋiʒ, m. II, l. 3 ꝑinim, L; ꝑeimim, m. l. 4 ḋom innill, m, L. III, l. 2 meaḋ, L. IV, l. 1 nim ꝑiʒ, L. l. 4 ċúir a ccoṁꝑoruiḋ, m.

XVIII.—A PRINCE'S SMILE IS THE OUTCAST'S HELP

24th January, 1675/6

whom he addresses his poem when he describes him as an ġuala ġill ġnáċgaiṙce, constant valour's guard and pledge (R. XXIII). There can be little doubt, I think, that Sir John Fitzgerald of Claonghlais is the patron referred to, as in a poem addressed to Sir John in the following September there is an allusion to this estrangement (vide infra, Poem XXI, p. 154).

Metre: (1) Rr. I–XXV, Deibide. The rann consists of four heptasyllabic lines, in which the final words of the second and fourth lines exceed by one syllable the final words of the first and third lines respectively. Its scheme may be represented $\{7^{n+(n+1)}\}^{(1+2)+(3+4)}$. But there are some lines which have less than seven syllables; for instance, there are only five syllables in R. I, l. 3, and six in R. XXI, l. 1, and R. XXIV, l. 3.

(2) Rr. XXVI–XXVIII, Amḟán:

(∪) 1 ∪ ∪ ó ∪ ó ∪ 1 ∪ ó.]

I

A prince's smile is the outcast's help,
A source of pride to their serried ranks,
But the way to bring them to straits is this,
To thin strong ale[1] with a liquor light.

II

I see that both in thee and me,
Festive youth of the bounteous beer,
Whoe'er I be who now sing this strain,
'Tis thou alone hast brought grief to me.

III

Although thy frown I did not revere,
Didst thou but weigh with exactness all,
I have been hanged for unproven crime,
Replete with faults though my sad tale be.

IV

'Tis no gain for me that thou listenest thus
To those who strive to effect my loss,
No steadfast help from thy face proceeds,
But wrath without a substantial cause.

[1] There is a pun in this line, founded on the double meaning of the word ṙlaiċ, ale and prince.

v

Caḃair náp ḃliġeaṗ ó ḋ ḃṗeaċ
beaṗnaḋ bainne ḋom ḃiṗeaċ
tṗom oiṗne níoṗ ḋéanta ḋuiḃ
maḋ ḟoilṁe iṗ eaṗca ḋ'ḟoġuil.

vi

Foilṁe iaḋṗan ionnáṗ mé
ġeaḋ iaḋ aṗ muin na muice
luċt taiṗġṫe mo taṫaoiṗ piḃ
aṫḃṗaoim cailġce pomṗiṫniḋ.

vii

Ní éilṁim éaġcóiṗ ġníoṁa
aṗ haġaiḋ úiṗ ḟinnlíoġa
aċt a ġṗuaim ḋo ġnáṫ pinne
tṗé ḟuaim ġan ḟáṫ fíṗinne.

viii

Aġ fiaḋaċ oiṗne ḋo ḟáṗ
aicme naċ oiṗ aċt ḋ'anḟáṗ
mó conaiṗ céim iṗ eaṗaiṗ
ḋom ḟéinn ḟoġail ainḃḟeaṗaiġ.

ix

Aṗ ionṫaiḃ aoinneiċ uaṗail
ġé tú uċt ṗe a n-iolġuaṗaiḃ
ó táim iṗ ṫeaṗc mo ṫime
ṗe gláim na nġealt n-inġṗime.

x

Luiḃ íce mo ṫṗéaċt ġcoiṗe
luiḃ iṗ annṗa aṗtġloine
ṗe ġnáṗ ġeaṁġoile na ḃṗeaṗ
ṗáṗ cṗeaṁuiṗe ḋo cluiṫeaḋ.

---

v, l. 2 biṗeaċ, m, L. vi, l. 1 ṁé, L. l. 4 liḃ, m. vii, l. 1 eilṁim, m, L; ġníoṁa, m. l. 2 ḟínnlíoġḋa, m. l. 3 ġnáiṫ, m. l. 4 ṗáiṫ, m. viii, l. 1 ṗiaġaċ, m. l. 3 mó ċonaiṗ, L; mó conaiṗ, m. l. 4 oġail, L. ix, l. 1 aoinḋe, L. l. 3 ó táim, m, L. l. 4 gláiṁ, m, L; nġeal, m. x, l. 3 ġeaṁġoile, m, L. l. 4 cṗeamuiṗe, L; cṗeaṁuiṗe, m.

---

[1] The stream of my prosperity.

[2] To be on the pig's back means to be safe and secure. The allusion finds its explanation in the story of the death of Diarmaid ó Duibhne (vide Part i, p. 41,

V

Not due to me from thy countenance
Was help which sappeth my welfare's milk ;[1]
Thou oughtest not to have crushed me so,
Vainly preying on need and want.

VI

Yet they are poorer by far than I,
Although they are on the pig's back[2] now
Who dared to slander me thus to thee,
Poisoned stings that have made me quake.

VII

My charge is not that thy noble face,
So fair in hue, hath done deed unjust,
But that it ever doth frown on me,
Misled by tales without truthful cause.

VIII

There hath arisen to hunt me down
A horde fit only for what is base ;
Better litter and way and step
They, my ignorant spoilers, have.[3]

IX

Whilst patronised by a noble man,
To many risks though I be exposed,
Small, indeed, is the fear inspired
By howls of madmen assailing me.

X

Healing herb of my sinful wounds,
Herb most dear, most sublimely pure,
Against the habits of snarlers thou
Providest cure like a herbalist.[4]

---

note [11]). When attacked by the magic boar of Beann Gulbain (Benbulbin, a remarkable hill in the parish of Drumcliff, barony of Carbury, Co. Sligo), Diarmaid was tossed by the boar, but he was lucky enough to come down on the animal's back. In the boar's wild career afterwards Diarmaid was safe, as long as he managed to retain his seat on the boar's back, but when he was thrown off he was soon wounded mortally by the infuriated animal (Transactions of the Ossianic Society, vol. III).

[3] I am not sure of the text or of the translation of these last two lines.

[4] Here again the translation is rather doubtful.

XI

Sáp fuaiṁnigḋe fpiuḃ ip peol
ceapḋ cpuaiḋḃiopaigḋe cineol
an ḋionn eagnaiḋ ip geal gníoṁ
eaḋpain ip meap na mionṁíol.

XII

Ḋo ḟíllior náp bpeappa ḋam
eangaċ úipiapuinn umam
ionó ḋeallpaḋ ḋo ḋeipc ṁaill
gop beapnaḋ ḋon mbeipt n-iompaill.

XIII

Ḃia ionnam ḋeaḡpún ḋaoiḃpe
gé atú amuiċ ḋá meapaoiḃpe
ioná i longaiḃ na mbpéag mbáin
mongaiḡ naċ péaḋ gan poċnáṁ.

XIV

Ḃia ionann oipeap ḋ'uaiple
glóip pe puin na píopuaiple
pe ap ċuḃaiḋ báiḋ ḋo ḃile
tap ulaiḃ áil aointine.

XV

Aóḃap pór pa ḋeapa ḋam
aóṁolaḋ ḋuinn do ḋéanaṁ
ḋaoipeaċt meapḋána na mac
peanḋála paoiḋeaċt ḋ'ionnlac.

XI, l. 1 fpuiḃ, m; fpiuḃ, L. l. 3 eagna, m. l. 4 eaḋpuinn, m, L; mionṁiol, L; mínṁíol, m. XII, l. 1 ḟileap, m; ḟiollior, L. l. 3 maill, L. l. 4 géap, m; gop, L. XIII, l. 4 ṗioċnaṁ, m. XIV, l. 1 ionnán, m; ionnan, L. XV, l. 1 áóḃap, m; aḃap (and so frequently), L; pa ḋeapa, m; pá ḋeape, L. l. 2 ḋúinn, m; ḋúinn, L. l. 3 ḋaoipreaċt, m.

[1] In this line David Ó Bruadair uses the exact words, ḋionn eagnaiḋ, fortress of wisdom, that occur in the eulogy of his namesake Duibhlitir Ó Bruadair, who died in the year 991:—

XI

Cause of calm unto stream and sail,
Nation-builder with steel spear armed,
Wisdom's fortress[1] of brightest deeds,
Raised 'twixt me and these insects' rage.

XII

I saw I should not be better off
When clad in network of armour bright
Than in the sheen of thy quiet eye
Which interrupted my erring deeds.

XIII

More love have I in my heart for thee,
Although debarred from indulging it,
Than all the dwellings of white lies[2] hold,
Hairy wights who can't keep from sneers.

XIV

The meetest glory of noble men,
Till true nobility's end be reached,
Is to duly love an heroic chief
Despite the scoffs of a jealous brood.

XV

Another reason which urgeth me
To eulogize and extol the prince
Is the reckless baseness of youths who dare
To blame the methods of ancient seers.

Duibhlitir binn eagnai uaigh
ba buaidh fheefhai fhi ceé mbáigh
ba fuí leighinn leabhaidh lóir
ba dluiṁ óir or Éirinn ám. (F.M. 990).

Duibhlitir, perfect wisdom's fort,
Impregnable to all assaults,
Learned sage of many tomes,
Golden blaze o'er Erin great.

[2] White lies: mendacia officiosa.

XVI

Ḋá ċur i gcéill naċ cpeiḋim
ó aor ḃrṫa an ḟuaipṗceiḋill
naċ mé mipe d'aṁḋeoin ḋall
geaḋ bpipe bpaimṫeneoin m'ḟulang.

XVII

Aiṫnim inn ip m'aipce anuap
ní um claoiḋṫe pe a gcionnluap
cup eiċ pe ḟolṫóṗuim Oġaim
bpeiṫ otpuiḋ go n-iomċoṗainn.

XVIII

Ó tá neaṁċion ċáiċ um ċionn
pan mbiṫ naċ táil aċt timċioll
ḋoġéan ḋaṁ mo ḋán ṗeapta
ní cnáṁ claṁ gaċ cpuaiḋṁeapta.

XIX

Cá cóṗa do éanaiḃ aiḋeoip
peapnaḋ puaipc a paoiṗċimeoil
'na ḋtoiṗċim óp coill dá gcuip
ionná oiṗċill m'ḟoinn ḋam ċaḃuip?

XX

Mapḃċap me nó leigċeap ap
ní aḋpuim éagcóip ḟollap
ní ḋú beapḃa ḋom ḃinn
map ċlú d'ealḃa naċ aiṫnim.

XVI, l. 1 ḋa cup, L; cpeiḋiṁ, m. l. 2 ṁipe, L. XVII, l. 2 ċlaoiḋṫe, m; ceinluap, m. l. 3 'Oġaim, L. l. 4 nimċopuinn, m; mioṁċopainn, L. XVIII, l. 2 mbiṫ, L. l. 3 do ḋéan, m; do ḋean, L; ḋam, m. XIX, l. 1 aeḋeoip, m; aiḋeoip, L. XX, l. 3 ḋu, L; ḋú, m. binn, m, L. l. 4 clu, m, L.

---

[1] Prayers of vulgar imprecations, writers of worthless satirical ballads.

[2] Cf. Iac. I, 17, Omne datum optimum et omne donum perfectum desursum est; descendens a Patre luminum.

[3] The epithet 'shag-backed' is justified by the appearance which the letter-

XVI

Know that, in spite of the blind, I don't
Believe the chanters of frigid sheets,[1]
Who state that I am beside myself,
Loud, indeed, though my woes resound.

XVII

From above I know come my gifts and I,[2]
Nor am I crushed by their waywardness;
Should I yoke a steed to the shag-backed Ogham,[3]
I should then bring forth but a fetid birth.

XVIII

Since I must face the contempt of all,
Whose muse ne'er rained except near at hand,[4]
I shall ply my art[5] for myself henceforth,
Censure's scabs are not always bones.[6]

XIX

Is it more just that the birds of heaven
By the cheerful strains of their tribe so free
Be lulled to sleep on the forest trees[7]
Than that I be helped by my muse's care?

XX

Put me to death or set me free,
To rank injustice I will not bow;
It is not meet that my fame be scorched
To win renown for a herd I scorn.

---

strokes present in Ogham inscriptions. There is an allusion in this line to some such story as that of Pegasus yoked to a plough-horse in classical mythology. The lofty spirit of the muse is broken when associated with the clumsy efforts of an ignorant versifier.

[4] Those who have not got a wide reputation for poetry.

[5] Or, "I will sing my songs."

[6] The meaning is that the scurvy or scabs (i.e. mistakes) which critics rejoice in discovering in the compositions of others often turn out to be quite worthless and unsubstantial.

[7] In this stanza we have an example of that love of nature which is common in the best early Irish poets.

XXI

Beiċ dá péir do poiċċeap me
don ġríb dáp ḃúċa dile
do aop ionġaip na ndapt pomċáip
ionṁain an gapt geam ġeapáin.

XXII

Duppain a ċlop dáp gcluaipne
eo gan aonalt anuaiple
nim ṗopcéalaiḃ cáiċ ap ceal
popcéapaiḋ cáiċ pe toilṗeap.

XXIII

Ainm an laoiċ pi pe laḃpaim
bíṫ naċ bponnaim bapaṁlaim
go maḋ tualainn inn a aipce
an ngualainn ngill ngnáċġaipce.

XXIV

Gibé pe ḃpil áp ḃpoipéaḋ
dia gan oċ dá ṗíopċoiṁéaḋ
tuigpiḋ péin am eile
méin geaḋ mall gaċ muintipe.

XXV

Aonċu áċuip do paoileaḋ
uaip éigin dom aċṁaoineaḋ
ip ppiċip a ċpéan peam ċoiġ
pcéal pomċpiċniḋ map ċaḃaip.

XXVI

Romċpiċniḋ go póill an pcóp po ag puiġlib páip
dom inġpeim beo pá ḃóp̀ḋ le poill map ṗáp
'p an t-uḃall ġuipt cóip i gcóiġe ip cpíne bápp
dá pipeaḋ ap ló go peolpaḋ o'ṗípḃeiċ bláċ.

XXI, l. 1 beiċ, m, L; do omitted, m, L, thus leaving the line one syllable short; po ċeap, m; poiċċeap ṁe, L. l. 2 ḃúċa, m; ḃuċa, L. l. 4 geam ġeapáin, m; geumġeapáin, L, m. XXII, l. 3 poipgéalaiḃ, m. l. 4 poipgeapaḋ, m; porgéapaiḋ, L. XXIII, l. 1 ainim, m, L. l. 2 bponnaim omitted, m; bponaim, L. l. 3 tualang, m. l. 4 a ngualuing ġill ġaipge, m. XXIV, l. 1 gibé, m; gioḋ bé, L; pe ḃpil, L; pea ḃpuil, m. l. 3 tuicpiḋ péin am, L; tuicpiḋ aṁuil, m; this line has only six syllables. XXV, l. 1 aċuip, L; aċip, m; do ṗaoilġiḋ, m. l. 2 aċṁaoiniḋ, m. l. 3 peum, L; peam, m. XXVI, l. 2 inġpeim, G; poill, L; paill, G; ṗap, L: ráp, G. l. 3 pan tubullġuipt cop, L; pan tuballġuipt, G; bap, L; báp, G. l. 4 pipḋe, G.

XXI

It tortured me that the griffin-chief,[1]
Whose due is love, should attend to men,
Who with impious darts[2] have dishonoured me,
Dear to whom are the plaints of fame.[3]

XXII

'Tis woe to hear that a salmon[4] fair
Without one trait of ignobleness
By secret tales was induced to stop
His intercourse with a loving friend.

XXIII

The name of the hero whom I address,
Though I have not given, I think I can
Supply at least its equivalent;
"Constant Valour's Protective Pledge."

XXIV

May God securely preserve my love
From sigh of sorrow, whoe'er he be,
All will know him some other time,
Though slow to move be the people's mind.

XXV

A hound distinguished for triumph was
Thought to have once degraded me,
His power pressed sore on my dwelling-place,
Tale of help that hath made me quake!

XXVI

This license accorded to worthless productions hath caused me to quake,
Vexed by an engine of satire, which covertly wounds to the quick;
Whilst a trim orchard apple-tree, set in a province renowned for its fruits,
Has to seek for the light of the day to provide a true bee[5] with a bud.

---

[1] Griffin, like salmon in the following stanza, is one of the many laudatory epithets of a chieftain in the figurative language of Irish poets.

[2] Darts: satirical utterances: cf. supra, p. 46, n.[2].

[3] Who dearly love to see honourable people in distress.

[4] Salmon: used figuratively for a chieftain.

[5] Ꝑſṗbeaċ, a true bee, is a common epithet of a diligent poet; compare the epithet 'apis argumentosa' applied by the Church to St. Cecilia.

XXVII

Re buinge ḋon ṗóir naċ mórṫaṗ ċoiḋċe tláṫ
le gcluinteaṗ an ngó 'ṗ an ṗeoḋolc ṗíor ḋom ċáil
geaḋ iomaṗcaċ óirne an ṗcórnaċ ṗcaoilid cáċ
níor ċuḃaiḋ cuṗ eolaiṗ póite an ṗṗuimpiollám.

XXVIII

Siṗimṗe ḋó go róḋa ṗí na ngṗáṗ
an t-iomaiṗe cóiṗ go ḋeoiḋ 'ṗa naiṁḋe aṗ láṗ
ṗulang naċ ṗóil ṗe ṗóṗlann ṗṗaoiċ na n-áṗo
iṗ naċ imiṗ aċt óirne aṗ óige a ḃṗíġ go bṗáṫ.

XIX.—I N-ÁIT AN ḂARRAIḠ ḂRÍOḠMAIR

6° Martii, 1675 [= 1676 N. S.]

[Ms.: R. I. A., 23 L 37 is the only Ms. in which I have found this poem. It has there the heading, 6° Martii, 1675, Ḋáiḃi ua ḃṗuaḋaiṗ ccc., and at the end of the poem the scribe adds: Seaġan Stac ḋo ṗo ṗgṗioḃ an 22 lá Xbr., 1708.

The poem is an address to Raemonn mac Ḋaiṁ ḃṗuaiḋ ḃṗíde (Rr. III, IV), Redmond Mac Adam Barry from the banks of the river Bride, Co. Cork, craving his assistance against foes, and begging him to relieve the distress to which he has been reduced since his cattle died (R. VIII). He tells us that he has travelled across the mountain in poverty and weakness (R. VII) in consequence of the letter of recommendation which he had received from another patron of his, a lion-hearted man, before the latter went beyond the sea (R. II). Who this person was is doubtful. It is natural to suppose that it was his usual patron, Sir John Fitzgerald of Claonghlais, but the first line of the poem makes it probable that it is rather one of the Barry family who is referred to. It may have been Richard, the third Earl of Barrymore, for though he was English in politics and a Protestant in religion, he must have shown favour to Irish poets, as he was celebrated by contemporary bards on the occasion of his death in 1694; but I am unable to trace the movements of either of these two noblemen at the date of this poem's composition.

The Mac Adam Barrys were a branch of the Barrymore family who settled at Ratheormack in the north of the barony of Barrymore in the County of Cork.

I

I n-áit an ḃaṗṗaiġ ḃṗíoġmaiṗ
ó ataoi id ċléiṫ ṗe coigcṗíoċaiḋ
a ġṗíoḃ ṗéaġain do ċuaṗ toil
géaṗaiḋ do ġṗuaḋ peum ḃíoḋḃoiḋ.

XXVII, l. 1 ċaoiḋċe, L. l. 2 an ngó, G, L. XXVIII, l. 1 ṗíġ, G, L. l. 4 bṗaċ, L. L adds this note: "Copied carefully per me Jno. Stack, January 6°, 1708" [= 1709].

I, l. 1 ḃaṗaicc.

XXVII

The vigorous sprout of a tribe which hath never been famed to be weak,
On hearing the falsehoods and slanders, which wither and blast my esteem,
Though others are freely discharging their scurrilous gorges at me,
To the drunken discourses of beetles should never have paid any heed.

XXVIII

I pray that the King of all grace may for ever in mercy preserve
The high-crested ridge,[1] without malice, and humble his foes to the ground,
That his patience may ne'er be exposed to the fury of tyrants on high,
Nor be called on to show forth its vigour to anyone ever but me.

XIX.—IN THE MIGHTY BARRACH'S PLACE

6th March, 1675/6

Anne, a daughter of the Redmond Barry of Rathcormack mentioned in this poem, married Samuel Hartwell, Esq., and after he was slain at the battle of Landen in 1693, married secondly the Dean of Kilmore, the Rev. Wm. Jephson, by whom she had a daughter Mary. Mary, who died in 1760, was married to James, the third son of William O'Brien, third Earl of Inchiquin, and was mother of Murrough, fifth Earl of Inchiquin. Catharine, the second daughter of Redmond Barry by his first wife Mary, daughter of John Boyle, Esq., of Castlelyons, Co. Cork, was the first wife of Alan Brodrick, the first Viscount Midleton, and mother of St. John Brodrick, who died 1727. This Rathcormack family were closely related to the Barrys of Ballynaclogh, Tignageeragh, and Dundullerick, in the same barony of Barrymore: vide Tadhg Ó Donnchadha, Dánta Sheáin na Raithíneach, pp. xxxiii–xxxvii, and pp. 202, 203. Gaelic League: Dublin, 1907.

Metre: (1) Rr. I–V. Deibide, already described in the introduction to the preceding poem, supra, p. 133.

(2) Rr. IV–VIII. Airpán:

U a U U ía U ía U é U í.]

I

In the mighty Barrach's[2] place
Since thou art the strangers' shield,
Stately griffin,[3] boding fair,
Edge thy face against my foes.

[1] A prince, a prominent person.

[2] An Barrach: the head of some branch of the Barrys, probably used here for An Barrach Mór, the Earl of Barrymore, who at the date of this poem was Richard, the second Earl, born November, 1630, succeeded September, 1642, and died November, 1694.

[3] A laudatory epithet for a nobleman or other distinguished person.

II

Ria ndul don leoḟan tar leap
do ċuir a láṁ ra litear
i ḟcóir ċneaṗuiḟṫe mo ċréaċt
tóir ir tseaṗuiḟṫe óḃ ċroiḃeaċt.

III

A ṁeic Áḃaiṁ ḃruaiċ Ḃríḟḋe
m'ornaḋ ní ḟuaim ḟonaoiḃe
m'aiċḃeoḟaḋ ir clú doḋ ċlor
ór tú an t-aiċleoḟan ḟéador.

IV

A Réamoinn an poirc uaine
éirt ṗeam éaḟnaċ aonuaire
mian mo ċaḃra baḋ ḋual duit
a ṗtuaḋ ċalma an ċlaonḟuilt.

V

A ḃile don ḃreatḟuil ḟlain
aṁail ir cubaiḋ conḟain
doṫ ḟóir ní ṗeanaiḋ naċ ríor
um ċóir dá leanaiḋ láindíol.

VI

A ċaċḃile niaḋta d'ḟialḟuil ḟéinne ḃriot
ir do haiċleaḟaḋ iar i dtriaċḟuil Éirionnaċ
dom ċaḃairre triall dá n-iarra céim ḟan ḟuċ
ní ṗeanaiḋ ar iarraiḋ riaṁ a Réamoinn duit.

VII

Ní bolḟaċ liaċ ní ḟiaḃrar ḟéiċleannaċ
ní caradar cian ní ḟiaḋaċ cléċluiċe
ní bradairpeaċt ċiar ná iarṁuirt éiċiḟ tuḟ
mo ċairre ḟan ciaċ tar ḟliaḋ doṫ éiliomra.

II, l. 3 cneaṗaiḟṫe. III, l. bríde. l. 2 ṁorna. l. 3 ṁaiċḃeoḟaḋ. IV, l. 1 uaiċne. V, l. 2 conḟnaiṁ has been corrected to conḟain by the scribe. l. 3 ṗeannaiḋ. VI, l. 4, ṗeannaiḋ. VII, l. 2 ní ċaradar; clé cluiċe.

[1] Lion refers most likely to the same person as An Barrach in the first stanza; otherwise Sir John Fitzgerald might be intended.

II

Ere the lion[1] crossed the sea,
He by hand and letter sought
To arrange to heal my wounds,
Worthy task for thy brave hand.

III

Mac Adam[2] from the banks of Bride,[3]
My sigh is not a mocking sound,
Reviving me will swell thy fame,
Second lion thou, who can.

IV

Réamonn[4] of the verdant eye,
Hearken to my special plaint,
Fain to help me thou shouldst be,
Fearless arch of flowing hair.

V

Prince of Britain's[5] purest blood,
Help me as is meet and just,
Thy people's record ne'er shall fail
As long as they supply my wants.

VI

Chivalrous war-chief of British knights' noble blood,
Refined in the lordliest Irish blood afterwards,
Haste to my help, if thou seekest unsullied fame,
Who ne'er hadst to seek for thy records in history.[6]

VII

It is not the grey pox nor feverish nervousness,
Long-lasting friendship[7] nor hunting for wickedness,
Thievery dark nor lurking lie bringeth me
Over the hills to thee, weakly and walletless.

---

[2] A branch of the Barryroe family, settled at Rathcormack in the barony of Barrymore, Co. Cork, adopted the Irish name Mac Adam.

[3] A tributary of the river Blackwater, Co. Cork. It flows by Rathcormack.

[4] Réamonn (Redmond) Mac Adam Barry; see the Introduction to this poem.

[5] Britain: cf. Part I, p. 54, n.[1].

[6] The fame of thy family is accessible to all, even to those who are not students of history.

[7] Or perhaps absence of friends.

VIII

Ní ꝑcannail ḋoḋ niaṁċꝑuiċ bꝑiaċaꝑ ꝑéiḋ ḋo ċuꝑ
le caꝑaiḋ a ꝑian naċ mianaċ méiꝑleaċaiꝑ
níl ꝷalaꝑ am ċliaḃꝑa aċt ꝷꝑian mo ꝑꝑé ḋo ḋul
iꝑ ꝷuꝑ ċailleaꝑ mo ċiall an ḋia noċ ḋ'éaꝷaḋaꝑ.

XX.—A ĊIARRAOI CAOINIḎ ÉAMONN

Maꝑḃnaḋ m'ꝑíoꝑċompáin ċumainn .i. 'Ꝼamonn mac an ꝑiḋiꝑe.

[Ms.: R. I. A., 23 L 37, p. 46, is again the only Ms. containing this poem. There it is entitled, Maꝑḃna m' ꝑíoꝑċompáin ċumainn .i. Éamonn mac an Riḋiꝑe, Elegy on my affectionate and faithful companion Éamonn mac an Ridire. John Stack transcribed this poem as well as many others from the poet's autograph, which, however, he tells us was ḋall ꝑalaċ ⁊ caiṫṫe i n-áiṫeannaiḃ, obscure, soiled, and worn in parts. In Stack's own transcript a few words are illegible or worn away at the ends of three lines in Rr. xv and xvi.

Éamonn mac an Ridire was Edmond Fitzgerald of Inis Mór, Co. Kerry (R. xv), a younger son of John, Knight of Kerry, and Katherine, daughter of the eighteenth Lord of Kerry. I have not found the exact date of his death, but he seems to have died in the early spring of 1676, for his will was proven 6th May, 1676. In it he left to his brother John Fitzgerald (Knight of Kerry, who died at Ennismore, 1681) all his estate in Kerry, viz., Ballendally, Cnockglasse, Ballinclare, Duna-

I

A Ċiarraoi caoiniḎ Éamonn
ḋiḃ ní heaꝷal <a> aiṫꝑéalltann
taiꝑnꝷiꝑe ꝑoꝷla ꝷo ꝑóill
ainḃꝑine an ḋoꝷla iꝑ ḋoꝷlóiꝑ.

II

Má ṫá iaꝑ nḋíꝑc ꝷo ꝑioꝑꝑa
ionnaiḃ ḋ'uaiꝷneaꝑ innṫiuoċta
ꝑán ꝷeꝑuinne ḋoċáiḋ a ꝑceiṫ
mun ḋṫáiꝑ iꝑ ṫꝑuime ḋuꝑċꝑeiċ.

VIII, l. 2 meiꝑliċuiꝑ. l. 4, at the end the scribe adds Seaꝷan Stac ḋo ꝑo ꝷꝑíoḃ an 27 lá Xbr., 1708.

I, l. 2 a omitted; aiṫꝑeilleċean. II, l. 4 ḋuꝑċꝑéic.

VIII

'Tis no stain on thy lustre to speak with urbanity
To a friend, whose career shows no ore of disloyalty;
Unpained is my breast but that gone is my fairest stock
And distraught are my wits, since the day that it disappeared.

XX.—MEN OF KERRY, WEEP FOR ÉAMONN

Shortly before 6th May, 1676

corke, and the lease he held of Ballinacourty, &c., from Lord Broghill; to his brother Patrick, £50; to his sister Giles Spring, £20; to Edmund Fitzmaurice, £50; to his daughter Giles, £50; to his son Morris, £50; to his foster-brother John Grady, £12, &c. The witnesses to this Will were Maurice Trant of Traly, Francis Trant and John Grady (Irish Record Office, Prerogative Will Book, 1672–81).

Metre: (1) Rr. I–XIV. Deiḃiḋe, already described. supra, p. 133.

(2) Rr. XV–XIX. Amḟán.

(u) a u 1 u 1 u ó u au.]

I

Men of Kerry, weep for Éamonn,[1]
Star like him you ne'er shall see,
Prophecy of present ruin,
Startling anguish and disgrace.

II

While exhaustion cramping[2] causeth
Loneliness of mind in you,
Through the world hath gone the rumour
Of your heavy cruel loss.

---

[1] Edmond, younger son of John Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, and Catherine, daughter of Thomas Fitzmaurice, eighteenth Lord of Kerry and Lixnaw. His will was proven on the 6th of May, 1676.

[2] The obscure words ꝯo ꝑoꝼꝼa in the first line of this rann are evidently wrong, for they leave the verse without either uaim or coṁaṙḋa. Some expression like ꝯo ṅḋoċṫa is required by the metrical laws to make uaim with ḋíꝛc and coṁaṙḋa with ṁnꞇiġeċṫa.

III

Caoiniḋ bile na mbor nġeal
ṫriaḋ arraiḋ ḋuilleaṙ ḋíleaġ
ḃuṙ mbróin ó ḃronnaiḃ go ṙo
onġaiḋ ḃuṙ nḋóiġ ḋon ḋulṙo.

IV

Beaċt ṙearaḋ Éamoinn iṙ olc
ceinnḃile náṙ iarr ionnloc
ṗe ṗorba ċorrċnocaiġ Ċéir
ṫromloṫġoin anba an ṗeileiṁ.

V

Má raoiliḋ ṗe réaḋ raṁla
an laoiċ ó láiṫe a ċinneaṁna
ṙan aoire ḋo riaċt ḃuṙ ḃṙóiḋ
caoire naċ iaċt gan urċóiḋ.

VI

Ḋóiṫin aonṙuire an ṗoinn
aḋbaċ i n-éibilt Éamoinn
ḋ'aonṁac iar ḃṙorbairt a ḃall
colġṫailc ṙá haoḃṙlat ṗolṫcam.

VII

Ṫruaġ a ṁíne ṙa ṁire
mac meaḋraċ an rioire
ḋo ḋul ar go hóġ uaine
ṙó ġlar i ḃṙóḋ ḃṙliuċuaiġe.

VIII

Leannán na cléire ḋo ċríon
uċán ní héaġ gan imṙníoṁ
cúil ṗailġeaċ iṙ uċt mar ġéir
craiḃḋeaċ an cuṙṙ gan croḋṙréir.

III, l. 2 arriḋ. l. 3 mbroñ ; go ró. l. 4 ḋo ḋul ro. IV, l. 3 ṗorba. l. 3 ċóirṙċnocaicc. l. 4 anba an ṗeileim. V, l. 3 ṙan naoire. VI, l. 1 ḋoiṫin. l. 2 a neibilt. VII, l. 4 a ḃṙóḋ ṙliuċuaiġe. VIII, l. 3 ṙailġeaċ.

III

Weep the white-hand lord and hero,
Veteran deserving tears,
For that heartfelt grief of yours now
Consecrates your faithful love.

IV

Sad in sooth is Éamonn's leaving,
Leader never prone to blame,
To the land of Ciar's[1] round mountains
Awful blow which woundeth deep.

V

Think not hero-treasure like him
Since his fate's day in this age
E'er will to your sods be carried,
Wail of woe, no harmless sigh.

VI

One who might have been this country's
Monarch died in Éamonn's death,
Firm as steel the full-grown youth was,
Charming child of waving locks.

VII

From us, ah, the mirthful kindness
Of the Knight's son[2] blithe and gay
In the bloom of youth hath vanished,
Prisoned in the damp grave's clay.

VIII

That the love of clerks hath withered
Is, alas, no pangless death,
Curling ringlets, swanlike bosom,
Pious, wealth-contemning frame.

---

[1] Ciar was the ancestor of the ancient tribe Ciarraighe, who gave their name to what is now the county of Kerry.

[2] Vide supra, p. 147, n.[1].

IX

An éiġre ḃá mbiaḋ ar bun
ní ḟacaiḋ puaiġ ḋo puġaḋ
ó eaḋ cneaḋġaile na ġconn
ḃá ċeaġ ṙeanḃaile an ṙaoṙċoll.

X

Ḋ'óġṁnáiḃ an iarṫair ir ġuirt
éitteaċt Éamoinn ṁic Ġearailt
tuġ úr ġaċ aonḃronn aca
ṙaolonn rúl an ḃanntraċta.

XI

Leamra ir treaġḋaḋ ġan a ṫriall
im ḃáil ġo muċ tar ṁóirṙliaḃ
ġnúir réaḋ réiḋ a ṙearc ṙom ċom
ir nár ṫréiġ me neart ġéar neaṁṫrom.

XII

Iar ḋtoirṫe na ḃṙear tar Ṙéil
ṙeaċam ġo roiṫċe bollrtéir
ṙolaṁ an ṙéinniḋ ir teinn
oṙam nár éimiġ arḋḃeinn.

XIII

I n-eiric a ḃṙuair mire
ḋo ċion an ṙinn uarailṙe
tuġaḋ rí na ríoġ uile
ḋíol ḋon tí ḋá ṫrócaire.

XIV

A ṁarḃnaḋ ní ḋíom ḋliġear
ním ollaṁ ṙe oirṙiḋeaḋ
caoiniḋ ṙéine an ṙial ṙearta
a ṙian ir léire laoiċearta.

IX, l. 3 éaḋ. l. 4 ċeaġ. X, l. 2 eitteaċt. l. 3 aon ḃrón acu. XI, l. 1 treaġḋaġ. l. 2 móirṙliaḃ. l. 3 réaḋ réiḋ. l. 4 ġear. XII, l. 1 ṙeil. l. 2 bollrteir. l. 4 eimiḋ. XIII, l. 3 riġ na rioġ. l. 4 ṫrocaire. XIV, l. 1 ṁarḃna. l. 2 óirṙiġeaḋ.

[1] The construction of this sentence in the original is obscure.

[2] Apart from the proximity of Inis Mór to the western borders of Co. Limerick, where David Ó Bruadair lived, David may have become acquainted with Edmond

IX

Poets, were there any living,
Ne'er had such a rout beheld,
From the sites of hero-woundings
To this hazel's ancient house.[1]

X

Sad to western maidens is the
Death of Éamonn Geraldine,
Every bosom's tender first love,
Princely charm of ladies' eyes.

XI

Never more on moor to meet me,[2]
Woe is me! at early morn,
Will that face come love inspiring,
Gentle force which never failed.

XII

Since the men beyond the Féil[3] went
Past me to the bed of death,
Sore the loss is of the Fenian
Who refused me no esteem.

XIII

To repay the fair-haired noble
For the love I got from him,
May the King of kings in mercy
To him full requital grant.

XIV

I should not his death-ode venture,
All untrained in ollamh's[4] song;
Weep yourselves the noble prince now,
Fenians famed for subtle lays.

Fitzgerald owing to the connexion of the latter with the Stephensons. Captain John Stephenson married the first cousin of Edmond Fitzgerald, Catherine, daughter of Colonel Garrett, son of Thomas Fitzmaurice, eighteenth Lord of Kerry. Edmond Fitzgerald was the son of Catherine, daughter of the same Thomas Fitzmaurice.

[3] The river Feale rises in the west of Co. Limerick, and flows westwards through the north of Co. Kerry to the Atlantic Ocean.

[4] Ollamh: vide Part I, p. 15, n.[2].

XV

Ceap do ċuiṫ ap Inip ṁóip na mbeann
do a cpuiċ do pciub a ceol pa gpeann
dpeagan dil ba di náp óinna an ċlann
pá ṗleapaiḃ lice luime a póṁa <ann>.

XVI

Ba pcaċ gan pcigе an buinge beoltaip am
do ṁaip a ḃop níop ṁuiḋ . . .
do lean go dul an piṫ pi uim ḋeoiḋ na ċeann
ḃeiṫ tapṫaċ tugṫaċ tuigpeaċ tpeopaċ t<eann>.

XVII

Níop ċaipg bpuiḋ an piop níop ṗóbaip peall
níop ċpap a ċuiple ó oineaċ óip ip eang
baḋ ṗeapṁaċ piopma a neapt pe móptap meang
ip níop . . . . a loinne ap luige lóiḋ na ḃpann.

XVIII

Tá leat a lic pár luiḋ an leoġan peang
don taipce ċille ip uille i ḃpóḋ na ḃplann
a ṁapḃ liḃ ḋap duine ip leonaḋ leam
peaḃac puime a gcluinim ḋ'ógaiḃ gall.

XIX

Ór peapaċ puin a ḃiḃe ip peoḋaḋ a ḃall
ip gan a aipiug linne a gcion go ḋeoiḋ na mbann
aiṫċim ppiḃ an ċnip tug lóġ don ḋall
dá ġlanaḋ ó ċoip ag pin a ḃpóip gan caim.

XV, l. 1 móip. l. 2 do a cpuiċ. l. 4, the last syllable is illegible in L. XVI, l. 2 ṁuiḋ±, the rest of the line is illegible in L. l. 4 teann, it is impossible to read anything more than the first letter of this word in L. XVII, l. 3 buḋ ṗeapṁaċ. l. 4, a syllable has been omitted after níop, but there is no indication of that in L. ap luiġe lóiḋ. XVIII, l. 1 pár luig. l. 3 dár duine. l. 4 gal. XIX, l. 1 púin; peoḋa. l. 4 ġlana; gan caim, but the word is pronounced cam for the sake of the rhyme.

XV

Bitter anguish hath befallen Inis Mór[1] of jutting peaks,
And hath snatched away from it its beauty, music, joy, and mirth,
A beloved dragon-chieftain[2] of unsullied family
Who now lies between the bare sides of the flagstones of the tomb.

XVI

Flower free from sneers derisive was the soft-lipped sapling, who,
Whilst he was amongst us living, ne'er indulged in idle boasts;
Till he went this final journey, he continued e'er to be
Bountiful, in good deeds fruitful, wise in counsel, firm and brave.

XVII

Ne'er did he attempt to punish one who practised no deceit,
Nor did he contract his heart-pulse from bestowing goods and lands;
Steadfast was his power in the fight against deceitful pride,
Yet he ne'er employed his force in laying loads upon the weak.

XVIII

Now, O stone, beneath thee lies the graceful lion-hearted man,
Treasure of the Church and grandeur of the country of the Flanns,[3]
That he should be dead and with thee is to me a wrenching wound,
Hawk of honour over all the Norman youths I ever knew.

XIX

Since we know his life hath ended and his limbs decaying rot,
Ne'er to be restored to us, until fulfilled be God's decrees,
I beseech the breast whose blood-stream to the blind man[4] pardon brought,
From all guilt to purify him there with undelusive help.

---

[1] Inis Mór: Ennismore, near Listowel on the river Féil (Feale), in the parish of Dysert, barony of Iraghticonnor, Co. Kerry, a seat of the Fitzgeralds of the family of the Knight of Kerry.

[2] For the meaning of the word 'dragon' as used by Irish poets, vide Part I, p. 52, n.[2].

[3] Flann was the name of several kings and princes of Ireland and Munster: cf. Part I, p. 192, n.[6].

[4] The blind man: vide Part I, p. 24, n.[1].

XXI.—Dá ḃṗéaċdaṙ ꝥo héiṗeaċtaċ

18° Septembris, 1676

[Ms.: R. I. A., 23 L 37, is the only Ms. for this poem. It is there introduced with the words, 7bris, 18°, 1676, cc., per David Bruadair.

The poem is a panegyric on Sir John Fitzgerald of Claonghlais, whom we have had occasion to refer to so often as the principal patron of David. Sir John Fitzgerald is not mentioned expressly by name, but the words, Ꝥréaꝥaċ ó éaċṫṗuiṗinn Áine, Grecian spring from Áine's needful tribe (R. VIII), show that the person addressed was a Fitzgerald, and the names of his parents, maḋ Éamuinn ıṙ Ḿáıṙe, son of Edmond and Mary (R. X), determine him definitely. To stimulate the curiosity of the reader was, no doubt, the reason why David wrote the names of the parents in the cipher called Oꝥam ꝥuċaiḋe. Other examples of David's acquaintance with the various kinds of Ogham writing

I

Ḋá ḃṗéaċdaṙ ꝥo héiṗeaċtaċ áċaṙ mac
aṙ léiḋinnioll ḋéiṙe nó aṙ ꝺṗáṙcaṙ ꝥlac
máṙ ṙéile ḃuṙ éiꝥean nó áḃaċt eaċ
nó ṙéiṁe ní ṙéiṁe ıonná an ṙáṙ ꝥaċ mac.

II

Ḋéanaṁ an ḋéiḋꝥil ıṙ ḋeáṙṙena ḃleaċt
maṙ ċaoṁoiṙiḋ céimıonna a ċnáṁ ṙa ċaṙc
ṙéiḋċṙuiċ ḋá ṙéiṙ ṙin ḋo ṙáiniꝥ ṙaċ
ıṙ bṙéiċṙe naċ léiꝥċeaṙ aṙ láṙ ꝥan laċt.

III

Ꝥéaṙṙeaṙc aꝥ béiċiḃ ní náṙ ḋon ṁac
naċ éilṁeaċ aṙ aonḋuıne ı nḋeáiḋ a ċneaḋ
ṙéiċleann ḋoḃéaṙaḋ aṙ áıṙ maḋ ḋaṁ
ıṙ naċ ꝥéaḃaḋ ó é aṙ bıṫ a ḃáṫaḋ beaṙt.

IV

Éıṙeannaċ aoḃḋa náṙ ṗáṙ ꝥo ṫeaṙc
an ċṙaoḃuṙṙa laoċḋa ꝥan ṫláṙ ṙe ṙeaṙ
ní ḋéana ıṙ ní ꝥéillṙe ḋo ċáċ aċt ceaṙt
ıṙ ṙaoı néalaıḃ ní ḃaoꝥal ꝥo bṙáṫ a ꝥal.

1, l. 1 bṙeaċdaṙ: accents and marks of aspiration are omitted very often in L. Such omissions are not as a rule registered in these variants, except where the text would be on account of them susceptible of a different interpretation.

XXI.—IF ONE VIEW WITH SHREWD EXACTNESS

18th September, 1676

will be met with later on. Éamonn, the father of Sir John, was Sir Edmond Fitzgerald, Bart., of Claonghlais, on whose death in March, 1666, David Ó Bruadair composed the elegy, Ḋuṗṗan éaḡ Éamoinn ṁic Ḡeaṗailt, printed above (Part I, pp. 138–183). He was married to Máire, daughter of Cormac mac Diarmada mic Chárthaigh of Muscraighe. The last lines of this poem seem to allude to that estrangement between the poet and his patron at the beginning of this year 1676, which was the occasion of the poem Caḃaiṗ caiḃḋean ḡean ṗlaḋa, printed above, p. 132. The present poem was written after the reconciliation was complete.

Metre: Amṗán.

(ᴗ) é ᴗ ᴗ é ᴗ ᴗ á ᴗ a.]

I

If one view with shrewd exactness the triumphant joy of youths,
Boldly ranged in spear-encounters, or when wrestling hand to hand,
Should nobility be sought for, horsemanship or chivalry,
None of all the finest youths is finer than this lordly chief.

II

That which marks the white-toothed chieftain off from others is his frame,
Duly suited to his gentle dignity of build and rank,
Courteous courage in accordance, blessed with favours from on high,
Uttered speeches never wanting in the milk of eloquence.

III

He need not be ashamed of being keenly loved by ladies fair,
Youth, who never seeks to punish those who have offended him,
Woodbine,[1] who without reluctance would present me with a trump,
And who would not let his conduct be outdone by anyone.

IV

Irishman of charming manners, growing with no stunted growth,
Is the branching prop, heroic, undismayed by might of man;
Unto others he will never do or yield but what is just,
And his courage runs no risk of ever being dimmed by clouds.

II, l. 4 leiḡteaṗ. III, l. 2 a nḋeaiḡ a ċneaḋ. l. 3 ṗeiṫleann; maḋ.
IV, l. 3 ḋo ċáċ. l. 4 bṗáċ.

[1] Woodbine, a common laudatory epithet of a chieftain.

V

Dá n-éiṙʒeaḋ le ḟṙaoċḃile a ḃáṗṗ i dtṙeaṙ
ʒeaḋ ṗéaḋ ṗin naċ ḟéaḋaim a ṗáḋ ʒuṙ ʒaṙ
ṗe héiṙic a ḃéime do ċaḃaċ neaċ
i mbṗéiʒṙioċt ní léiʒṙioḋ ionna áit taṙ leaṙ.

VI

Ní béalḃṙiorc le ṗṗéiṙlinʒ do ċṗáċt ʒo ṗṗaṙ
iṙ ní méiṙtneaċ i mbéal áṫa báiṙe an bleaċt
ní béaṙ leiṙ ḃeiṫ éaċtaċ i ndálaiḃ ban
iṙ dá éiṙ ḃeiṫ na ʒeibiṙne lá na mac.

VII

A ḃé ḋil an ṗéidiṙ ʒo dtáṙluiḋ ʒlan
máṙ daonnaċt ʒan ċlaonimiṙt cáil iṙ maiṫ
ṗaoṙṗṙioṙaiḋ d'Éiṙinn naċ dáilṗioḋ ʒean
don ċaolaċ náṙ ṫaoḃuiʒ le náiṙe meaċ.

VIII

Ḃṗéaʒaċ an ʒléʒille ʒṙáḋṁaṙ ʒeal
do ċéaṙnuiʒ ó éaċtḟuiṙinn Áine i ʒcaiṙt
iṙ ní ṗéiḋṗioḋ an ċéadtṙṗuiṫ ó dtáimiʒ bṙeac
a ċṗéiḋṗe ṗe cléiṫċlainne Ċáṙṫaiʒ iṙ Caiṙ.

IX

A naoṁloinne caoṁain aṙ ċeáṙdaiḃ caṙ
an ṗéinniḋ náṙ éimiʒ ḃeiṫ dána deaṙ
maḋ ṗéiḋ piṙ ní héaṙṫaċ uim ʒáiṙe ʒaiṙt
iṙ dá ʒcaoṙṫaṙ don aoṙṫaċ ní láṁ aṙ leaṙ.

X

A ndéanaim ní d'éiʒeantaṙ báiḋ ná bṙeab
aċd léiṙṫeiṙt ʒan ḟéiṙe maṙ táṙla an ṙtaiḋ
ʒeaḋ éadṁaṙ ṗe ċéile me iṙ cáċ ṗe ṗeal
ní ṗéanaim mac Éamuinn iṙ Ḷḷáiṙe an ḟeaṙ.

V, l. 4 a mbṙeiʒṙioċt ní leiʒṗioḋ. VI, l. 2 meiṙṫneaċ. VII, l. 1 ḋil. VIII, l. 3 ċéadtṙṗuiṫ. l. 4 a ċṗeiḋṗe. IX, l. 2 ṗeinnṅ naṙ eimiḋ. l. 4 aoṙtaċ. X, l. 1 ḃeiʒeantaṙ. ll. 3 and 4 are written, as follows in vocalic Ogham, with a marginal note, oʒam ʒuṫaiʒe ṗonn [Vocalic Ogham here]:—

ʒeaḋ éadṁaṙ ṗe ċé ṁí iṙ cáċ ṗe ṗeal
ní ṗéanaim mac mm. m. bb. nn. iṙ mh. cc. p. pc. an ḟeaṙ.

---

[1] Grecian, that is Geraldine: vide Part I, p. 146, n.[2].

[2] The Fitzeralds of Áine, Co. Limerick: cf. Part I, p. 29, n.[5].

[3] Cárthach was the ancestor of the MacCarthys of Munster: vide Part I, p. 28, n.[2].

V

If with maddened mind a champion should arouse his ire in fight,
Little as I think it likely such a thing should come to pass,
In exacting vengeance for the insult he would never let
Him escape thence out of reach, rejoicing in a false repute.

VI

He is never quick of tongue in challenging to sudden strife,
Nor is he a coward weakling at the ford-mouth of a game,
Nor his the wont to play the hero when in throngs of women-folk,
And after that to prove himself a dastard on the soldier's day.

VII

Can it happen that in Erin there could be, O loving God,
If there truly is no higher fame than guileless honesty,
Any noble-hearted person, who would not bestow a smile
On the sapling who hath never sided yet with sordid shame?

VIII

Brilliant is the youthful Grecian,[1] gallant, fair, affectionate,
Who according to the records springs from Áine's daring tribe,[2]
For the source from which his blood first came, commingled, ne'er would yield
Its pretensions to the warder-clans of Cárthach[3] and of Cas.[4]

IX

Sacred Lustre, save and shelter from the wiles of wicked men
The undaunted knight, who never shrank from being brave and fair;
He, when pleased, refuseth nothing to a kind and cheerful smile,
But, when slandered, his lampooner finds his hand no hand to help.

X

What I say is not forced from me by affection or by bribe,
But a plain, unbiased witness to what really exists,
Though between myself and others jealousy hath reigned of late,
I don't deny the son of Éamonn and of Mary[5] is the man.

---

[4] Cas: vide supra, p. 47, n.[4], and Part I, p. 179, n.[3].

[5] Sir John Fitzgerald, Baronet, was son of Sir Edmond Fitzgerald of Claonghlais, the first Baronet, by his wife Mary, whose family name does not seem to be known. She has been mentioned already in Part I, p. 149, R. XXIX; p. 191, R. XV; and p. 192, R. XVII. From the words of Cúchonnacht Ó Dálaigh (Part I, p. 149, Rr. XIX, XX) she would appear to have been an O'Brien or an O'Cearbhaill, or a MacCarthy, for the blood of those families ran in the veins of Sir John. Sir Edmond's mother, however, was Mary, daughter of Cormac mac Diarmada Mac Cárthaigh.

XXII.—A ċéillíḋ ḋoċí

[Ms.: R.I.A., 23 L 37, p. 110, is the only Ms. which contains this poem. In that Ms. it follows the poem, Orna ċaraḋ ní ceol ruaim, written by David Ó Bruadair on the 2nd of October, 1675 (vide supra, p. 108), and it bears the inscription, An ṗeap céaḋna ccc. The date of its composition may be approximately determined by the position it occupies in the Ms. The order of the poems among which it occurs is as follows: Orna ċaraḋ ní ceol ruaim (2nd October, 1675), the present poem (undated); the poem which I publish next after this, viz. A ṗír ıomċa ṁaoıḋeaṙ ꝑo mınıc (also undated), Muıṙeaṙ ṗe mí (23rd September, 1678), I n-áıc an ḋaṙṙaıġ ḃṙıoġṁaıṙ (6th March, 1675), Ḋá ḃṙéaċḋaṙ ꝑo héıṙeaċṫaċ (7th September, 1676). Hence I date the poem about 1676.

The poem is written in defence of a friend, named Edward (Rr. iv, v), who

I

A ċéillíḋ ḋoċí an tıṁeal
ar ṙoṙc ċáıċ ḋon ċéaḋṙılleaḋ,
ṙıoṫ ṗéın ḋá n-ıomraḋ an ngloın
baḋ ṗıonntaṙ béım ṗaḋ ḃraoıṁuın.

II

I mbṙeıṫ meaṙḋána ná muıḋ,
ḋoḃéaraḋ an ṗeap ṗreaġaṙuıḋ,
ı n-éırṫeaċṫ t'ḟuıġıll ḋá mbıaḋ,
béırṫeaċṫ an t-oıġıḋ ḋ'aıṁṙıaṙ.

III

Ná héılṁeaḋ aoınneaċ oṙm
clú áṙ ġcaraḋ ġan éaġċoṁṫṙom,
ṙaoraḋ an ḋaıṫġıl maḋ ḋíom
ó ḟaoḃaṙ naċ aıṫġın maıṫġníoṁ.

IV

Ṗeaṙṙ ır eolaċ ıonnáṙ ḋuıḋ
ḋaṁṙa ḋeaġċoṁall Ḃaḋḃuıṙḋ,
ḋom ċaıḋṙeaṁ óm ċlıaḃ aıṙe,
a oıbṙeaḋ ní ṙıan ṙoċaıle.

I, In L most accents and marks of aspiration are omitted. l. 1 tıṁeal. l. 3 an ngloın. II, l. 1 a mbṙeıṫ; muıġ. l. 2 ṙreaġaıṙıḋ. l. 3 beırḋeaċṫ an toıġıḋ ḋaıṁṙıaṙ. IV, l. 1 ṗeap. l. 3 clıaḃ and aıṙe were written first as one word, but they were afterwards separated by the scribe by a comma.

XXII.—CLEVER CRITIC WHO DOST SEE THE SPOT

was a native of Cork city, or at least resident there (R. XI). Edward's family name is not given, unless indeed the epithet ȝaillıð applied to Edward (R. V.) be his family name. In that supposition his full name would be Edward Galway. The Galways came originally from Waterford, settled afterwards in the fourteenth century at Kinsale, whence they spread towards the close of the sixteenth, and during the course of the seventeenth century, to the cities of Cork and Limerick, where they became prominent. Sir James Galway was appointed Assessor for Limerick city by King James II in 1692; and John Galway was M.P. for Cork city in King James's Parliament of 1689. They also held official rank in the royalist army during the war, in consequence of which they forfeited large estates. However, I do not find mention of an Edward Galway in the published records of that time.

Metre: (1) Rr. I–VIII, Ðeiðiðe, already described, supra, p. 133.
(2) Rr. IX–XII, Amṁán.

(⏑) ó ⏑ ı ⏑ ⏑ ı ⏑ ⏑ o í ú.]

I

Clever critic, who dost see the spot
In the eyes of others at a glance,
If the lens were turned upon thyself,
Thy brow would run the danger of a blow.

II

Vaunt not loud thy censures bold and rash,
Is the answer anyone might give;
Were he near enough to hear thy speech,
Awful were the fate of surliness.

III

Let nobody resent that I defend
The reputation of my honest friend,
If I can release the fair-hued man
From bitterness, opposed to charity.

IV

Better than to thee are known to me
Edward's many noble qualities;
Mind the love which springeth from my breast,
When it works it leaves no wench's trace.

v

Naċ mairg nuaibile doní
aiṫrir ar Ḃaḋbarḋ gaillíḋ,
tréiḋeanuir urnuiḋ ir ioċt
dubċruiḋ déiḃleanuir d'ḟortaċt.

vi

C<reiḋio>ṁ an ċoiṁḋe níor ċaill,
ní ḋeaċuiḋ aonḃann n-iomrail,
<do> ṫórainn tearta na naoṁ,
lóċrainn ṗá learca d'annaoṁ.

vii

Níor ṫuair a ġruaḋ do ġríoraḋ
uim ċuirm ó ċionn a aonṁíora,
dá ċlainn a ċealtair ní créaċt,
neartaiḋ a ṁaill ar míḋéaċt.

viii

Ḋá dtugṫar a ċéillid ċain
ir lom a loċt do leanṁain,
rúil ar líon gaċa learа
dúin a ndíoġ ní hainṁneara.

ix

A ċéillid ċuireap id ċruinnice loċtaoi i gcár
an béim ód ċoinnillri congaiḃ rul gcroċtaoi cáċ,
dá ḃréaċtar grinniolla gaċ gloine go noċtċlí a ndál
dob éidir tuitim do ḃuille ran ḃroraoir d'ṗáġ.

x

Ná céimniġ ionnur na cuile naċ corruiġionn bláṫ
aċt dréim le duiḃe tar liliḃ go loċċraoiḃ lár,
ar Ḃaḋbarḋ rilliḋ mar ṙirior an roġlí rlán
glé na duille do ċuigrin ra ndroċlíon d'ṗál.

---

v, l. 2 gaillíḋ. l. 3 criaġeanur urnuigh ir iuċt. l. 4 duḃċruigh deiḃleanuir. vi. A few letters are illegible at the beginning of the first and third lines of this stanza in the only Ms., L. l. 4 ḋanaoṁ. vii, l. 3 ċeallċair; creaċt. l. 4 miḋeaċt. viii, l. 4 ḋuin an ḋioġ. ix, l. 1 ċruinnice. x, l. 2 laoċċraoiḃ lar. l. 3 rogli. l. 4 nduile; ḋral.

---

[1] Translation uncertain; see the Introduction to this poem.

V

Woe betide the upstart chieftain, who
Tries to vie with Edward's pious deeds,[1]
Prayer and fasting, clemency and zeal
In relieving orphans' dismal lot.

VI

He did not lose the faith of Christ the Lord,
Nor e'er was known to take an erring step;
He measured all the maxims of the saints,
Lanterns greatly loathed by impious men.

VII

He never let his cheek be seen to blush
With festive ale, since he was one month old;
His face doth never cause his people pain,
But confirms his hate of evil deeds.

VIII

If thou, O gentle critic, cast an eye,
Instead of vainly searching for his faults,
On all the many good deeds he hath done,
The last and least of which repels me not.

IX

Critic, given to alleging failings in thy chronicle,
Keep the blast from thine own candle ere thou hangest other folk;
If each lens be viewed profoundly and its inmost state laid bare,
Thy descending blow perhaps would idly in the forest fall.

X

Proceed not like the insect,[2] which doth leave the flowers undisturbed,
And, passing lilies, cleaves to blackness and the marshy filth of earth;
Notice by a glance at Edward how serene perfection seeks
To know the brightness of the leaves and shrink from all that may be base.

---

[2] The beetle: cf. Keating, History, Part I, p. 4, Ir eaḋ iomorro ir nóir ḋon ṗroimpiollán an ṫan ṫóġḃar a ċeann ṡran raṁraḋ ḃeiṫ ar foluaṁain aġ imṫeaċt aġur ġan cromaḋ ar ṁionṡcoiṫ ḋá mbí ṡan maċaire nó ar ḃláṫ ḋá mbí i luḃġort ġémaḋ ṗór nó lile uile iad aċt ḃeiṫ ar ḟuaidreaḋ go ḋteaġṁann buaiṫreaċ ḃó nó otraċ caḟaill ṗir go ḋtéid ḋá úrḟart ḟéin ionnta (Irish Texts Society, vol. IV, l.c.).

XI

Ḋoġéaḃair niṫe fan ṅḋuine ḋá ḃfroṁṫaoi a ċáil
naċ ṫéiḋ i n-iomaḋ ḋo ċomufraiḃ Corcaiġe i gcnáṁ,
féiḋṫlaċt fingil gan toirm ir troirci a lán
ḋéirc ir oiniocḋ ir iriṙ ir oċġuiḋe gnáṫ.

XII

Ḟéaċ an cunnail a ċumann fe a ċorp ċillṫáiḋ,
féaċ an minic a ḟinginn ḋon ḃoċtín táir,
féaċ a ṁuirean ó ḟliġṫiḃ fa ḋoḋíol ḋáiḃ,
ir bréagnaiġ mire má fugair gan fogḥnaoi a ḃarc.

XXIII.—A ḟIR IOMṪA IṀAOIḎEAS

[Ms.: R.I.A. 23 L 37, p. 112, is again the only Ms. which contains this poem. Though there is no title or date above this poem in the Ms., the position which it there occupies in the series of David Ó Bruadair's poems solves the question of authorship, and helps us to date its composition about the year 1677. An unknown critic, whose name is not given, had boasted that our author had failed to grasp the meaning of a learned poem which he (the critic) had written. David, in reply, doubts whether the critic really did write the poem himself, and accuses him of belittling his (David's) compositions before half-educated hearers in order to gain himself a reputation for skill in poetry. Conscious of his own mastery of all

I

A ḟir iomṫa ṁaoiḋear go minic
i meaḋair aoine nó óil
go ṅḋeaċaiḋ ḋinn fún ḋo ḃána
ní cúl finn áraḋ ir cóir.

II

Cuirid ḋaoine a mian a molta
mear ar ċáiliḃ ór a gcéim
fúil naċ fionnfaḋ aon a ḃfoilṁe
iomċair ḋaor fḋan doilġe gréill.

XI, l. 1 niġṫe. l. 3 ré ṫlaċt; toirṁ. XII, l. 1 fe ċorp. l. 4 ḃréagnaiḋ ṁire.

XI

If his quality be tested, thou wilt find some things in him,
That do not go to form the bone of many leading men in Cork,
Humble, peaceful, calm demeanour, joined to many a rigid fast,
Kindly welcome, constant almsdeeds, faith, and penitential sighs.

XII

See if his attachment to his church-chaste body be discreet,
See if frequently his pennies be bestowed on poor and weak,
See his clients from the highways and his largess unto them,
Then belie me shouldst thou find his bark devoid of comeliness.

XXIII.—SPITEFUL MAN, WHO BOASTEST FREQUENTLY

the intricacies of Irish classical metres, David challenges him to produce in public a poem in any strictly classical metre, and undertakes, in case the critic should venture to do so, to prove that neither he nor anyone like him ever really composed it.

Metre: Séadnaḋ or ṗéadṗaḋ móṙ. In each stanza the first and third lines are octosyllabic and end in disyllables, the second and fourth lines are heptasyllabic and end in monosyllables, and the finals of the second and fourth lines rhyme. The scheme of the stanza is $2\{8^2 + 7^1\}^{2+4}$.]

I

Spiteful man, who boastest frequently,
When in sober or in drunken mirth,
That I missed the meaning of thy lay,
Even love and truth protect me not.

II

Men with minds intent on being praised
Covet qualities above their rank,
Hoping none will know their emptiness,
Base behaviour causing direst fate.

I, L, the only Ms., omits marks of length usually and aspiration frequently. l. 3 nḋeaċaiḋ. l. 4 aṙaḋ. II, l. 3 ṗionn ⁊. l. 4 iomċaiṙ.

III

Dá mbiaḋ deiġrcéal aġaḋ oirne
aon i gcéaḋ an mbiaḋ do ḃáiḋ
coimḋian ar bun ḃíor do ṁonḃair
dom ċur síor le bordġail ḃáin.

IV

Ataíḋ fiaḋna fór fe a cornaiṁ
ar do ċuiṁne cia do ċuit
go dtug mo láiṁ léir im ċreoraiġ
do ḋán féim mar ḋeoraiḋ ḋuit.

V

A ḃfiaḋain eolaċ dá dtugair
an tseaḃair ċéadna doċím
mon ḃfuil loċt ar lár nár ḋeaṙḃuir
cuir noċt fár gaċ feaṙḃuir finn.

VI

I ḃḟoċair ealḃa naċ foċuig
féime deirite na ndruaḋ
níor ċlú ḋaoiḃ ar n-acfuing d'aoraḋ
faoil naċ faltfuim faoḃar fuar.

VII

Do láċair n-oideaḋ naċ aṁḟár
ní eagal leam léiġioḋ fainn
aḋċiu fuiġeall ċall notteacuiḋ
tuifeann trom naċ deafcuiḋ ḋaill.

VIII

Tug do ċfuaḋḋán leat do láċair
nó laoiḋ ḋliġċeaċ úr naċ é
aċt naċ fiḃ do fcríḃ nó haiṫġin
an mir iḃ mon n-aiċniḋ mé.

III, l. 2 a ccéaḋ. l. 3 ḃiar; ṁonḃar. l. 4 síor; bordġal bain.
IV, l. 1 fiaġna. l. 3 ċreoraiḋ. V, l. 1 ḟfiaġna. VI, l. 4 fuair.
VII, l. 3 fuiġioll; notteacuiḋ. VIII, . fġriḃ. l. 4 an mir iḃ; ṁé.

III

Hadst thou something good to tell of me,
Would thy kindness equal one per cent.?
Thy persistent grumbling ever strives
To vanquish me by bloodless table-fight.

IV

There are witnesses besides to prove,
Though a mist hath fallen on thy mind,
That my hand, correctly guided, gave
Thee thy foundling poem back again.[1]

V

Couldst thou such learned testimonies bring,
O prudent critic, whom I still address,
Unless thou didst not recognize the flaws,
Ascribe the worst of all defects to me.

VI

In presence of a herd of men, unversed
In the secret rites of Druid lore,
To blame my talents was no fame for thee:
Mind! my tread is not a blunt wit's edge.

VII

Before professors, not uncouthly trained,
To recite a rann[2] I do not fear;
I perceive the sentence they will pass,
Fertile crop, unnoticed by the blind.[3]

VIII

Produce that song of thine in metre strict
Or other classic poem just composed;
Unless I prove that thou or one like thee
Never wrote it, thou mayst quaff the prize.

---

[1] David's fault consisted evidently in his having tried to interpret the meaning of his critic's poem and correct its faulty metre.

[2] Rann: the four-lined stanza in Irish classical metre.

[3] Blind: the ignorant and illiterate; cf. supra, p. 105, n.[2].

IX

Ní mar blaḋmann ar mo béarraiḃ
bearc go brráiṫ ná hairrfeaḋ aon
d'ḟior na rannra riom a ndubart
fallra an rionn maḋ dubalt daoṁ.

X

Cá córa ḋaoiḃ béarla an baile
do beiṫ liḃ mar lón id láiṁ
ionnár ḋaṁra dia re um ḋúṫcar
tarrna an rian gaḋ tnúṫar táir.

XXIV.—TÁRLA CORP IS ROSC

[Mss. R.I.A. 23 G 25 (G); Los Angeles Ms. (A), belonging to Mr. Keller, of Los Angeles, California, U.S.A., for the readings of which I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Laurence Brannick of that city. In both Mss. the poem is entitled Dáiḃiḋ [ḃḃ] ó bruaḋair ccc. do ḃaintiġearna na Claonġlaire, David Ó Bruadair *cecinit* to the Lady of Claonghlais; and a gloss on the last line tells us that she lived at Ġort na tiobraḋ i n-aice Ḋromċollaḋair i gconntae Luimniġ, Gort na Tiobrad, near Dromchollachair, in the county of Limerick. The Lady of Claonghlais, whose name is not given, was the wife of our poet's patron, Sir John Fitzgerald, of Claonghlais, Baronet. Her Christian name, as we know from other sources, was Ellen, but her family name is not so

I

Tárla corp ir porc ir rinnċéime
áilleaċt croḋa ir coṫrom caoinċéille
a lán do ṫorṫaiḃ toġṫa ór ríġḃéiṫiḃ
ó ṫráċt go folt ran ċroḃuing ċaoiṁġéagaiġ.

II

Tárla foirtle for ir fírḟéile
fáraḋ boċt ir noċt ir naoiṁċléire
tárla lot ir loraḋ an laoiċ d'ḟéaċaḋ
iar ḃráf i mboṫaiḃ boga baoiċéiḃe.

IX, l. 2 ḃraiṫ.

I, l. 1 porc is represented by ⊙ in G. A reads púil, the ordinary expansion of this figure, but the metre requires the synonymous word porc. rinċéime, G, A. II, l. 1 ḟór, G; for, A; loraḋ, A, G.

IX

'Tis not to vaunt my ways that thus I speak,
High ideals ought not to be blamed,
In view of rhymes against me such as these,
False is he who owns to livid spot.

X

Hast thou greater right that native speech
Should, like handborne food, keep close to thee,
Than I that with my nature God should be?
Envy base is sure to miss the track.

XXIV.—BODY, EYE, AND GRACEFUL GAIT

certain. She appears, however, to have been a daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, of Caisleán an Lisín, in the county of Cork. Maurice Fitzgerald died on the 17th of April, 1679, and his elegy was composed by David Ó Bruadair (vide infra, pp. 172, et seqq.). In his Will, made 20th March, 1678/9, he mentions, amongst others, "his dear daughter, Lady Ellen Fitzgerald"; and the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy suggests that she may be the same as Dame Ellen Fitzgerald, wife, or rather widow, of Sir John Fitzgerald, who, in the year 1702, petitioned the Trustees for the sale of Forfeited Estates to be allowed jointure out of the property of her husband, "deceased beyond seas." [Unpublished Geraldine Documents, Pedigree B, note *e*, Journal of the Kilk. Arch. Soc., 1876, facing p. 106.]

The poem is undated in both Mss., but it must have been written not long after the marriage of Sir John Fitzgerald, which took place in the year 1674.

Metre—Amhán:

(ᴗ) á ᴗ o ᴗ o ᴗ í é ᴗ.]

I

Body, eye, and graceful gait have come hither,
Beauteous form and gentleness of meek prudence,
Choicest fruit o'er queenly maids in rich plenty,
From sole to hair of comely membered fruit-cluster.[1]

II

Come, have firmness, constancy, and true bounty,
Help of poor and naked folk and clerks saintly,
Deadly wound and healing herb of brave hero
Growing in the gentle cots of locks yellow.

[1] Beautiful children of a noble family.

III

Tárla ꝑeoṫ ꝑaḋ ꝑola i ꝑeꝑíṫ Ṗéiḋlim
aꝑ tál na tonnaiḃ ꝑonna ꝑaoiꝑṁéinne
ꝑan ꝑeꝑáiḃṫiꝑ ꝑoṁa ꝑocaiꝑ ꝑíṫṁéaꝑaiꝑ
ata ꝑan nꝑoꝑt* ꝑá ḋolaḋ a mbí aꝑ Ċlaonꝑlaiꝑ.

* ꝑoꝑt na tiobꝑaḋ i n-aice Ḋꝑom Collaṁaiꝑ i ꝑconntae Luimniꝑ (G. A.), Corke, febʸ 18th, 1818 (G).

XXV.—MUIREAR RE MÍ

23° 7bris 1678

[Mss.: R.I.A., 23 G 24, p. 162 (G), 23 L 37, p. 113 (L); Maynooth IV, p. 237 (m). In L the poem is entitled: 23° 7bris 1678 Ḋáibiṫ ó ḃꝑuaḋaiꝑ ccꝑ, but in G and m: Ḋáibiḋ ó ḃꝑuaḋaiꝑ ccꝑ. 1689. The correct date is given in L, that given by G and m, both Mss. of the O'Longan school, is quite wrong and evidently a mere conjecture of the scribe of G. The last letters of some of the lines in Rr. VIII–XI are worn off in L, but can be supplied from G.

The subject of the poem is the poet's destitute condition. He is filled with dismay when he remembers the folly of his past life, and when he looks forward to the length of the way he has still to travel. Reduced to poverty, he can neither

I

Muiꝑeaꝑ ꝑe mí ḋo ṫiomaiꝑꝑ im ṫimṫioll
coilꝑṫe ṫeinn iꝑ cliaḃṫuiꝑꝑe
a leiṁe ḋo linꝑ aꝑ ṫuiꝑeaꝑ ḋom aoiꝑ
iꝑ ꝑaiḋe na ꝑliꝑe aꝑ a ḋꝑiallaim ḋul.

II

Tuille ḋom ꝑníoṁ mo ṫoiꝑṫe ꝑan ṫoimꝑe
an ḋuiꝑb iꝑ ḋaoiꝑe ḋ'ꝑiaḃꝑaꝑaiḃ
ꝑa ṫꝑuinne ḋoṫím naṫ cumaꝑaim ꝑoinn
ḋo ṫiocꝑaḋ ḋom ṫlainn ṫum tiꝑeaꝑnaiꝑ.

III

Ionnaꝑ aꝑíꝑ beaꝑ inniꝑim ḋíḃ
ꝑeaḋ uiꝑꝑioll ꝑíom naṫ ꝑiaꝑꝑuiꝑṫeaꝑ
ꝑuꝑ ꝑꝑuimiḋe aꝑ maoiṫ ó ḋ'imṫiꝑ an ṁaoin
a ḃꝑuiliḋ ꝑaṫ laoi ḋom ꝑiaṫaḋꝑa.

I, l. 1 ṫimaiꝑꝑ, G, L, m. II, l. 2 ḋuiꝑb, m; ḋuiꝑb, L. III, l. 2 ꝑéaꝑ uiꝑꝑioll, m.

III

Fairest blood in Féidhlim's land[1] hath come hither,
Flowing full with waves of bliss and mind noble,
Pious, happy, taper-fingered, calm lady,
Dwelling in the Gort* obeyed by all Claonghlais.[2]

* Gort na Tiobrad, near Drom Collachair, in the County of Limerick (G.A.).

XXV.—FOR A MONTH PAST A THRONG

23rd September, 1678

provide for the future of his children nor entertain the friends who come to visit him and seek his hospitality. He would prefer to be dead and buried than to be exposed to the ambushes of jealous rivals, whose envy is ever lying in wait for the weak and defenceless. Like a prisoner, the efforts of whose noble spirit have failed to burst the bonds which fetter him, he pines away in his chains. All he can do is to commend his friends, and all belonging to them, to the vein of that Breast which was rent upon the cross.

Metre—Amhán:

(*a*) (◡) 1 ◡ ◡ 1 ◡ 1 ◡ ◡ 1
(*b*) ◡ 1 ◡ ◡ 1 ◡ 1a ◡ ◡.]

I

For a month past a throng hath beset me all round,
Sharp headaches and crushing heart-weariness,
The folly in which all my life hath been passed
And the length of the way I have still to go.

II

To add to my grief come my limitless crimes,
Worm causing fevers most desperate,
And clearly I see I can do little here
To win for my children pre-eminence.

III

Therefore I say to you briefly again,
Though my judgment is sought for by nobody,
That my woe is increased, since my wealth disappeared
And debts are incurred by me every day.

---

[1] Féidhlim's land: Ireland, vide Part I, p. 201, n.[3].
[2] Vide Part I, p. 150, n.[1]; p. 167, n.[2], and p. 183, n.[2].

IV

Anuair ċiġid na laoiċ don ionad a mbím
ir mire gan ruim a riarṫa a ḃur
gur cunnail an ċuing an t-oineaċ ran ḋíċ
le conaġam croiḋe dom ċiaraḋra.

V

Ḃoir an ḋír an tuile ran ḋírc
ní hurara luiġe gan liaċairreaċt
ran iomad ar tí na laige do ṙíor
ḋá hinġreim ṙíor nó riarṫuicreaċ.

VI

Ór urra gan ḃaoi gan ionaṁur inn
le ḋtiuḃarainn íoc a ḃrialċoinne
ririm an ríġ do ċruċaiġ an ċraoiḃ
go ḋtugaran ḋíol im ṙiaċaiḃre.

VII

Cuirm naċ rill mo ġile ċum grír
a riliḋ na raoiṫe ir ria re hioċt
mar ċiġid i ḋtír naċ iongna a ngníoṁ
ór mionnaiḃ do ṙíne riaṁ 'r aniuġ.

VIII

Aċt ḋob ura ḃeiṫ ċoiḋċe curṫa ran gcill
ná tuitim i líontaiḃ liaċairreaċt
na ḋruinge le raoiltear oireaḋ na ṙroige
do neiṫiḃ na gniṁeala iaḋta um rcruig.

IX

Ḋá rire neaċ rcaoile a coinġioll a gcuiḃriġ
rciubaiḃ a ġnaoi ra ġrianluirne
le rciuṫairreaċt ṁilliġ murtair ir maoiḋte
tuille beag ḃíor i nḃiaiḃ a nirt.

IV, l. 2 riarṫa ḃur, L; riarṫa a ḃar, m. VI, l. 2 ḃrialċoine, m, G, L. l. 4 ṙiaċuir, m. VII, l. 3 an gníoṁ, m, G; a ngníoṁ, L. VIII, l. 1 ṙura, m, G. l. 2 na, L; no, m, G; liaċairaċt, m; liaċċar . ., L. l. 3 riltear, m, G; na ṙr., L; a ṙr., m, G. l. 4 na gimeal, m, G, L. IX, l. 1 ccoinġiol, m; coinġiol, L: ccuiḃriocc, m. l. 2 rġiubuiḃ, m, G, L; ra ġrianġarmar, G. l. 3 murḋar, m, G, L.

IV

When gentlemen come to the place where I dwell
And I have not the means to provide for them,
Bounty and want make a beautiful[1] yoke,
With gnawing of heart to disquiet me.

V

Between such a couple as deluge and drought
'Tis not easy to lie without sorrowing
So many are always in wait for the weak
To attack them with glosses, correct or false.

VI

Since I cannot go bail without riches or kine
To repay them for visits so generous,
I pray that the King who created the Branch[2]
May defray all the debts that I owe to them.

VII

Liquor not causing my paleness to blush
Is what flows from those seers famed for clemency,
Who have gained this success that proclaiming their deeds
On oath is not strange and hath never been.

VIII

'Twas better by far to be laid in the grave
Than be caught in the meshes calamitous
Of people who don't care a louse for the ills
That are fastened like fetters around my throat.

IX

When a man strives to burst from the bond of his gyves,
He ruins his beauty and brilliancy
By the violent retching of laudable pride,
What little his struggling hath left of them.

---

[1] Beautiful, here used ironically.

[2] Cpaob, literally branch, is used metaphorically for the palm of victory or for a distinguished person, e.g. Christ. It is hard to determine its exact meaning here.

x

Aċt tuille na ḋtaoiṗeaċ mioċaiṗe ir milleṗ
a ḃṗuiṗm ní hinntleaċt iaṗaċta
cuiṗimṗi tṗíḋ ṗin cuimiṗe a ɡṗíċe
aṗ ċuiṗlinn an ċíċ ḋo ṗciall i ɡṗuiṗ.

xi

Conɡaiḃ a ċoiṁḋe a n-uṗṗaim ṗa naoiṁe
a ɡciṗte ṗa ɡclainn ɡan ċiaċ a ɡṗuiṫ
ṗan imniṁe ir aoiḃe i n-iorṫaiḃ na ṗoilleṗ
id ġoiṗe ɡan aoinċiṫ iaṗṗaimṗi.

xii

Ɡaċ ndume ḋo ṗín ḋom mioṫal a ṁíne
d'ḟuṗṫaċt ḋá luiġeaḃ i ṗian aṗ biṫ
ṗnáṗ ċuidiġ mo lí ḋo ḋuḃaḃ le ɡaoiṫiḃ
ɡoiṗte maṗ ḋíol na mbiaṫaċaṗ.

XXVI.—D'éaɡ an Ḟéile

17° Aprilis, 1679

[Mss. R.I.A., 23 B 37 (B), 23 G 25 (G), 23 (L), 37 (L), 23 N 21 (N), 23 O 39 (O); Murphy Mss., Maynooth, iv (m), xiv (M); Ms. in private hands, Book of Los Angeles, California (A), vide supra, p. 48.

The titles prefixed to this poem vary considerably in the Mss. The longest is found in L: An ṗeaċtṁaḋ lá ḋéaɡ do ṁí Abṗaon na bliaḋna d'aoiṗ Xṗt. 1679, ḋaṗḋaoin na comaoineaċ a me[aḋ]on oiḋċe do éaɡ ceann oiniċc ⁊ eanɡnaṁa na Muṁan ⁊ dom ḋóiġ na h'Eiṗeann ɡo huilḃe an tan ṗo .i. Muiṗiṗ mic 'Ɡamuinn mic Seain .i. ṗeaṗ Caiṗleáin a[n] Lirín, iaṗ mbuaiḋ ionɡṫa ⁊ aiṫṗiġe; ⁊ a aḋlaca[ḋ] a ceill na mballaċ a Mainiṗḋiṗ St. Ṗṗoinṗiaṗ an luan ḋá éiṗ ṗin a n-aontuama ṗia ṁnaoi ṁaiṫ póṗḋa .i. Onóṗa inġean Coṗmuic mic Diaṗmaḋa .i. tiġeaṗṗna Muṗcṗoiḋe, ⁊ í aɡ aiṫṗeaḃ an imid ṗin ṗiṁe ó lá San Ṗṗoinṗiaṗ annṗa mbliaḋain 1669. [On the seventeenth day of the month of April, in the year of the age of Christ, 1679, on Communion Thursday (i.e. Holy Thursday), at midnight, died the foremost man for generosity and excellence in Munster, and, in

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x, l. 3 comuiṗc, G, m. xi, l. 2 a ccṗuiṫ, G; a mbṗuiḃ, m; illegible in L. xii, l. 1 ṁíne, G, m; míne, L.

X

But the rest of those captains, so gentle and sweet,
Whose minds have been cast in no foreign mould,
To the vein of the Breast that was rent on the cross
Their land I commend upon that account.

XI

Preserve then, O Lord, their religion and rank,
Their treasures and children in mistless[1] form,
And I pray that their bliss and their joy near Thyself
In the mansion of light may be sorrowless.

XII

May all who have proven their meekness of heart
By aiding me ever in any way,
Who helped not to darken my colour with darts,[2]
Receive the reward of their charity.

XXVI.—GONE IS BOUNTY

17th April, 1679

my opinion, in the whole of Erin at that time, Maurice fitz Edmund fitz John (Fitzgerald), Lord of Caisleán an Lisín (Castle Lisheen), after victory of unction and penance, and he was buried at Cell na mBallach (Buttevant) in the Abbey of St. Francis on the Monday following in the same tomb with his good wife, Onóra, daughter of Cormac son of Diarmaid (macCárthaigh), Lord Muskerry, who was already occupying that place since St. Francis's Day in the year 1669.] The titles in the other Mss. are shorter: Maṗḋna mic 'Ꞇamuinn mic Ꞅeaṗaiłt Ċaiṗleáin an Łiṗín noċ ḋo ṗuaiṗ báṗ [noċ ḃ'éaꞇ, m] an 17 lá ḋon Abṗaon ṗan mbliaḋain 1679, Ḋáiḃi ó ḃṗuaḋaiṗ ccꞇ. [G, m, O, A]; aṗ báṗ Ḿluiṗiṗ mic 'Ꞇamoinn Ċaiṗleáin an Łiṗín ḃ'éaꞇ Aṗrill 17th 1679 (N); ȯȯ ua ḃṗuaḋaiṗ ccꞇ. aiṗ báṗ Ḿluiṗiṗ mic 'Ꞇamuin mic Ꞅeaṗaiłt (M); Séaṗṗa ó Ḋonnċaḋa ccꞇ. aiṗ báṗ Ḿluiṗiṗ mic 'Ꞇamuinḋ mic Ꞅeaṗaiłt Ċaiṗleáin an Łiṗín a ccoinꞇae Ċoṗcaiḋe noċ ḋo éaꞇ an ṗeaċꞇṁaḋ lá ḋéaꞇ ḋo Abṗaon 1769 [leg. 1769] aꞇaṗ ḋó haḋnacaḋ a ceill na mullaċ (B).

Most of the Mss. present an incomplete text. N contains only Rr. 1–xxx,

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[1] Mistless: unclouded by sorrow.

[2] Slanderous remarks: cf. supra, p. 46, n.[2].

inclusive, M only R. I–LIV, inclusive, B only Rr. I–LXV, inclusive, A only Rr. I–LXIX, G and m (which was copied from G) R. I–LXX; but both these Mss. add a prose gloss at the end of R. LXX. L contains the complete poem without the above-mentioned gloss on R. LXX, which seems to have been added by a recent scribe, probably by Michael Ó Longáin, the scribe of G. There are two lacunæ in O. The first comprises Rr. XXXV–XLII, inclusive, where, however, a mark on the margin at the place where the lacuna begins probably indicates that the omission was due to an oversight, and was supplied at the end of the poem. The second lacuna, which occurs after R. LIII, is due to the loss of one or more leaves of the Ms., for the catchword, ꝑáiċ, at the foot of the page ending with R. LIII, shows that the next page in the complete Ms. began with R. LIV. It is impossible to say how many more ranns O contained when complete, but probably it contained a full copy.

Textual variations divide the Mss. into two distinct classes: L, M, N, B present a text which we may call the L or Stac text from the earliest Ms. and scribe; and G, m, O, A give us a text which for the same reason may be called the G or O Longáin text. The Mss. within each class agree very closely. The most distinctive mark of these two classes or families is the order of the lines in Rr. II–IV. The following conspectus will show the difference of arrangement (the lines numbered from the beginning of the poem):—

(1) L, M, N, B:

5 6 7 8* 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16*

(2) G, m, O, A:

5 6 14 12 10 11 7 15 9 8* 13 16*

The difference is due to a mere displacement of the lines except in two cases, which I have marked with asterisks. In line 16 there is a partial difference of reading, in line 8 a complete difference.

Line 16 reads in L, M, N, B, ıṙ D'éaɡ an náıṗe aṗ lár náṗ ꝑıonnaḋ, but in G, m, O, A, ıṙ D'éaɡ an náıṗe a n-áṗuṙ Connuıll.

For line 8, L, M, N, B, ꝑan ṁeaṙaṗḋaċc náṗ meaṙcaḋ le mıoḋɡaıḃ G, m, O, A substitute ıaṗ n-éaɡ ḋon ɡıɡḟeaṙ ċṗoḋa ċumaıṙ. In both cases there is no doubt that L, M, N, B preserve the original reading. This is especially clear from the latter example. The fact that Éamonn, a married man who died at the age of seventy-three (cf. R. XVII), is called ɡıɡḟeaṙ, a young man, proves that the line in G, m, O, A is the rash invention of a scribe who noticed that one line was wanting in the Ms. from which he was copying.

The genuineness of Rr. LXVI–LXXI, inclusive, has been denied by the Rev. P. Dinneen in his edition of the Poems of Séafraidh Ó Donnchadha, p. 32 (Gaelic League, Dublin, 1902), where he says: "The same Ms. (i.e. 23 d 37), as also 23 G 25, gives the following stanzas (viz. LXVI–LXXI) at the end of the poem as given in the text with the space of a few lines between. The scribe, John Stack, evidently considered them by the same hand; 23 G 25 does not leave a space. They are not given in 23 B 37, and from internal evidence seem spurious." These reasons are not convincing. The separation of the ceangal of a poem from the rest of the poem by a short space, in this instance hardly more than sufficient for one line, is a not uncommon practice of Irish scribes, of which, in fact, the poem of David Ó Bruadair, Ꝑuaṙaṙ bṗéıḋ ón nɡṗéaɡaċ ɡlaın, which ends in

23 L 37 on the page immediately preceding that on which the present poem Ḋ'éaḋ an ṗéile commences, affords another example by the same scribe. The absence of these verses from B is hardly a sufficient reason for rejecting them. Ceangals are often omitted in Mss.; for instance, M, a Ms. resembling B in other respects, omits all the first ceangal to this poem, Rr. LV–LXV, inclusive. B is one of the latest Mss., and so of little authority in view of the fact that these verses are found both in L, which is the oldest of all our Mss. (A.D. 1708/9) and the best Ms. of the family to which B belongs, and in G, the earliest and best representative of the other family of Mss. Finally, the internal evidence alluded to is not produced. There is nothing in the vocabulary or versification which may not well be from David Ó Bruadair; and it is rather risky to try to settle a priori what an Irish poet might deem suitable or unsuitable. The reverend editor may have been struck by the bathos of the prose gloss at the end of R. LXX in G. This gloss, however, seems to be the production of some modern scribe, probably Michael óg Ó Longáin himself, the writer of G.

This poem has been already published by the Rev. P. Dinneen in his edition of the works of Séafraidh Ó Donnchadha, to whom he ascribes it for the following reasons:—first, 23 B 37, written by Malachy O'Curry, ascribes it to him; secondly, so does Eugene O'Curry himself in several passages of his Catalogue of the Irish Mss. in the Royal Irish Academy; and thirdly, 23 L 37, which was written in 1708/9, gives a short prose preface, but does not give the author's name, although it inserts a poem by Ó Bruadair immediately following, to which his name is prefixed (op. cit. Pref., p. xxiii). In answer to these reasons, I reply: first, that the authority of B is very poor; for it is one of the latest Mss. (1822); it is the only one of the eight Mss. which ascribes the poem to Séafraidh Ó Donnchadha; and its text contains many misreadings of passages of ordinary difficulty, such as a n-eiṁṗeaċt Ṁuiṁṁ for ı n-éicceaċt Ṁuiṁṁ (R. I, l. 1), méala for méapaiḋ (R. LXII, l. 1), etc. Secondly, Eugene O'Curry expresses his opinion on this question where he treats of the Mss. G, L, N, O, and B. On G, where the poem is ascribed to Ó Bruadair, he says: "The authorship of this poem is more generally ascribed to Geoffrey O'Donoghue of the Glen." On N, where it is anonymous, he merely notes the defective state of the text, and says nothing about the authorship of the poem. On O, where it is ascribed to Ó Bruadair, he says: "See H. and S. Catalogue, no. 16, p. 45, for a fuller copy of this poem [viz., in Ms. 23 B 37], which is there ascribed to Geoffrey O'Donoghue." On L (where it is anonymous), he says again: "The authorship of this poem has been generally ascribed to Geoffrey O'Donoghue of the Glen; see p. 55 of this Catalogue [viz., where he treats of Ms. 23 B 37]." On referring to the place indicated we find that he does not discuss the question of the disputed authorship at all, and merely notes that the Ms. is rare and valuable, and that "O'Donoghue was one of the deepest read men in the Irish language of the day"; so that we are forced to conclude that, when Eugene O'Curry speaks of this poem's being more generally ascribed to Geoffrey O'Donoghue of the Glen, the only authority he had for that statement was that his brother Malachy O'Curry ascribed it to that poet.*

* For another example of how Eugene O'Curry was inclined to overrate the value and importance of his brother's work, see Keating, History, Part II, pref., p. xxxiii.

Thirdly, the silence of L, far from favouring the claims of Séafraidh Ó Donnchadha, is rather a proof that David Ó Bruadair was the author. L is chiefly a collection of the latter's poems. Among these are many which, though no author's name is given, are undoubtedly his. It seems practically certain, therefore, that this poem, which occurs between two poems written by him,* was also his work. The following positive arguments favour David Ó Bruadair's claim:—First, all the Mss. which give what I have called the G or O'Longan text, viz., G, m, O, A, and one of those which give the L or Stack text, expressly ascribe it to him. Owing to the fragmentary condition of N, it is impossible to draw any conclusion from it. The poem occurs on a few leaves of an earlier Ms. now bound up with a Ms. of Michael óg Ó Longáin's. Secondly, Séafraidh Ó Donnchadha has not employed this metre in any other poem, while David Ó Bruadair has done so frequently. Thirdly, Séafraidh Ó Donnchadha has written no other poem on the Fitzgeralds, nor is there anything to show that he took any particular interest in any branch of the family. David Ó Bruadair, on the contrary, has written many poems on the Fitzgeralds of Claonghlais, who were closely connected by marriage with the Fitzgeralds of Caisleán an Lisín. Sir John Fitzgerald of Claonghlais, our poet's patron, and Maurice Fitzgerald of Caisleán an Lisín, were great-grandson and son-in-law respectively of Cormac mac Diarmada, Lord Muskerry, who died in the year 1616, and indeed it is practically certain that Sir John's wife, Ellen Fitzgerald, was a daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald of Caisleán an Lisín. When we add that in his frequent journeys from the neighbourhood of Cork and Youghal to his haunts in the western part of Co. Limerick, Gort na Tiobrad and Cathair Maothal, our

I

Ḋ'éaġ an ṗéile ı n-éıṫṫeaċṫ Ṁluıpıṙ
ḋ'éaġ an uaıṙle ġluaıṙ ġan ġlıoġaṙ
ḋ'éaġ an anáıṙ ċeannárḋ ċuṙaḋ
ıṙ ḋ'éaġ an ṗoıġne ḋoıṁım ġan ḋuıḃe.

II

Ḋ'éaġ an uṁlaċṫ ıonnṙaıc ıoċṫaċ
'ṙ an ṫ-eolaṙ ġan ċeo ġan ċṙıċıṙ
an ḋıaḋaċṫ náṙ ṙıaṙaḋ ṙıonnaḋ
'ṙ an ṙún ṙíṙġe ḋíṙġe ḋıle.

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* The poem Ṗuaṙaṙ bṙéıḋ ón ngṙéaġaċ ġlaın ends on p. 120 of the Ms., and the preface to the present poem begins at the top of p. 121. The vacant space on p. 120 has been partly filled by one rann composed by Donnchadh mac Airt uí Chaoimh. The scribe evidently deemed the elegy on Maurice Fitzgerald too important a piece to begin anywhere but at the top of a page.

Besides the letters used to represent the separate Mss., I use Gf for the whole G family, viz., G, m, O, and A; Lf for the whole L family, viz., L, M, N, B;

poet's way led him by Caisleán an Lisín, it will be seen that David Ó Bruadair was the poet who was naturally expected to sing the elegy of Maurice of Caisleán an Lisín.

The Fitzgeralds of Caislean an Lisín (Castlelisheen) and of Cloyne are descended from Maurice, an illegitimate son of Seán na Callainne (vide Part I, p. 144, n.[1], and p. 175, n.[1]). Maurice of Castlelisheen, the subject of the present elegy, was the youngest son of Sir Edmond Fitzgerald of Cloyne and Ballymaloe and Honóra, widow of John Fitzgerald, seneschal of Imokilly, and daughter of James Fitz-Maurice of Desmond. He married Honóra, daughter of Cormac mac Diarmada mic Chárrthaigh, Lord Muskerry, and had issue Garret Fitzgerald of Castlelisheen, who married Catherine, a sister of Daniel, third Viscount Clare, and Lady Ellen, seemingly the wife of Sir John Fitzgerald of Claonghlais: vide supra, p. 166. His wife Honóra was buried on St. Francis' Day (4th October, 1669), in Buttevant Abbey. Maurice, whose estates had been confiscated for the share he had taken in the war of 1641–1652, and who had been transplanted in the year 1653, survived his wife ten years. He made his will 20th March, 1678/9, died and was buried with his wife, 17th April, 1679.

Metre: (1) Caoineaḋ. Rr. I–LIV, regular in structure, the two distinctive final syllables being ı ∪.

(2) Airṁán:

(*a*) Rr. LV–LXIV, ∪ é ∪ ∪ é ∪ ∪ ó ∪.

(*b*) R. LXV, ∪ ó ı ∪ ∪ ı ∪ ∪ é ∪ ua.

(*c*) Rr. LXVI–LXXI, (∪) ú ∪ a ∪ a ∪ é ∪ í.]

I

Gone is bounty since the death of Maurice,
Gone nobility serene and modest,
Gone the highest type of knightly honour,
Gone the most profound unruffled patience.

II

Gone is meekness innocent and faithful,
Knowledge free from mist of hesitation,
Piety in judgment undistorted,
An d devotion truthful, staunch, and loyal.

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and D for the text as printed by the Rev. P. Dinneen, Poems of Geoffrey O'Donoghue.

I, l. 1 an éanṁeaċt, B. l. 2 ġluar, D. l. 3 curraḋ, G, m. l. 4 ṁoiġne, L; ṁoiġḋe, Gf, B, D, N, M; ḋoiṁn, L, m. II, l. 2 d'éaġ an ċeolar, Gf. For the disturbance of the order of the next ten lines see the Introduction to this poem. I follow the order of Lf. l. 3 ṗiarṫa, D. l. 4 ḋíṗe, L; ḋíṗġeaḋ, Gf; ḋíṗe, D; ḋíṗḋe, B; ḋíṗġe, N.

III

D'éaɡ an ḃeoḋaċt leor ɡan leiṁe
'ṙ an ċeannraċt ṫreannḋa ɡan ṫuirle
d'éaɡ an ḃúiġe ċiuin ɡan ċuilɡ
'ṙ an ṫraoirre náṙ ḟríṫ ɡuṙ ḟilleaḋ.

IV

D'éaɡ an eaḋarġuiḋe ġeanamnaiḋe ḋliġṫeaċ
'ṙ an ṁearaṙḋaċt náṙ mearcaḋ le mioɡaiḃ
d'éaɡ an ċuṁraċt ċumḋa ċluṫair
iṙ d'éaɡ an náire ar láṙ náṙ ḟionnaḋ.

V

D'éaɡ an ḋaonnaċt ɡan ḃaoṙ ɡan ṁine
ɡan ḟuaim ɡan uaḃar ɡan iomaiḋ
ó ɡaċ neaċ ɡan aṙ ɡan iorraḋ
d'éaɡ a ṙtóṙ a ḋtreoir ṙa ḋturaḋ.

VI

D'éaɡ uaiṫne ḟuaḋar iṙ ḟuinneaṁ
d'éaɡ ḋéarcaċ tréaḋnaraċ ṫuicreaċ
d'éaɡ muiṁneaċ míleata milir
náṙ ṙmuain ḟeall ná ḟallraċt ċumainn.

VII

D'éaɡ béile iṙ éaḋaċ na ḋruinɡe
ḋáṙ ċinn ḋia ṙan mḃliaḋain ṫubuirt
d'éaɡ ḋaġċruṫ ṙe haġaiḋ an uile
iṙ ɡníoṁa dá ṙéir nó ṙéaḋ ba uille.

VIII

D'éaɡ an cárta ṙráiḃḋeaċ cunnail
'ṙ an compáṙ náṙ ċúrráil ṫaṙ ċioṁraiḃ
an ṙeol ṙe ṙtoṙmaiḃ náṙ ṙṫruireaḋ
'ṙ an ṙciuir náṙ ṫúrnaḋ ṙe ṫonnaiḃ.

III, l. 2 d'éaɡ an ċeannraċt, Gf. l. 3 ḃúiɡe, Gf, Lf; ḃúiḋe, D. l. 4 ṙilleaḋ, m. IV, l. 2 mioɡaiḃ, L; mioḋġaiḃ, B; mioḋuiḃ, N; mioḋɡaiḃ, D. The line corresponding to this was wanting in the source of Gf, and iaṙ néaɡ ḋon óiɡḟear ċṙóḋa ċumair has been wrongly substituted for it; see the introduction to this poem. l. 3 ċuṁaraċt, Gf. l. 4 náṙe a náṙuṙ Connuill, Gf. V, l. 1 ṁire, G, m. l. 2 ɡan uaill ɡan uaḃar, Gf. l. 3 iorra, L; iorraḋ,

III

Gone is gaiety devoid of folly,
Ancient kindness never known to stumble,
Graciousness sedate and inoffensive,
And frankness that was never found perfidious.

IV

Gone is intercession chaste and pious,
Temperance ne'er by meads intoxicated,
Gone is elegant and charming fragrance,
Gone is virtue never seen prostrated.

V

Gone is pity free from stint or folly,
From haughtiness of pride or wrangling clamour,
Gone from every farmless, clotheless person
Are his stores, advantage and direction.

VI

Gone are energy, defence, alertness,
Gone are mercy, abstinence, and prudence,
Gone the brave and charming knight of Munster
Who never harboured guile or false affection.

VII

Gone the food and clothing of the people
For whom God hath this year decreed affliction,
Gone an absolutely perfect figure
And actions just as good or somewhat better.

VIII

Gone the chart of piety and prudence,
Compass that did ne'er transgress its limits,
Sail that ne'er was rent by storm or tempest,
Tiller that was ne'er displaced by billows.

B; ıoppaď, Gf, N. l. 4 ccuppaď, Gf. VI, l. 1 uaınne, B; uaıne, D. l. 2 cpéanżapaċ ďéapcaċ, Gf; cuıġpeaċ, Gf, B, N. l. 3 mılıoca, L. l. 4 náp ċınn pmuaın, m. VII, l. 1 éaďaċ ıp béıle, B. l. 3 ďeaġċnuıċ, Gf. l. 4 péıď, B; huılle, D; uıple, B. VIII, l. 1 Connaıll, B. l. 2 ċıuďpaıb, Gf. l. 3 le, Gf; le pcóruıď, N. l. 4 cuppnnaď, Gf.

IX

D'éaɡ ceallṫair ɡan ċall ɡan ċpuime
ɡan ɡual ɡan ġruamaċt ɡan ġainne
d'éaɡ an lá ṗe báṗ do bioṗaḋ
bṗeiṫeaṁ ciuil ir cúṗṗa ir cuilɡ.

X

D'éaɡ ṗtaṗaiḋeaċt maṗcaiḋeaċt ir muṗṗainn
d'éaɡ laoċaṗ maoṗḋaċt ir mioṫal
d'éaɡ ṗoġluim moḋlaċt ir maille
i bṗeaṗṗaim tṗéiṁ an tṗéin ɡan tuilɡ.

XI

D'éaɡ ṗiaḋaċ iaṗcaċ ir imiṗt
d'éaɡ áṫaṗ áilleaċt ir uṗṗaim
d'éaɡ caoiṁne míne ir miṗe
i n-éaɡ an tia do ḃiaṫaḋ iolaiṗ.

XII

D'éaɡ mo nuaiṗ an ṗuainne d'ḟuilinɡ
annṫṗom ċáiċ ṗa ɡcáṗ ɡo minic
d'éaɡ an té ṗa ċéile cuḃaiḋ
ṗe linn ḃaṗ n-óɡ naċ dóiġ ɡo dtioccṗaḋ.

XIII

Cṗéaċt mo cléiḃṗi an t-éaɡ do ḟeinneaṗ
an t-éaɡ le aṗ buaiḋṗeaḋ cuain ɡaċ cille
éaɡ na ḃṗann do ṗcannṗaḋ ṗcṗiorṫa
an t-éaɡ ionaṗ éaɡ ɡaċ ɡné don ġile.

XIV

Ir moiġéanaṗ ṗinnḟéinniḋ ṗiuċaiṗ
nó ṗí ṗa ċṗíoċa ɡan ċiomṗa
nó ceann ṗluaiġ ṗe cuaiṗd na cṗuinne
i ṗian na ɡṗíḃe ɡṗoiḋe do ṗiṫṗeaḋ.

IX, l. 1 ceallṫaṗ, D. l. 3 ṗe, L; le, Gf, B, N. X, l. 1 muiṗn, L; muiṗnn, N; muiṗinn, B; muṗṗuinn, Gf. l. 3 moġlaċt, L, N, O; moḋaileaċt, B; moġuileaċt, G, m; ir miṗe, Gf. l. 4 ḟéiṁ, D. XI, l. 3 caoiṁne caoineaṗ ir cliṗteaċt, Gf. l. 4 an té, B; iolaṗ, m. XII, l. 1 ḋulainɡ, N; d'ḟulainɡ, B, D; d'ḟuilinɡ, G, O. l. 3 d'éaɡ mo léan an té ṗa cuḃaiḋ, B. l. 4 péaṗ linn ḋáṗ nḋóiṫ naċ dóiṫ, Gf; tticcṗa, N;

IX

Gone a faultness, frank, and guileless visage,
Neither dark nor surly, mean nor grudging,
Gone the judge of coursing, music, fencing,
Since the day on which death's arrow pierced him

X

Gone recitals, chivalry, and trooping,
Gone are valour, dignity, and mettle,
Gone are learning, courtesy, and calmness
In this gentle gallant's graceful person.

XI

Gone the art of hunting, sport, and fishing,
Gone are triumph, beauty, veneration,
Gone are graceful mirthfulness and mildness
Since the death of him who fed the eagles.[1]

XII

Gone, alas, the prop that oft supported
Others in their troubles and afflictions,
Gone is one whose real equal never
Shall be seen in all your children's lifetime.

XIII

Death I sing that wounds my bosom deeply,
Death at which all churches' clerks are troubled,
Death that hath appalled the weak with ruin,
Death in which have died all kinds of brightness.

XIV

Hail to every fearless fair-hued Fenian,
Or king whose kingdom is without a limit,
Or army chief who roams the wide world over,
That treadeth in this noble griffin's[2] footsteps.

---

ttiocpaḋ, Gf, L, B. XIII, l. 1 cleiṁṁ ir ṁnneap, N; an t-éaʒ po ṁeinniop, Gf. l. 2 tuaṫ, Gf; cuam, L; cuan, B, N. l. 4 an té ionap éaʒ, B. XIV, l. 1 moiḋéanap, Gf; maiʒeap, M. l. 2 éṗioċ. N. l. 3 cean, Gf, Lf; ceann, D; pluaiʒ, Lf; pl-, Gf; le, G, m. l. 4 an ʒṗíbṁ, Gf, D.

[1] Cf. Part I, p. 169, n.[2]. [2] Vide supra, p. 141, n.[1].

xv

Ní ꝛꝓoiꝛꝓóiḋ cullóiḋe iꝛ coiꝛe
náiḋ coꝛáin ċꝓoꝛḋálta ċuilinn
náiḋ céime ḋo béimꝑeaḋ ꝛciopta
ḋ'aimꝛiɡ ꝑiaṁ aḋt ꝑian ɡan ꝑuiḋe.

xvi

An ɡaiꝛciḋeaċ ɡan taċaoiꝛ ɡan time
le aꝛ claoiḋeaḋ na bíoḋḃa bunaiḋ
ḋ'aiṁḋeoin tíꝛe iꝛ taoiḋe iꝛ teine
ḋo ꝑuɡ a ḃann ꝑa ḃeann ɡan ḃꝛiꝛe.

xvii

Ráṁuiḋe náꝛ léiɡ cáblaiḋe a luinɡe
ná a cꝛaiꝛn le ní aꝛ biḋ ḋo ṁille
iꝛ í ḋo ɡ̇náḋ ꝛe ꝑál aɡ ꝑiopꝛma
tꝛí bliaḋna ḋéaɡ iꝛ tꝛí ꝑiċiḋ.*

xviii

Ní ṗáɡaim ɡo nḋeáꝛnaiḋ Ꝑilib
ná Allaꝛtꝛom ḋ'aꝛɡain na hoiꝛṫiꝛ
ná Seoiꝛꝛe le aꝛ tóiꝛneaḋ Tuꝛcaiɡ
conɡcaꝛ ba ꝑiu a cuꝛ i ꝑulla

* .ɪ. a aoiꝛ [L].

---

xv, l. 1 cꝛoꝛꝛóiḋ, G, O, N; cꝛoꝛꝛóḋ, B; cꝛoiꝛꝛoiḋ, L, m. l. 2 náiḋ, L, N; ná, cett.; ċꝓoꝛḋalṫa, L; ċꝓoꝛtálṫa, N; coꝛtꝛalṫa, Gf. l. 3 ꝛna, O; náiḋ, L, N; ná háiꝛ, M; ná, G, m, B; béimeanna ċéimꝑeaḋ, Gf; ḃéimꝑeaḋ, N; ꝛcꝛiꝛḋa, B. l. 4 ꝑuiɡḋe, L; ꝑiḋe, N; ꝑuiḋe, Gf, B. xvi, l. 1 ɡaiꝛɡeaḋ, G, m; tiṁe, D. l. 2 le náꝛ, G, m; bunaḋ, B. l. 3 taoiḋe tíꝛe iꝛ time, Gf; tinne, B; tine, Gf, L, N. l. 4 a b'ann, D. xvii, l. 1 táclaiḋe, B. l. 2 ċꝓainn, G, m, N; ċꝓainn, L, O; ċꝓann, B. l. 3 ꝑáile, G, m. l. 4 ꝑiċiḋ, Gf, Lf. xviii, l. 1 ḃꝓaɡaim aon tꝓáiṫ, Gf; aon tꝓáiṫ omitted, Lf. l. 2 ḋeaɡuin, B; hoiꝛṫeaꝛ, Gf. l. 3 le aꝛ leonaḋ, Gf. l. 4 cunnꝛaꝛ, D.

[1] Philip (382–336 B.C.), king of Macedon, conqueror of Greece, and father of Alexander the Great.

XV

No crossroads of iniquity or wrangling,
Nor forbidden paths beset with holly,
Nor garment-rending steps did he adventure,
But always kept a course without defilement.

XVI

Hero he without reproach or weakness,
By whom the ancient enemies were vanquished,
Who in spite of land or fire or water
Kept inviolate his bond and honour.

XVII

Skipper who let nothing ever injure
Any mast or cable of his vessel,
Though engaged in battling with the ocean
Constantly for threescore years and thirteen.*

XVIII

I have never found that either Philip[1]
Or Alexander[2] raiding eastern nations
Or George[3] by whom the Turks were often routed
Made a conquest worth being put on record—

* i.e. his age [L].

---

[2] Alexander the Great (355–323 B.C.), king of Macedon, conqueror of Asia Minor, Persia, Syria, Egypt, &c.

[3] George Castriot (1403–1468 A.D.), the famous Albanian chief, who was captured by the Turks at the age of seven and reared in the creed of Islam. His military exploits won him the favour of the Sultan Amurath II, but on the defeat of the Turks by the Hungarians at Nissa in 1443 he deserted, returned home, professed Christianity, and raised a revolt in Albania against the Turks. His heroic and successful resistance to the vast armies brought against him by Amurath II and Mohammed II, the conqueror of Constantinople, won him undying fame. The Albanian revolt collapsed on his death in 1468. George Castriot is better known under his Turkish name Scanderbeg or Iskanderbeg, that is, Alexander Bey or Lord. The circumstances attending his revolt are alluded to at the beginning of the next rann.

XIX

Dámaḋ í an ċróḋaċt ċóir ɡan ċumairc
do cuirpiḋe le ḟileaḋaiḃ i ɡcroinneaċt
d'ḟéaċain ar éiriɡ le Muirir
do leaɡ puimp ir claoine ir claiṁe.

XX

Do rinn éaċt nár ḟéadrad Orcair
ir naċ ráiniɡ a lán do riġċiḃ
do ṁúċ diaḃal ɡliaḋċa ɡurṁar
do ṁúċ feoil ir ceo na cruinne.

XXI

Do ṁúċ fail ir fainnt na fríoraḋ
ḃíor fe lot an ḃoiċt fan ḃuirb
do ṁúċ éiċeaċ craor ir cuċaċ
ir do ċuir tnúċ ir drúir dá mbonnaiḃ.

XXII

Neaṁḟonn riarṫa an tia do ċruċuiġ
é fa mair do nairc i nɡeiṁiol
fonn méirle níor léiɡ 'na ġoire
ná a haċarraċ dár dealḃaḋ d'ulcaiḃ.

XXIII

An té do ḃrúiġ mar riud na cuilɡ
le dtolltar coḋnaiġ ɡaċ cine
ir nár léiɡ leo dá ċóir maḋ ruibe
rir ní ró dár ndóiġ a ndubart.

XXIV

Uim an nɡéiɡ rin d'éibil idir
ní ḃéan plár ná párla ribre
aċt a innrin ɡo cinnte cumair
ɡurab é féin ɡan ḃéim doċonnarc.

XIX, l. 2 filiḋiḃ, L, O; ccroinneaċt, L, N; cruinic, Gf; cruinnic, B. XX, l. 1 Orɡar, Gf, Lf. l. 3 diaḃal, L; diaḃuil ir ɡliaḋċa, Gf. XXI, l. 1 rainnt ir fail, Gf; rriorad, L, N; rriorairde, Gf, B. l. 2 do ḃíor, Gf. l. 4 drúir ir tnúċ, Gf: mbunaiḃ, D. XXII, l. 2 é fá mar, Gf, N, D; é fan múr, B; é fa mair, L. l. 3 rún, B; méirle, Lf; méirleaċair, Gf. l. 4 dár omitted, B. XXIII, l. 1 coiliġ, D. l. 3 ma, Gf.

XIX

If nothing else but just and spotless valour
Should be publicly extolled by poets—
When compared with the success of Maurice
In crushing pride, iniquity, and vileness.

XX

He achieved a feat which Oscars[1] could not,
One which many kings have not accomplished:
He curbed the fiercest onslaughts of the devil;
The flesh, the darkness of the world he vanquished.

XXI

He conquered[2] avarice and sloth of spirit,
Watchful foes to wound both poor and haughty;
He conquered gluttony, deceit, and anger,
And overthrew impurity and envy.

XXII

Disobedience unto the Creator
Of him and all that lives he bound in fetters;
He let not love of lawlessness approach him
Nor any other evil that existeth.

XXIII

In the case of one who foiled the arrows,
Which transfix the lords of every nation,
And who yielded not one jot of justice—
What I say is no exaggeration.

XXIV

I shall not speak of the departed scion
In words of flattery or random gossip,
But I assure you briefly and distinctly
That I never saw a blemish in him.

---

l. 4 ní ṗóʒṫaṁ, N; nḋóiḃ, Gf; nḋóiḋ, L. XXIV, l. 1 ʒṗéiʒ, D; nʒéiṗʒ, N. l. 2 ḋéanṗaḋ, Gf; liḃṗe, Gf. l. 3 a omitted, Gf; aċt annṁ, B. l. 4 ʒan ḃṗéaʒ, Gf.

---

[1] Vide Part I, p. 16, n.[1], and p. 40 n.[6].

[2] An enumeration of the seven capital sins follows.

xxv

Ir naċ raiḃ raoṙċṙú i ʒcṙaoḃḟonn ḟuiniḋ
naċ ráiniʒ a ḃáṙṙ maṙ ḃiṙeaċ
mac an laoiċ ó íḃ mac Cuille
ḋo ḋáil i ʒCluain maṙ ʒluaiṙiḋ tonna.

xxvi

Mac Éamuinn aonuṙṙaḋ ir ʒlaine
táṙla ṙiomṙa ó ċúir ʒo tuitim
mac máċaṙ ḋá nḋáiliḋ ḟiliḋ
míṙ óṙ mnáiḃ a ḋtáṙċaiḋ iṙe.

xxvii

Mac naċ aoṙaḋ aon uim itċe
ir naċ iaṙṙaḋ iallṙḟuir ná a hoiṙeaḋ
mac náṙ ċuill a lí ḋo luiṙneaḋ
a loṙ ʒṙáḋ ná tláṙ ṙe teinne.

xxviii

Mac náṙ ṁeaḃṙuiʒ meanʒ ná mioṙcaiṙ
mac ʒan ʒéim ḋo néiċ i n-itċe
mac ón ṙóḋ ʒéaṙ ṁóṙ a ṁuiṙeaṙ
ṙiaṁ náṙ ḃṙaċaḋ i neaṁċulaiċ oiniʒ.

xxix

Mac a ṁaoin ṙa ḋíol ʒan ḟuiṙeaċ
ḋaṙ le cáċ náṙ ḃ'áiḋḃṙeaċ ʒuṙtal
mac ṙa lón náṙ leon a ḋtuʒaḋ
ir é ʒaċ tṙáiċ aʒ tál ʒan tuiṙṙe.

---

xxv, l. 1 raoṙċṙú, Gf, L; raoṙċnú, N, M; ceṙaoḃ ḟionn ḟuine, Gf. l. 2 ḃaṙa, B; ḃaṙ, L, G, O; baiṙ, m; ḃaṙṙ, N; ir naċ raiḃ aḃaṙ, M. l. 3 aoiḃ, Gf. l. 4 tonna, Lf; tuile, Gf. xxvi, l. 1 éanuṙṙa, B. l. 2 ṙeomṙa, B; hiomṙa, Gf, M. l. 3 ṙiliḋ, L, N; ṙile, Gf; ṙileaḋa, B. l. 4 miṙ, L; ṙiṙe, Gf. xxvii, l. 1 éaṙaḋ, Gf, B; aoṙaḋ, L; itċe, Lf; niḋċe, Gf; itċe, D. l. 2 ná oiṙeaḋ, Gf; ná hoiṙioḋ, B; na hoiṙeaḋ, L; na a hoiṙeaḋ, N. l. 3 liʒ, Gf. l. 4 ʒṙáḋ, G, m, L, B; ʒṙáiḋ, O, N; ʒṙáḋa, D; tláiṙ, N; teime, m; teinne, G, O, B; timme, L; teiniḋ, D. xxviii, l. 1 an mac, Gf. l. 2 ʒéim, Lf; ḃéim, Gf; ʒan néaċ, Gf; ḋo néaċ,

XXV

And that each noble blood in leafy Westland[1]
Then attained its acme of perfection
When at Cloyne[2] like ocean waves converging
It met the son of Imokilly's hero.

XXVI

Son of Éamonn,[3] first and fairest voucher,
Whom I ever met from start to finish,
Son of mother whom the poets love to
Give the palm to over rival ladies.

XXVII

Son who never frowned upon entreaters,
Who never sought for garnish such as spur-straps,
Son whose face's blush was never caused by
Vehemence of love or fear of fierceness.

XXVIII

Son who never planned deceit or hatred,
Son who heard requests without a murmur,
Son whose roadside clients were so many,
Yet who ne'er was seen but robed in bounty.

XXIX

Son whose money paid without delayment
Made people think he had no wealth remaining,
Son whose largess injured not his riches,
Though he poured them forth without cessation.

N; ꝺo néiċ, L, B; a mióċe, Gf; a miċe, Lf; um iċe, D. xxix, l. 1 a ṁaoin, D; a maoin, Gf, Lf. l. 2 ꝛuppaṗ, Gf; ȝuṗꝛal, Lf. l. 3 ṗan lón, Gf.

---

[1] Ireland.

[2] Cloyne, a town and parish in the barony of Imokilly, Co. Cork. The family of Maurice Fitzgerald of Caislean an Lisín was a branch of the family of the Fitzgeralds of Cloyne: see the introduction to this poem, supra, p. 177.

[3] Vide supra, p. 177.

xxx

Mac ṗia mbáṗ ḋob ḟeáṗṗḋe ḟine
mac ṗa ġlóiṗ ȝo ḋeoiġ naċ ḋuiḃċe
mac ḋo ḟáȝaiḃ bláiṫ iṗ ḋuille
D'ḟeaṗtaiḃ ḋé naċ ṫréiȝṗe a ṗliġċe.

xxxi

Síol Monċaḋ conċlann a ċlainne
ṗíol ḋúṫṗaċta úṗnaiṫ iṗ iṗṗe
ṗíol ṗuaiṫniḃ ḋáṗ ṫuaṗaḋ iṫiṗ
aṗ naċ éiḋiṗ ḋéaṗ ȝan eiṫne.

xxxii

Ȝé tioḋlaiceaḋ íoc iona ionaḋ
ḃaṗ tóiṗġ ḋo ḋeoin ṁic Ṁuiṗe
ȝan ḋiaċuiṗ 'na ḋiaiḃ i ȝcṗoiḋṫiḃ
ȝibé ḟiaḋṗaṗ ní hiaḋṗan miṗe.

xxxiii

Ní ḋuaiṗ ḋá ḃṗuaṗaṗ ón mbile
ná ní ṗe ṗaoilṗinn ȝo ṗilinn
ḋaṁna mo ċannṫlaiṁ ḋon ċuṗ ṗo
aċṫ póġṗáḋ ḋá ṁóṗḋáil ȝan ṁuṗtaṗ.

xxxiv

Mo ċaoiṗe ní caoine ṫiṗim
aċṫ caoi le léiȝim ḋéaṗa ȝuiṗte
atċaoi ȝan cleaṗuiġeaċṫ a hionnaṗ
naċ ḟeoiḋṗiḃ ȝo ḟóill im ġoile.

xxxv

Ní maoiṗṗeaċṫ mínliġ ná muinȝe
ṗiocḃáiṗṫeaċṫ caiṗleáin ná coille
ḋoiṗṗeoiṗeaċṫ ṗciobóil ná ioċlann
ċaoinim ḋá ṗíṗiḃ aċṫ Muiṗiṗ.

---

xxx, l. 1 ba ḟeaṗṗḋe cine, Gf. l. 2 ḋuiḃe, Gf. l. 3 bláṫ, Gf. l. 4 ṫreiȝḟeaḋ, D. N stops here. xxxi, l. 1 Monċaḋ, Gf; Monaċa, Lf; ċonaċlann, B. l. 2 ḋuṫṗaiċṫ, L; ḋuṫṗaċṫ, Gf, B; uṗnaiġċe, O, B; uṗnaiṫ, G, m, L. l. 4 ṗéiḋiṗ, Gf, B; ḋéiṗ, B; imnċe, L; eiṫne(aḋ), Gf. xxxii, l. 1 ṗé t., M; ȝé tiolacaḋ, L; ȝé taḋlaice, B; ȝioḋ do tioḋlacaḋ, Gf. l. 2 tóiṗṗiec, B; taoiṗiec, L; ḋeonaiġ mac, Gf. l. 3 ȝcṗoiṫiḃ, L; ȝcṗoiḋṫiḃ, Gf. l. 4 ní ḋiaḋṗan, Gf; ṁiṗe, L. xxxiii, l. 2 ṗíolṗuinn, B; ná niḃ ḋá ṗuiġṗinn ȝo ṗinȝil, Gf. xxxiv, l. 1 ċaoiḋṗe, O; tiṗim,

xxx

Son whose life increased his tribe's importance,
Son whose glory never will be darkened,
Son who left a leaf and bud that never
Will by grace of God his ways abandon.

xxxi

Like the seed of Monchadh[1] are his children,
Seed of faith, of prayer, and of devotion,
Famous seed which presages a harvest
That will not produce a coreless corn-ear.

xxxii

Though we should get compensation for him
In future chiefs through Mary's Son's permission,
He whose heart for him is void of sorrow,
Whoe'er he be, he is not I for certain.

xxxiii

'Tis no present that the hero gave me
Nor aught that I might ever have expected
That causes me to grieve on this occasion,
But excessive love for prideless greatness.

xxxiv

My wailing is no arid lamentation,
But a wail by bitter tears attended,
Constant wailing, unrelieved, of such a nature
That it ne'er shall fail within my bosom.

xxxv

It is not bailiffship of moor or meadow
Nor watchful wardenship[2] of wood or castle
Nor partnership of granary or haggard
That I weep for really but Maurice.

Gf, B; ċiṗm, L. l. 2 ꝛṗé léiġion ṗíṗḋéaṗa, Gf. l. 3 aġ ꝛaoi(ḋe), Gf; aḃḋaoi, B; a hinnioll, Gf, M; an hionnuṗ, L; a ċinniṗ, B; a ċinneaṗ, D. l. 4 ꝑeoiḋṗe, B. O breaks off here. xxxv, l. 2 na, G, L; a, m; ná, B. l. 3 ꝑġiuboil, L. l. 4 ḋo ċaoimim, G, m.

[1] Identification uncertain.

[2] Sioċḃáiṗꝛeaċꝛ, a word of foreign origin, seems to represent an English 'check-watching.'

XXXVI

Ní ċaoinim ṡíoḃarḋaċt a urraḋ
roilléar ná coilléar ná cura
reompa ná cóṗra ná curarḋ
aċt m'ḟaḋċuṁa mo ḋealuġaḋ re ḋuine

XXXVII

Is annṁúċt na ḃṗear úd i ḃṗoicṗe
ó ṗíoċnuiġeaḋ na ṗiorlaoiċ ba ṡine
an ealḃa ṗan ainḋeire náṗ hoileaḋ
is triomṁa ḋaṁra is córa cuṁa.

XXXVIII

Creaċ ɡaċ úirḋ i n-úir ḋon ḋul ro
téid ó ló mar lón do ċruṁaiḃ
creaċ na n-éiɡear é is na n-oiḋeaḋ
creaċ na ḃṗeáḋḃ is cáirc a ɡclainne.

XXXIX

Ɡioḋ uaċṁar ḟuaɡraiḋ na ɡuilre
lóċrann na nḋeoraḋ ra n-urra
ní ċaoinḟiḋ ċoiḋċe mar ċuillear
an caiċniaḋ ra ċaiċċliaċ náṗ ḋruiḋeaḋ.

XL

Uċ mo ċoimre a ḃaill ra ḃruinne
ra rorc naċ tuɡ toil do ċiontaiḃ
a ṁéin re léiġeann a ḃṗionnainn
i ɡcoṁrainn ċíorḋuiḃ ċaoil na ċime.

XLI

M'uaiɡnear an ḟuaim ṡin ḋoċluinim
timċioll an treinɡḟir ɡan tuire
ḟuaim reannḋán is cannrán cruite
ḟuaim ṗóirne ṡeolṁaiġ is ṡiċċeall.

XXXVI, l. 1 iorra, G, m; urra, L. l. 3 reombra, B; curarḋ, D. l. 4 mé aɡ ḋealuġaḋ, G, m. XXXVII, l. 1 anṁúiġeaċt, G, m; annṁúċt, L; annuṁaċt, B; ḃṗoiɡre, G, m, B. l. 2 ḃṗíorlaoċ, B; reime, G, m; ṡine, D. l. 3 a nḋealḃaḋ, B, D; hoilleaḋ, L; hoileaḋ, B; cuireaḋ, G, m. l. 4 ḃur córa cuṁaḋ, G, m. XXXVIII, l. 1 ḋon ulro, L. l. 3 héirri, G, m; noiḋeaḋ, L. l. 4 na ḃṗaɡan, G, m. XXXIX, l. 3 ċaoinreaḋ, G, m;

XXXVI

Stewardship of all his goods and chattels
I lament not—cellars, cuffs and collars,
Chambers, coffers, cupboards—but I sorrow
At my separation from his person

XXXVII

And at the loneliness of those around me,
Since the gallant knight's career was ended,
Men who were not reared in destitution,
On account of them I grieve more justly.

XXXVIII

To the clay now passeth from the daylight
As food for worms the loss of every order,
He the loss of poets and professors,
Loss of widows, Easter-joy of children.

XXXIX

Awfully these wailings are proclaiming
The lamp of roamers and the prop of strangers,
Ne'er will they bewail as he deserveth
The warlike hero ne'er repulsed in battle.

XL

It grieves my heart to see his limbs and bosom
And eye that never longed for sinful objects,
But loved to read whatever I invented,
Now prisoned in a narrow, jet-black coffin.

XLI

How I miss those sounds that once re-echoed
Round the graceful man who was not sullen,
Sound of ancient songs and thrum of harpstrings,
Sound of crowds engaged at chess and fleshmeat.

ċaoiṁpiḋ, L. l. 4 ꝑan ccaiṫġliaḋ, G, m; ꝑa ċaiṫċliaṫ, L, B. XL, l. 1 mo ṁaiḋimṗi, G, m, M; mo ċoimṗe, L, B. l. 2 ċionṫaicc, B. l. 3 ꝑe na léiġinn, G, m; ꝑe léiġeann, L; ꝑe léiġinn, M; ꝑe héiġionn, B; a ḃṗionnṗainn, D. l. 4 ccoṁṗaḋ, G, m; uim eimiḃ, G, m. XLI, l. 1 ḋo cluiṗim, m; aḋċluimim, B. l. 2 ṫṗéimṗiṗ, B. l. 4 ꝑeolṁuiḋ iṗ ꝑuine, G, m.

XLII

Ḟuaim ḟíor a cuiṁne naċ cuiṗim
ḟuaim a ḃéil ɡan ḃṗéiɡ ɡan ṁionna
ḟuaim a ġaḋar aɡ raiġeaḋ ṗionnaċ
ir ḟuaim na ɡcliar aɡ tṗiall ar iorṫaḋ.

XLIII

Ḟuaim ṗomċéar na héiġṁe uime
ḟuaim na n-eaċ ɡan beart ċum liɡe
ḟuaim do ṗáɡ naċ báiċṗe bṗiotair
ḟuaim a ċlú ṗa ċúir ɡan ċuḃar.

XLIV

Mo léanṗa an t-éadan ɡan tiṁeal
ṗan ṗoiḋe nár ċuiṁniġ ar ċuilib
an dóid nár ṗóbair ḃeiċ liorṫa
ṗan tṗoiġ ṙlim nár linɡ ar laiɡe.

XLV

Ir tṗuaġ liom a ċuallaċt aɡ uċḃaiġ
ṗa ċonnṗaċt ɡan ċuiṁdaċ ɡiolla
a ċorp ṗeanɡ ɡan ċam ɡan ċaiṗe
i ḃṗuarċuilt ṗa ualaċ lice.

XLVI

Taoḃ ṗe taoḃ ṗan ḋéadġeal dṗiċleaċ
tuɡ a hóġaċt ḋó ir do ċonɡaib
líon uaiġe ní ċuala im ġoiṗe
ir lia do ḋáil ir d'ṗáɡ a ɡcirte.

XLVII

Ór éiɡean ɡaċ cṗé dár cumaḋ
d'ṗulanɡ báir a beárnaḋ uḃaill
cuiṗim ṗéin ir léiɡċear liḃṗe
beannaċt leo ɡo beoḃṗuġ niṁe.

XLII, l. 1 ḟíor unaspirated, G, m, L, B; a caoiṁne, G, m; a caoineaḋ, B. l. 3 a raġada an tṗionuice, G, m; a raiġeada ṗionnaice, B. l. 4 ar a iorṫaḋ, D. XLIII, l. 1 O resumes here. poiṁ ċéar, B; ṗom ċéara, Gf. l. 2 ir ḟuaim, L; liġe, L; liɡ ġ, Gf; liɡe, B; luiġe, D. l. 3 báċaḋ, Gf. l. 4 ḟuaim omitted, Gf. XLIV, l. 1 tiomal, B. l. 4 luiɡe, G, m. XLV, l. 1 liom omitted, M; uċḃaḋ, Gf, B; uċḃaice, L. l. 2 connṗaċt ɡan ċuiṁdaċ ɡanɡiolla, Gf; ċonnṗaċt, Lf; cuiṁdaċ, O, L. l. 3 ċuiṗe,

XLII

Sound of truth that from his lips proceeded,
Oathless, lieless, ne'er by me forgotten,
Sound of beagles as they chased the foxes,
Sound of clerks arriving at his mansion.

XLIII

Sound to pain me now these wailings for him,
Sound of steeds deprived of straw for litter,
Sound he leaves that spite shall never stifle,
Sound of frothless fame and highest honour.

XLIV

Woe is me, that brow by gloom undarkened,
That heart that never meditated vices,
That hand that never tended to be sluggish,
That graceful foot that never stepped to weakness.

XLV

Sad it is to see his household sobbing
And his hounds unguarded by a gillie,
His flawless, shapely, tender body lying
In a cold shroud 'neath a weighty flagstone,

XLVI

Laid beside the radiant white-toothed lady[1]
Who gave her virgin vow to him and kept it,
Nowhere near me do I know a graveful
Who spent and left behind them ampler treasures.

XLVII

Since all clay must needs to death be subject
Ever since the gapping of the apple,[2]
I send along with them, and do you likewise,
Unto heaven, fort of life, a blessing.

G; ċuipe, m. l. 4 bṙuaṅċuilc, Gf; ġlaṙlice, G, m. XLVI, l. 2 ċoṅġmuiḋ, Gf; cuinnim, B. l. 3 uaiḋe, Gf; uaiġe, M; níoṙ, Gf. l. 4 liaḋ, G, m; a ċiṙḋe, B. XLVII, l. 1 ḋá ccuma, L; ḋaṙ ccuma, B. l. 2 a mbeaṙnaḋ, B. l. 3 leiġṫeaṙ, B; léiġim, Gf.

[1] Maurice was buried in the same tomb as his wife, vide supra, p. 173.

[2] Since the eating of the apple by our first parents.

XLVIII

Ní Caepap ná Séaplup Quintup
ní hAiciḷ ná Agamemnon
ní Cpoepup ón paoɡal d'imṫiɡ
acht láinḟial map ṁac Láiṁḟiaċ linɡeap.

XLIX

Ní Dáiḃiṫ ɡé tá a ḃliɡe ɡan cionnap
ná Pól leap peolaḋ na ɡeinte
ná mac Ailḃé d'ḟaipnéip iomaḋ
a ċnú ċoċpom acht Ceoin maiṫ bpuinne.

L

Bun a ṗpéaṁ ní mé naċ pidip
ɡion ɡo ḃpuabpaim puap a ḟloinneaḋ
taoḃaim a ɡaolta pe a n-uiṁip
pip an nDáiṁ ip áipde ɡliocap.

LI

Ip iomḋa paoi líoṁṫa pe huiɡe
ip piaplaoiḋeaċ pialpcaoileap tuile
áiḃéipeaċ le páiméip ċiocpap
aɡ éiliom a léiɡim ɡan tuipiom.

XLVIII, l. 1 Ċaplep, m; Charles, G, O; Séaplup, L, B; Cuintup, D; Quintus, Mss. l. 2 ná, Gf; ní, Lf; Aiċiḷ, B; Aiċill, D; Aiciḷ, Gf; hAiciḷ, L; at the end of the line G, m add iomaiḋ, and O adds ioma. l. 3 noċ d'imṫiɡ, Gf. l. 4 láṁḟiall, M; láṁḟial, B; map mac Ḷaiṁḟiaċ, Gf; map Ḷaiṁḟiaċ L. XLIX, l. 1 Dáiḃi, O; Dáiḃiḋe, B; Dáiṫi, m; cionnap, G, m, L; ċionnap, B; cionap, O. l. 2 le náp, Gf; ɡinte, L. l. 3 leap paipneipeaḋ, Gf. l. 4 a ċnú, Gf; a cnú, L; aċt omitted, B. L, l. 1 ṗpéiṁe, Gf. l. 2 bíoḋ naċ ḃp., Gf, B; a plonnaḋ, L; a ḟloinne, Gf. l. 3 pe nuiṁip, G, m, L; pe' nuiṁip, O; pe a nuiṁip, B. l. 4 nDaṁ, O; aḋam, G, m; aḋaṁ, M; nDaiṁ, L. LI, l. 1 le, Gf. l. 2 ṗíopłaoiċ, B; pialpcaoileap (unaspirated in all Mss.), Gf, B; pialpɡaoilpiop, L. l. 3 áiṫiṁéipeaċ, G, m; aiḃḃeiṫ-peaċ, O; áiḃḃeipioċ, B; aiḃeipioċ, L. l. 4 a léiɡeaṁ, B.

XLVIII

'Tis not Julius Cæsar[1] nor Carolus Quintus,[2]
'Tis not Agamemnon[3] nor Achilles,[4]
'Tis not Crœsus[5] from the world hath parted,
But one like Lamech's noble son[6] proceeding.

XLIX

Neither David,[7] though his law be flawless,
Nor Paul,[8] by whom the Gentiles were directed,
Nor Alphæus' son,[9] who uttered secrets
Was his type but John,[10] the loved disciple.

L

His race's origin I know distinctly,
Though I do not now intend to trace it;
I leave the numbering of his relations
To poet-bands of highest skill and talents.

LI

Many a seer adept at weaving verses
And minstrel pouring forth poetic torrents
Will come with an abysmal flow of language
To claim whatever I may leave unchanted.

---

[1] Julius Cæsar, 106–44 B.C., Roman general and historian.

[2] Charles V, 1500–1558 A.D., King of Spain, Naples, &c., Emperor of Germany (1519–1556), the most powerful sovereign of the sixteenth century.

[3] Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ, and leader of the Greeks at the siege of Troy.

[4] Achilles, the bravest hero of the Greeks in the Trojan war.

[5] Crœsus, 590–525 B.C., King of Lydia, famous for his wealth, defeated and dethroned by Cyrus, King of Persia.

[6] Noe, son of Lamech.

[7] David, 1086–1016 B.C., King of Israel.

[8] The Apostle St. Paul.

[9] St. Matthew the Evangelist, known as Levi son of Alphæus before his conversion: cf. Marc. ii. 14.

[10] St. John the Evangelist, known in Irish as Eoin Bruinne, John of the bosom, from his having reclined on Christ's bosom at the Last Supper: cf. Ioan. xiii. 23.

LII

Scuippeaḋ ꝑéin ní ꝑéaḋaim tuille
bíṫ ɡup ɡann ap laḃpap poiṁe
ó táiḋ piuḋ aɡ ꝑúil pe peinnim
ꝑáɡḃaim ꝑúṫa an ċú pa cluiṫe.

LIII

Ḋap an píɡ ḋo pín a puɡaṁ
ní ꝑaca ɡníoṁapṫa ḋíꝑle ḋuine
ní ba ꝑeápp ó lá mo ċuipṁiḋ
ionná ap éaɡ ionna éaɡ ḋap linne.

LIV

Sáiṫ ppionnpa ḋ'iomċap ip ḋ'ꝑuipim
ḋ'innpene ḋ'innclearṫ ip ḋ'ꝑuinniomṁ
ḋ'áppaċtap cáile ip cpuṫa
puɡ an n-éaɡ i n-éiccteaċt Ḷluipip.

ceanɡal

LV

Biaiḋ éiɡpe uim an éaɡ po ɡo cullóiḋeaċ
ḋá ꝑéaċain cé ip léipe aco ḋ'inneopaḋ
cia an t-aonuppaḋ caoṁanta cineoilpi
tpé léiɡṫeap na ḋéapa ɡo ḋobpónaċ.

LVI

Aḃéappa ḋo peiḋṫeaċ a ɡcomóptaip
ɡup éibil an ꝑéile pan onóip ɡlan
an péapla ba céile ḋo luċt cpó an Ḷip
.i. ɡpéaɡ Ḷluipip éaḋoċt mac Onópa.

LII, l. 2 biṫ, L; bíoṫ, B; bíoḋ, Gf. l. 3 peinnim, Gf; pinnim, L, B. l. 4 pa cluiṫe, Gf, L; pan cluiṫe, B. LIII, l. 1 tap, G, m; Ní, L; piɡ, Gf; ḋap mo ṁóiḋ ɡan ɡó ɡan ɡliɡap, O. l. 2 ɡníoṁa, Gf; ɡníoṁ, B; ḋíḃpe ḋuine, B; ḋiple ḋile, M. l. 3 ꝑeapp, unaspirated in all Mss.; ċuipṁ], G, m; ċuipṁiḋ, L; ċuipṁiḋ, O. l. 4 éaɡ an éaɡ, G, m. O ends here through the loss of some leaves of the Ms. LIV, l. 1 ꝑáṫ, B; ḋuppuim, G, m. l. 3 ɡpápa ɡ cáile ɡ cpuṫaḋ, G, m. l. 4 an éanꝑeaċt, B. LV, l. 1 mun éaɡ, B; collóiḋeaċ, G, m. l. 2 cia, G, m. l. 3 an caoṁuppa, G, m; an tae map po, B; ċ. ċ. ċ aspirated in G, m, but not in L, B. l. 4 tpé na, G, m. LVI, l. 1 peiɡṫeaċ, Mss.; ccomóptap, B. l. 2 ɡup omitted, m; Abel, G, m; éibil, L, B; nɡlain, L,

LII

Being now unfit for further effort,
I end, though all that I have said is meagre;
Since they[1] are waiting to begin their singing,
The hound and sport[2] I leave to them henceforward.

LIII

By the King I swear who made all creatures
I ne'er have seen a human being's actions
Since the day that I was born more loving
Than those, methinks, that with his death departed.

LIV

Model of a prince in form and bearing,
In eloquence and intellect and action,
In prodigy of qualities and beauty,
Death hath taken in the death of Maurice.

LV

RÉSUMÉ

Poets because of this death will contend fiercely
To find who is best of their number to tell fitly
Who was the chief guarding bailsman of this nation
Whose death is now sadly lamented by eyes tearful.

LVI

To settle their mutual strife I shall state clearly
That there died then nobility, bounty, and pure honour,
The pearl that was spouse of the fold of the Lios[3] pleasant,
Maurice, the son of Onóra,[4] the kind Grecian.[5]

B. l. 3 céile unaspirated in Mss. l. 4 ioḋuin ȝéaṁuiṗṗ, G, m; éaḋaċc G, m; onóṗann, G, m; Onóiṗín, D.

---

[1] The other poets present.

[2] That is the whole business; I leave it to them to continue the lamentation that I have commenced and from which I am now desisting.

[3] The spouse of the fold of the Lios, means the head of the family of Caisleán an Lisín, the Castle of the little lios or fort.

[4] Onóra or Honor, daughter of the celebrated James Fitz Maurice, vide supra, p. 177.

[5] Geraldine, a Fitz Gerald, vide Part I, p. 146, n.[2].

LVII

Ḋom ꝼéiꝼꝼi ḋá éiꝼ ꝼin iꝼ ɡlic ḋóiḃ ꝼcuꝼ
ꝼan méiḋ ꝼin maꝼ éaɡꝼcꝼuiꝼc ɡuꝼ biċleonaḋ
aꝼ ꝼéim ġil an tꝼéiṁꝼiꝼ ɡan tuilleoɡa
ḋo naoṁaḋ nó a nḋéanaim ɡuꝼ cuꝼóɡa.

LVIII

Ꝼeinniḋ a ꝼꝼéaṁꝼuil ɡan ꝼuinneoɡa
náꝼ léanaḋ a ṁéanaċ le meanɡóɡaiḃ
tꝼéan ꝼuɡ maꝼ ꝼꝼéimꝼe ɡo ḋuḃċoṁꝼainn
beiṫ caoṁinnill aontaḋaċ onóiꝼeaċ.

LIX

Ḋo ꝼuɡ ḋéꝼeaꝼc náꝼ cꝼéaċtaḋ le cꝼoꝼꝼóḋaiḃ
iꝼ ꝼéile ɡan ꝼéiꝼe ɡan ꝼoɡlóiꝼe
ḋaonnaċt náꝼ ḋaolaḋ le ḋoꝼeolaḋ
iꝼ ḋéaꝼa ḋ'ꝼiꝼ ꝼéiꝼe ba ꝼoꝼꝼmꝼla.

X

Réiḋteaċ na cléiꝼe ꝼna cꝼuiṫꝼóiꝼne
iꝼ ḋéaꝼcaċ ɡan ḋéiꝼtin ꝼe ḋeaꝼólaiḃ
éaḋaċ iꝼ béile na ꝼꝼuiṫġeocaċ
iꝼ aoṁṫaċ na ꝼéinne ɡan ꝼuꝼꝼóɡꝼa.

LXI

Cá nɡéaḃaiḋ aɡ éiliuṁ na ꝼiobóiḋe
na béiṫe ꝼe aꝼ ꝼcéaꝼaḋ a ḃꝼiꝼ ꝼóꝼꝼta
ꝼan ꝼéiltean ḋo ꝼéiḋꝼeaḋ a mbuꝼꝼóɡa
maꝼ ꝼéaꝼta le ꝼéiꝼciḃ na ꝼullóiɡe.

LVII, l. 1 ḋá ꝼéiꝼ ꝼin, G, m. l. 2 méaḋ, m; éaꝼɡꝼiꝼc, G, m; biċleona, L; biċleoꝼ, G, m (the word ḋ'ꝼiꝼ is added *secunda manu* in the margin of G). l. 3 tuileoɡa, L; tuilleoɡa, G, m. l. 4 a nḋeimɡim, G, m. LVIII, l. 1 ꝼeinneaḋ a ꝼꝼ., L; ꝼeinnij ꝼeaꝼꝼḋa, G, m. l. 2 leanaiḋ, L; léanaḋ, G, m; ṁéannaċ, G, m. l. 3 ḋꝼéimne, G, m. ḋo ḋuḃċoṁꝼuinn, G, m. l. 4 beaċ innill, L; aontaċaċ, G, m. LIX, l. 1 cꝼoꝼꝼeoḋaiḃ, L; cꝼoꝼḃóiċꝼiḃ, B. l. 3 ḋoicꝼeola, G, m; ḋoiꝼeolaḋ, L. l. 4 ḋꝼeaꝼ, m; ꝼoꝼomꝼlaċ, G, m; ꝼoġꝼomꝼlaċ, B. LX, l. 1 ꝼéiġṫeaċ, L; ꝼéaꝼaḋ, m; ꝼéaꝼaċ, G; ꝼeaꝼta, B; cꝼuiṫꝼoiꝼne, G, m; cꝼuiṫꝼoiꝼne, L; cꝼuiṫóiꝼne, B. l. 2

LVII

Wherefore 'tis meet for them now to desist quickly,
For an everfresh wound is supplied by that same deathscript
To honour the brilliant career of the knight flawless,
And anything else I could say would be mere dockleaves.[1]

LVIII

Fenian whose racial descent was without loopholes,[2]
Whose character ne'er was deformed by deceits paltry,
Brave man who steadfastly bore to the black coffin
The ladder[3] of courtesy, concord and high honour.

LIX

Charity[4] never disfigured by rough cross-roads,
Nobility never deflected by vainglory,
Clemency never corrupted by misguidance,
Mien that afforded a model to skilled scholars.

LX

Rendering service to clerks and to harp-players,
Almsgiving never disdainful of poor wretches,
Furnishing clothing and rations to old jongleurs,
Contenting retainers, yet hiding his good actions.

LXI

Where will they go on their search after gay revels,
Those ladies who have been bereft of their fond husbands?
For the star that could bring them relief in their hard fortune
Lieth a prey for the worms of the tomb hollow.

ꝺıoṗółaıḃ, L; ꝺeapeołaıḃ, B. l. 3 ꝑnuċʒeoꝯaċ, m. l. 4 ꝑuṗóʒa, D. LXI, l. 1 nʒéaḃaḋ, G, m. l. 2 ṗe a, B; łeaṗ, G, m. l. 3 ṗeıłłteann, G; ṗeıłłtean, L; ṗéałłteann, m; ṗéałta, B; mbaṗṗóʒa, D. l. 4 ṗołłóıʒe, G, m; ṗułłóıʒe, L, B.

---

[1] Something worthless.

[2] In whose descent there is no gap, no generation missing.

[3] The ladder of virtue by which he ascended to heaven. The virtues are enumerated in the lines which follow.

[4] Love of God.

LXII

Méapaiḋ a ṁéala do ṁionóṙdaiḃ
ıṙ do ṫṙéiċḟuiṙınn céarta ɡan ċıollóɡa
éiɡne ṙa ċéile naċ ıneolaıṙ
ón ṙaoɡal doḃéapaḋ a ḃeannóɡa.

LXIII

Re tṙéiċiḃ an té ṙe ní hıonċoṁṙuıc
céımıonnaṙ aondaıne ıṙ ṙıoṙ doṁṙa
nıoṙ léıṙ dam ına éaɡmuıṙ don onóıṙ cuıḋ
ıṙ ní ɡéılleaḋ ı nɡné aṙ bıċ do ȯṙoċnóṙaıḃ.

LXIV

Ní ḟéadaımṙe ıṙ ṙéaċaıḋ an dtıonɡó lıḃ
dṙéaċtaċ adéaṙaḋ ní ıṙ ṙoṁó ṙıṙ
ıoná léıṙċṙeaċ na ndéıḃlean ɡup tıonólaḋ
ı n-éıtteaċt ṁıc Éamuınn ıṙ Onóṙa.

LXV

Onóıṙ uṁal ıṙ oıneaċ ı ɡcṙé doċuaıḋ
le cuṙṙóıṙ cuṙata ṙulanɡ an tṙéın ṙan tṙuaıɡ
ıṙ uċtḃṙón tıomaıṙɡċe tınneaṙ ı ɡcléıṙ 'ṙ ı dtuaıċ
an cṙıṫleon cıne ṙuɡ Muıṙıṙ mac Éamuınn uaınn.

LXVI

Ruḋaıṙ do leaċ ɡo beaċt ı ḃṙéaṙṁaıɡ Ṙlaınn
do ȯúbluıɡ teaṙcaḋ eaċa ıṙ éıṙc an ṙoınn
lúıṫ na laɡ ıṙ taıṙce an té ɡan tṙuım
ıṙ uɡdaṙ bleaċt na mbeaṙt ɡan ḃṙéaɡ do ḃuınɡ.

LXII, l. 1 méala a ṁéala, B; ṁéalaḋ, L; do omitted, m. l. 2 tṙéaċṫuiṙınn, G, m: ċullóɡa, B. l. 3 éiɡıne, G, m; éaɡna, B. l. 4 doḃéapṙaḋ, G, m; ḃeanóɡa, G, m. LXIII, l. 1 té ṙın, B. l. 2 céımıonaṙ, D. l. 3 dá éaɡmuıṙ, G, m; onóıṙ-ċuıḋ, B. l. 4 ní ɡéılleaḋ, G, m, L; ní ɡeıllṙeaḋ, B. LXIV, l. 1 ní ṙéaċuımṙı, G, m; tteanɡṁóḋ, G, m; tteanɡó, B; ttıonɡó, L. l. 2 nıoṙ mó, B; leıṙ, G, m. l. 3 tıonnolaḋ, B. l. 4 an éadaċt, B; Onóṙa, L; Onóṙann, G, m; Onóṙaınn, B; Onóıṙín, D. LXV, l. 1 uṁall, G, m; do ċuaḋ, B. l. 2 d'ḟulaınɡ, B; ṙulanɡ, G, m; ḟuılınɡ, L; tṙéın, L; tṙéan, G, m, B; ṙa tṙuaɡ, L, G, m, B; ṙan, D.

LXII

Sorrow shall live for him long among folk helpless,
In the ranks of the weak and oppressed who have no treasures,
Salmon whose peer is unknown unto all searchers,
He who could rase from the world every rough hillock.

LXIII

To be pitted against the endowments of his person
None whom I know have attainments at all worthy,
I can't see a vestige of honour in his absence,
Who never in any wise yielded to bad habits.

LXIV

Try if perchance you can meet with—for I cannot—
A poet to say of him anything more perfect,
For the dire loss of orphans departed with march solemn
In the death of the dear son of Éamonn and Onóra.[1]

LXV

Unassuming rank and bounty have departed to the clay,
He who, moved by knightly purpose, was the prop of strong and weak,
Heartfelt pain accumulating grief in church and laity
Is the nation-shaking sorrow caused by Maurice, Éamonn's son.

LXVI

Grievous loss spread far and wide throughout the grassy plain of Flann,[2]
Doubling the defect and failure of the country's corn and fish;
Vigour of the strong and treasure of neglected helpless folk;
Author of persuasive judgments framed without mendacity.

---

l. 3 ꝼiomapca, G, m; ꝼiomapca, B; ꝼinnip, G, m, B; ꝼinnior, L; aꝝ el. 'p aꝝ ꝼuaiꞇ, B; ꝼuaiꞇ, D. l. 4 cpuiꞇleon, G, m; ꝼpiꞇleon, B; cpiꞇ-leoꝝan, L; cpiꞇleon, D; cinne, B; ꞇinꞇ, D. B adds poipꞇeann and ends here. LXVI, l. 1 púip, G, m; bpéapmaꝺ, L; bpéapmáꝝ, G, m. l. 2 ꝺúblaiꝺ, L, G. m; ꝼ. laꞇꝼa, D. l. 3 lúꞇ, D; an ꝼpé, G, m. l. 4 uꝝꝺaip ꝺleaꞇꝼ, L; uꝝꝺap bleaꞇꝼ, G, m; mbeapꞇ, L; mbpeaꞇ, G, m.

[1] Vide supra, p. 197. [2] Ireland, vide Part I, p. 192, n.[6].

LXVII

Ṫonn ɡan taire ı ḋtreaparḃ é do ṫuill
clú naċ carḟaıḋ cealta an ċé ɡo críoċ
ḋúıl do ċleaċtaḋ peaċt ṁıc ḋé do ḋíon
ır náp ḃıulṫuıɡ neaċ ra ḃealḃ ḋ'ṗéaċ uım ní.

LXVIII

Cnú do ɡaıṫṗuıl Ġeapaılt Ġréaɡ an ɡríoḃ
ır do ċrú na ɡceap ı ɡCaıpıol ḋ'ṗéaḋaḋ poınn
ı ɡcúır a ṗeappan ḟearaıḋ ḟéın an ríor
ar ċumċa ı ɡceapt ɡan earbaıḋ éıḋ ɡan ḟuıġıoll.

LXIX

Ḃob ıomḋa raċ an ḋreaɡaın ḋéıḋġıl doınn
ır a ċuṁa naċ maċtnaıṁ ḋ'at ɡo tréan ı ḋtír
ní ċuṁɡaıḋ rcata leaċ a rcéal do ríoṁ
aċt lonɡ ɡan lart ḋon ṁaıṫ ɡur éaɡ a rír.

LXX

Níl ḋúıl náp aṫruıġ ḋaċ le téarma an traoı
an t-úr ran rean an mear ran meırtneaċ mír
an ċú ran cat an t-eaċ ran t-eıɡne aɡ caoı
ır níl rıu na ɡceapc naċ aırıġ é na luıġe :—

[A.] óır atá an rıonnaċ aɡ ráp aɡur aɡ ꝑorḃaırt[a] tré ḃár Ḷıuırır, óır ba hé ráp a ḃraḋaċ[b] aɡur a ṅdíoċċur é, aɡur leır rın bíḋ na ceapca ḋá ḟíorċaomeaḋ tre éırleaċ an trıonnaıġṫeora.[c]

LXVII, l. 2 carruıḋ, G, m; carḟuıḋ, L; an cé, L. l. 3 cleaċtaḋ ꝑeaċt ḋé, G, m. l. 4 níor, G, m; náp, L; ra ḋealḃ, L; rá ḋealḃ, G, m. LXVIII, l. 4 Ġréaıɡ, D. l. 2 ḋ'ṗéaḋꝑaḋ, D: ríonn, m. l. 3 a peapran, G, m. l. 4 ċumpa, L; cumċa, m; cuṁċa, G; a cceapt, G, m; a omitted, L; ceapt, L. LXIX, l. 1 ḋreaɡean, L: ḋuınn, m. l. 2 ċuṁaḋ, G, m; ċuṁa, L; ní maċtnaıṁ, G, m. l. 3 ní ıomra, L; ní ċuṁɡaıḋ, G, m. l. 4 laċt, L; lart, G, m; éaɡ 'na ḃíṫ, D. LXX, l. 1 traoıṫ, G, m; cí, L; mear, L; meaċ, G, m; meırṫneaċ maoıṫ, G, m. l. 3. This line is omitted in m; cú, L. l. 4 aırıɡ, G, m; aırıḋ, L.

[A.] This prose passage is found in G and m only. [a] ꝑorḃar, G, m. [b] ḃraḋaċ, G, m. [c] trıonnuıccorċa, G, m.

LXVII

Crashing wave in warlike contests is the man who merited
Fame that ne'er will be distorted by the world's forgetfulness,
Creature he who was accustomed to preserve the law of Christ
And who never spurned a person whose appearance called for alms.

LXVIII

Griffin[1] he and kernel of the Grecian[2] Gerald's[3] noble blood,
Springing from the ancient royal stock that ruled in Caiseal[4] once;
While in what concerns his person, study if the truthful man's
Justice was not fair and handsome, free from every want or dross.

LXIX

Great the graces of the dragon[5] white of tooth and brown of hair,
Grief for whom, it is no wonder, swelleth high throughout the land,
Flocks of poets are unable to record e'en half his deeds,
But a vessel virtue-laden perished yesternight in him.

LXX

Every creature changed its colour at the noble's end of life,
Young and old, and bold and daring, timorous and cowardly,
Hound and cat and horse and salmon all without exception grieved,
Neither did his death escape the notice even of the fowl:—

[A.] For[6] the foxes are increasing and multiplying in consequence of the death of Maurice, for he was proficient in expelling and exterminating them, and in addition to that the fowl are in continual grief on account of the extinction of the fox-hunter.

---

[1] Vide supra, p. 141, n.[1].

[2] Vide supra, p. 197, n.[5].

[3] Gerald fitz Walter fitz Otho, constable of Pembroke Castle and governor of South Wales, married in the year 1112 Nesta, daughter of the Welsh prince Rhys ab Tendor Mawr. The eldest son of this marriage was Maurice, founder of the Fitz Gerald family in Ireland: vide Part I, p. 190, n.[1].

[4] Vide Part I, p. 28, n.[2].

[5] Vide Part I, p. 52, n.[2].

[6] The prose passage which follows is not given by L, the earliest and best Ms., and may be the gloss of a later scribe.

LXXI

An com do ċealg arm déire an daill
san ċrú do ċneaṡuiġ déarca an té ri aríṡ
cúiġeas cneaḋ a ċreata is ċréaċta a ċinn
ag ionnla a ċean má d'ṡan as éilioṁ aoin.

XXVII.—Dá Dtaḋlainnse

Ante 23m. Feb., 1679

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 N 13, p. 227 (N); Ms. Los Angeles (A).
In both Mss. the poem is inscribed Dáiḃí ó Bruadair ccc. (N, A).
The poem was written in praise of the hospitality of Tadhg Ó Maonaigh, who lived somewhere near the borders of the counties of Limerick and Kerry. The unfavourable criticisms passed by the Guardian of Lislaghtin, Philip

I

Dá dtaḋlainnse i dteaġlaċaiḃ saora a mair
ó Ḋlaḋma go Saḋḃaiġ na ṡéinne as sad
is ón maiġin sin go haiḃniḃ an déisciṡ ċeas
ní ḃṡaġainnsi mar Ṫaḋg dil ó Maonaiġ slaiċ.

II

Ní saḋascaim i n-oiḋṡeaċt a ċéisde ceas
gan taiḋḃse gan tseaġlaise is ṡéile teaċ
leaġasaiḋ an claḋaise san cléisteaċ ceasc
san deaġḋuine daiḋḃis naċ ṡéacaċ ba.

III

Saiḋḃseas an ṡoiḋniġ is é do ċleaċt
gan beaḋgaḋ se doiṁneas a sssséiḋ do sseal
saiġneas naċ aiḋiṁlleann ṡéad uim neaċ
is aḋnaḋ se taiġde naċ léigċeas as.

LXXI. This rann is found in L only. l. 1 deise. l. 4 The scribe of L adds at the end: Finis Jan. 1st, 1708/9 per Jo. Stack.
I, l. 2 Saḋġbaiġ, N. II, l. 1, ċeas, N. III, l. 2 a sséiḋ, N. l. 3 soiġneas, N.

LXXI

May the bosom of Christ, by the lance of the blind man[1] pierced,
And His blood, by which sight to those eyes was again restored,
May His body's five wounds and the wounds of His sacred head
Wash every sin that remains against him away.

XXVII.—IF I CALLED AT THE STATELIEST MANSIONS

Shortly before the 23rd of February, 1679/80

Ó Conaill, O.S.F., on this musical little piece occasioned the writing of the poem which follows next.

The metre is Amhán, which the author pronounces to be a genuine Irish metre, eearcuaim rciaṁḋa na Scoc (Poem XXVIII, R, VI, l. 3). Its scheme is—

(∪) aḋ ∪ ∪ aḋ ∪ ∪ é ∪ a.]

I

If I called at the stateliest mansions of all
Who from Bladhma[2] to Fadhbach[3] of Fenians reside,
And thence till I came to the streams of the South,
Like dear Tadhg Ó Maonaigh no prince should I find.

II

Nowhere can I see any ancient estate
More kindly than his, without vulgar display;
The stroller he helps and the virtuous clerk
And poor honest people not puffed up with pelf.

III

Patient is he in employing his wealth,
Unmoved by the depth of the dower he spends,
Humour that never assails others' rights,
And spirit whose ardour no power can crush.

---

[1] Vide Part I, p. 24, n.[1].

[2] Bladhma: Sliabh Bladhma, the Slieve Bloom mountains in Queen's County.

[3] Fadhbach: Fybagh, a townland in the parish of Kilgarrylander, barony of Truaghanacmy, Co. Kerry, near Tralee.

IV

Ir meaḋraċ bíḋ maiġḋeana aġ gréar a mbrat
i ḋteaġlaċ an Taiḋiġ uí Ḷíḷaonaiġ ṁaiċ
feaḋna fe fnaiḋmḟliġċiḃ ḃréaċt ḋo ḃraiċ
caiḃḋean ir luċt feinntiċe téaḋ gan tarc.

V

Aḋlacaḋ a aḋairce níor ḟéaḋ i gclair
aċt feaḋmannar ḋeaġoimiġ ḋéarcaċ ḋleaċt
ir aiḋneap gan ḃlaḋmann gan ḃréiġ an fear
gur faiḋleann ḋo faḋraḋ a féiċḟuil garc.

XXVIII.—Fuaras Bréid ón Ngréagaċ

22° Feb., 1679

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 L 37, p. 118 (L), 23 N 13, p. 228 (N); Ms. Los Angeles, p. 519 (A). Titles: 23rd Feb. 1679 cc. (L), Ḋáiḃi ó bruaḋair ccc. ḋo Ḋiḷiḃ ua Ċonuill (N, A), gairḋian (N). The occasion of the composition of this poem is set forth in the introductory remarks. Sir John Fitz Gerald of Claonghlais, having heard of the criticisms of Father Philip Ó Conaill on the preceding poem, offered David Ó Bruadair a suit of frieze if he would reply to the friar. This poem was the result. Father Thomas O'Reilly, O.S.F., Merchants' Quay, Dublin, informs me that Father Philip O'Connell was appointed Guardian of Lislaghtin in 1661. Like other abbeys, Lislaghtin had been destroyed in the sixteenth century,

Ar ḃraicfin na fann fin do Ḋiḷiḃ ua Ċonaill, gairḋian bráċar, do ḋíoṁoḷ iaḋ nó do loċtaiġ, gur ġeall Sir Seon culaiċ bréiḋe do Ḋáiḃi ar fon niḋ éigin do ráḋ le Ḋiḷiḃ ec aḋuḃairt an ḋán fo im ḋiaiḋ (N, A):—

I

Fuarar bréiḋ ón ngréagaċ nglan
ar fon mo ċlú do ċornaṁ
ar amar bráċar gan ḃú
ráċaḋ naċ ranar raoḃċrú.

1, l. 3 aṁur, L; amur, N.

---

[1] That is, he cannot be prevented from exercising charity.
[2] Cf. Part 1, p. 199, note [8].
[3] See introduction to poem.

IV

Merrily maidens embroider their cloaks
In the household of Thady Ó Maonaigh the good;
Poets reflect on involved ways of song;
Outcasts and harpers are left without thirst.

V

He never could bury his horn in a ditch;[1]
Duly he doles out legitimate alms;
Proof that he is without flattery or lie,
A mailed chief[2] refined in the noblest veined blood.

XXVIII.—FROM GRECIAN PURE A FRIEZE I GOT

23rd February, 1679/80

but Guardians still continued to be appointed. The last rann (R. XXV) is found in L only.

Metre: (1) Rr. I–XXIII, Ḋeiḃiḋe: $2\{7^{n+(n+1)}\}^{1+2}_{3+4}$.

(2) R. XXIV, Aṁpán:

(∪) 1 ∪ ∪ é ∪ é ∪ í 1a ∪.

(3) R. XXV, Aṁpán:

(∪) 1 ∪ ∪ é ∪ é ∪ í 1a ∪.]

When Philip Ó Connaill,[3] Guardian of the Friars, saw those verses,[4] he dispraised and criticized them; wherefore Sir John Fitz Gerald[5] promised that he would give David a suit of frieze if he would say something to Philip; and he composed the poem which follows:—

I

From Grecian pure[6] a frieze I got,
To defend my fame against
The onslaught of a kineless friar;
'Tis no tale of frenzied thrust.

---

[4] The preceding poem, No. XXVII.

[5] Sir John Fitz Gerald of Claonghlais, Co. Limerick; not Sir John Fitz Gerald of Cloyne, Co. Cork, as wrongly stated by Eugene O'Curry in his description of 23 L 37 in Cat. R.I.A. The latter Sir John died in 1642.

[6] That is, from the noble Geraldine.

II

Beapppa an bpéidpi an bpáċaip boċt
a ċpom oipne ní haonloċt
tiucpa dá bpeiċ bpéagaiġ ṁaoil
pceiċ an éadaiġ go heapcaoin.

III

Ní hearbaiḋ eoluiṙ im ċáil
tug don ċoirneaċ mo ċpopcáil
aċt tnúiḋ peum buaḋaḋ tap bopd
uaḃap naċ múin an mionopd.

IV

Pá aoinpcéiṁ iopraḋ go pe
tapla tamall pan tépe
mo ċup ór cáċ i gcapal
'p páċ do ḋul a ḋiomḋapan.

V

Do láċaip dtaoipeaċ naċ táip
ṁaoiḋeap náp ṁaiċ áp n-aṁpáin
ná gpeanaḋ mo ġpeann dá éip
ip peapp peapann ná paipnéip.

VI

Do Ṫaḋg ó lḟlaonaiġ ṁolta
d'ḟíġeap aṁpán apdoċta
i gceaptuaim pciaṁḋa na Scot
ba bpeacuaill iapla m'ionnloc.

VII

An Taḋg po ip biaḋtaċ go mblaḋ
a ċeaġlaċ ip cuan cupaḋ
maiṫ a leaḃáip pa lón úp
móp le peapaiḃ a bpialpún.

II, l. 1 beappá, L; béappá, N. l. 4 bpeagaiḋ, L. III, l. 1 ċaiḃ, N. l. 2 ċáirneaċ, N. IV, l. 2 pa teipe, L. l. 4 a ḋiomḋapan, L; an diomapaḋ, N. V, l. 3 gneannaḋ, N. VI, l. 2 apraċta, L; áṙḋoċta, N. VII, l. 1 an Ṫ. pin, N. l. 2 capaḋ, N.

II

Fain the friar would flay this frieze;
My wrongs are not his only fault;
And his dull false judgment would
Roughly scotch the frieze's nap.[1]

III

'Tis not ignorance of my fame
Caused the clerk to censure me,
But wish to wound me publicly
Pride not taught by Minors' Rule.[2]

IV

Hitherto in rough garb clad
He and I alike have been;
Now that I have donned this suit,
His enmity hath been aroused.

V

In presence of respected chiefs
He boasted that my muse was bad,
That my unembroidered wit
Had more of farm than eloquence.

VI

Tadhg O Maonaigh's praise I wove
In strictest form of noble verse,
In the beautious rhyme of Scots;[3]
Blame was haughty earl-like pride.

VII

A famous biadhtach[4] is this Tadhg;
Port of knights his household is;
Fresh his stores and good his books,
Valued high for secret lore.

[1] Translation uncertain.
[2] The Rule of the Friars Minor.
[3] Scots: Irishmen, vide supra, p. 95, note [11].
[4] Biadhtach: a hospitaller, vide Part I, p. 135, note [6].

VIII

Aṁrán loċtaċ liom níor ṁian
D'uamaḋ don ḟior níor ḋroċċiall
baḋ cuḃaiḋ na ċaiṫṙéim ṫric
aiṫḃéim uṁail baḋ aiṁġlic.

IX

Tugara an litir i láiṁ
Ḟilib í Ċonaill mo ċompáin
i ndóiġ gur ḋíleas an ċúil
ṗírṁear go ṗóil mo ḋoċtúir.

X

Lá n-aon dá dtarla Sir Seon
dia ḋá ḋíḋean ar aintreon
i ngar an ċléirġ romċáin
D'éilim ar n-ar go hanḃáil.

XI

Iarrar raḋarc an rolla
an tuir ir aiḋleann antroma
ar mo ċuṁṫaċ i gcuan óil
tuar ṗár tnuḋṫaċ an t-aḃlóir.

XII

D'éimiġ airiog mo ċárta
don óg uaral ḟurránta
ṙdo ċuir loċt na leiṫ nár cóir
a ḃeiṫ na ḋoċt ar ḋearóil.

XIII

Atċear an míliḋ mire
ṗá ċúitseaċ na caintseiri
ṙgo mbiaḋ ann ran ngníoṁ ón ngéig
díon mo ḃall do ḃláiṫḃréid.

VIII, l. 2 ní dr., N. níor dr., L. l. 3 cuḃaḋ, N. l. 4 uṁal, N.
IX, l. 2 Ilir, L. l. 4 ṗóill, N, L. X, l. 4 ar nár, N; ar nar L.
XI, l. 1 rulla, L, N. l. 2 a tuir ir aiḃleann, N. l. 3 ċomṫaċ, L; ċuṁṫaċ, N. l. 4 toḃloir, L; tabloir, N. XII, l. 1 deimiḋ, L;

VIII

I meant to stitch no faulty song
For a man of noble mind,
Whose triumphs have been always just;
To strike a humble man were mean.

IX

To Phil Ó Connaill, who had been
My comrade, I the letter gave,
In hopes my learned doctor would
Still prove true to his repute.

X

Afterwards one day Sir John—
God save him e'er from tyrants' might—
Chanced to meet my carping clerk,
And urged his claim to see my work.

XI

The mail-clad lord[1] of the oppressed
Asked my boon companion to
Let him but inspect the roll—
Sign that roused the sneerer's spite.

XII

He refused to give my card
To the brave and noble youth:
Falsely he found fault with him,
For dealing harshly with the weak.

XIII

The gallant youth requested me
To revenge that speech of his,
And promised I should get from him
Beauteous frieze to deck my limbs.

ɔéṁċiʒ, N. l. 4 ȯiṙoiṫ, L. XIII, l. 1 aċéeaṙ, L.; aiɔċéaṙ, N. l. 2 ċuiṙceaċ, L. l. 3 am, L.; ann, N.

[1] Cf. Part I, p. 199, note [8].

XIV

Bíḋ gur ġeallar don ġrís ġlain
ṫóċailt an ṫé nár ionṁain
ní beag líoṁaḋ bruit dá ḃlaḋ
fe líonaḋ luit an ḃráċar.

XV

Ṫar léine ní leanfaḋ air
buain fe diaḋaire ir deaccair
leanfaiḋ dia mo ċearṫ go caoin
a nearṫ ór lia ionná lánaoir.

XVI

Ó ċarla gan ċlann gan ċreaċ
taiġde a ċruaġċuirp ní bireaċ
dom ċrúca ní háṫ ċum uilc
fear gúta ir gnáṫ ag ulfairṫ.

XVII

A ḋá ṗṗeota fuaill naċ geaḃ
damaḋ Ceann Cora an t-aitreaḃ
ra ċairín tréiḃeannaċ tur
faicín éireannaċ d'ḟeaḋfuḋ.

XVIII

An bráċair bacaċ gan ḃiaḋ
do ráiḋ gur fiṫear aiṁrian
go gceaḋ dá ċóta gan ḋíon
im nóta níl neaḋ neiṁḟíor.

XIX

Ní hí haibíd an uird ġlair
aḋubart gan ḋíon ḋóċair
aċt an ċorair loim ir lán
do ċroḟaiḃ poll ir ṗriobán.

XIV, l. 1 bíoḋ, N. l. 3 dá mblaḋ, N. l. 4 le, N. XV, l. 1 leinne, L; léine, N. l. 4 ir lia inna, N. XVI, l. 1 ċárlaiġ, N. l. 2 taiḋġde a ċruaḋċuirp, N. l. 3 háċ, L; háit, N. l. 4 ulḟuirt, N. XVII, l. 2 an teaġlaċ, N. l. 4 Saicil, L; Saicín (?), N; éireannaiġ, N. XIX, l. 2 dioġan, L. l. 4 priobán, L.

XIV

Though I told the griffin pure[1]
I would prick the hateful man,
So smooth and fair a cloak as this
Is quick to salve the friar's wound.

XV

I shan't pursue him past his shirt;[2]
'Tis risky meddling with divines;
God will one day urge my claim;
His might is greater than lampoon.

XVI

Since he hath nor child nor wealth,
His wretched strength avails him nought;
My fist hath got no need to strike
An ever growling gouty man.

XVII

His wretched shanks are almost pus,
Though Ceann Coradh[3] be his home;
And his worn three-cornered cap
A little Irish sack would mock.[4]

XVIII

The halting starveling friar said
That I ran uneven ways;
With leave of his old threadbare coat,
No faulty nook was in my note.

XIX

I mean not that bereft of hope
Is the garb of friars grey,
But that old worn motley heap
Of stripes and holes and patches is.

---

[1] The noble chief, vide supra, p. 141, note [1].
[2] I shall not strike or wound his skin.
[3] Kincora, near Killaloe, Co. Clare, the palace of King Brian Borumha.
[4] The text and the translation of this rann are both uncertain.

XX

Mo beiṫ i gculaiṫ tar ċáċ
atar le héad an t-ógláċ
ran ċruiṫre i rraċair na rreang
aċair an uilere an reanṡeall.

XXI

An bréid deagḋaċaro im ḋóid
fuarar gan aor gan urċóid
máp olc é le giolla an ġa
níl fionna fé naċ bearrra.

XXII

Mon ba eagal dia fa ḋeoid
don té do ṡriocfaḋ pileoir
a ṡír do ṡéad ar m'uillinn rcair
do ċuirfinn bréag ar ḃráċair.

XXIII

Fúigfeaḋ fearta an liḃre lom
ruigfeaḋ i mborḋ na mbruċċoll
anaḋ Filib ran ṡlanne ruaḋ
ran ranne filid go fionnṡuar.

XXIV

Ar m'uillinnre d'ṡéaċ duine éigin mearaiḋ an dall
doċonnairc a créaċt ir d'ṡéad a caḃar i n-am
a Ḟilib don ṡéarla d'éir ar ġeallaire ċall
do ċuilleara an bréid ir déinre an eaglair ann.

XXV

M'innioll ór éigean tréiṫ re braoinrciallaiḃ
rgur ṡuillingear réad ón gcléireaċ gcaimṡiallaċ
dar gunna ní ġéaḃaḋ géire ón ṁaillḃriaṫraiġ
gan culaiṫ go réar a bréid na bainciġearnan—

7 fuarar.

---

xx, l. 2 aċur, N. l. 4 maċair, N. xxi, l. 4 beárrra, N; bearrra, L. xxii, l. 1 mun, N. l. 2 rrriocaḋ, N xxiii, l. 2 ruigfeaḋ, N, L; a mearg, N; a mborḋ, L. l. 4 fuilid, N. xxiv, l. 1 ar ṁuillinnre, L.; ṁearaḋ, N; mearaiḋ, L. l. 2 an ċréaċt, N. xxv, This rann is found in L only. l. 4 bainnciarnan.

XX

Seeing me in better dress
Caused his jealous spite to swell;
His tattered rags his grievance make,
Bundle bound with straddle ropes.

XXI

In my hand the coloured frieze
Without delay or wrong I got;
Since the shooter[1] likes it not,
He would fain flay every thread.

XXII

Were God not to be feared at last
By those who dare to fire a ball,
To thee[2] who checkedst my need I say,
I'd give the friar the lie direct.

XXIII

I'll leave the threadbare livery now
And sit at genial hazels'[3] board;
Let Philip with his brown rags stay
And shiver in his rightful rank.

XXIV

My needs were regarded by one, as those of the blind man were
Who looked on the wound and was able thence to gain help in time;
After all thou hast promised, O Philip, to Him who is Pearl of heaven,
This frieze I have duly deserved; let the Church acquiesce in that.

XXV

Weakly in sooth is my state, thus afflicted with tears and stripes
At the hands of an envious cleric, who walketh in crooked ways;
By gun! I shall meet with no sharpness from her[4] of the gentle voice,
Nor depart from my lady without a fine frieze suit to reach to the ground—
and I got it.

---

[1] He who has attacked and censured me. [2] Sir John Fitz Gerald.
[3] Hazels: chieftains, vide Part I, p. 108, note 7.
[4] Lady Ellen, wife of Sir John Fitz Gerald; vide supra, p. 166.

XXIX.—Mo líon teist oraiḃ

[Mss.: Maynooth, Murphy ix, p. 373; xcv, p. 52 (m); R.I.A. 23 G 20, (G); 23 L 37, p. 51 (L); Ms. Los Angeles, p. 563. L was transcribed from the author's autograph.

The poem is inscribed Ḋáiḃi ó ḃruaḋair ccc. do ḃír ḟaġaṙt do ṗin ḋoiċeaṁlaċt do (G, m, A), i.e., David Ó Bruadair *cecinit* on two priests who had treated him inhospitably. We learn, however, from the notes to the poem in L that the satire was not meant seriously, and the reader is referred to a certain Dáibhi óg buidhe for a full account of the transaction. The same Ms. tells us that the names of the two priests were David Ó Laochdha and William Ó Laochdha. Ó Laochdha would naturally be englished Leahy; but in this case it may have been anglicized Lacy, though the name of the celebrated Norman family of the Lacys or de Lacys, who resided at Bruff, Bruree, and Ballingarry in Co. Limerick, is given in Irish as do Ler by the Four Masters. David Lacy, registered in 1704 as P.P. of Askeaton, aged fifty-five, ordained in 1670 at Bozas in

Aġ ro im ḋiaiḋ raiġneaṙ do ċuiṙ Ḋáiḃiṫ ó ḃruaḋair aṙ ḃír do ḟaġaṙtaiḃ maiṫe muinteaṙḋa .i. Ḋáiḃiṫ ó Laoċḋa ⁊ Uilliam ó Laoċḋa. Ṫrócaiṙe ó ḃia ḃáiḃ a ḋtriuṙ [L]:—

I

Mo líon teiṙt oraiḃ naċ ṙliġe ċum ṙoċaiṙ
ṙuiḃe ion ḃuṙ ḃṙoċaiṙ aḋaṁuiġim
a ḋaoine boċta do ḟín aṙ ṙoraiḃ
aoine tṙoiṙeṫe iṙ claġaṙnaiġe[a]
a ḃír do ċodail le cinnteaċt doiṫċill
bíṫ ġuṙ docaiṙ ḋeaṙḃuiġim
aṙíṙ ġuṙ eṙoṙta an ġníoṁ don ċoiṙte
do ṙín aṙ ḋtoraċ ṙaġaiṙt ḃíoḃ.

II

an ceanġal sonn

A luċt ċoiġilte ḃaṙ mbaiṙṙille aṙ aicme dom ḋeaṙḃóṙḋṙa
iṙ do ċodail ġan ḋaḋaṁ aċt d'eaġla a n-anaḃṙóiḋe
ġeaḋ ḋoilliḋ liom laḃaiṙt aṙ ṗeaṙṙanaiḃ maiṫe móṙa
iṙ eṙoṙta na heaṙṙuiġ ḋá ḃaṙ ṙaṁail tuġ ṙaġaṙtóiṙeaċt.[b]

[a] Tuig naċ raiḃ annṙo aċt ṙúġṙaḋ [L].
[b] Inneoraiḃ Ḋáiḃi óg buiḃe ḃuiṫ cúiṙ an tṙaiġniṙe [L].

XXIX.—HERE'S THE CHARACTER I GIVE YOU

France, by Henry, Bishop of Bozas ("Irish Ecclesiastical Record," A.D. 1876, p. 446), may be the David Ó Laochdha referred to in the poem. If so, he did not live long after the registration of 1704, for the prayer of the scribe, John Stack, "Tróccaire ó ḋia ḋáiḃ a ḋtriur," shows that the poet and the two priests were dead in 1708, the year in which L was written.

This piece is undated in the Mss. In L it follows Ir uṁcraḋ cléiḃ gan éigre ċoṫrom ar bun, also an undated piece, and is followed by Ḋá ḃraice mo ṗrionnra, which was written in 1680.

Metre—Amḟán: (1) R. I,

(*a*) ∪ í ∪ o ∪ ∪ í ∪ o ∪.
(*b*) í ∪ o ∪ a ∪ í.

(2) R. II,

∪ o ∪ ∪ a ∪ ∪ a ∪ ∪ a ∪ ó ∪.]

Here followeth the satire that David Ó Bruadair directed against two good friendly priests, David Ó Laochdha and William Ó Laochdha. May God have mercy on the three of them [L]!

I

Here's the character I give you:
Sitting with you brings not weal,
Starvelings stretched on straw-strewn litters,
Fasting, abstinence, and rain.[a]
Pair, who slept in stingy meanness,
Harsh although it be, I swear,
Wrongly did that chapter act that
First of all made priests of you.

II

Ye who spared your barrel from the members of my order true,
And who slept bereft of all things, fearing they might plunder you,[b]
Loath although I am to speak of holy persons, great and good,
Wrong those bishops were who gave the priesthood to the likes of you.

---

[a] Know that this is a mere jest [L].

[b] David óg buidhe will tell you the cause of this satire [L].

I, l. 1 aḋbaoim, L; aḋaṁaoim, G, m. l. 2 ṗín, L; píne, G; píune, m; a ṗopaiḃ, L; air ṗopaiḃ, G, m. l. 3 an ḋíp, G, m; bíoḋ, G, m; ḋeapḃaoim, L, G, m. II, l. 1 an ḃaipṗille, G, m. l. 2 gan ḋaḃur, L; gan ḋaḋaṁ, G, m.

XXX.—Dá Ḃṗaice mo Ṗṛionnsa

A.D. 1680

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 G 24 (G); 23 L 37, p. 116 (L.) L was transcribed from the author's autograph.

These verses were written on the arrest of Sir John Fitz Gerald, of Claonghlais, on the charge of complicity in the pretended Popish Plot. He was brought to England for trial, as were many other Irishmen on the same charge. I have not met any account of the proceedings against him there, but our author informs us that the accusations against him broke down. This is not to be wondered at, seeing how destitute of foundation the charges were. According to the "information of Maurice Fitz Gerald, gent., taken before John Odell and Nicholas Mounckton and

A Prophecie I made[a] for Sir John Fitz Gerald when he carryed for England upon account of the pretended Popish Plot in the year 1680:—

I

Dá ḃṗaice mo ṗṛionnṗa ġnúiṗ iṗ ġéaġa an ṗíṗ
a acṗuinġ iṗ a ṛomċuṗ a ṗṛionnċṗuiṫ a ṗéile iṗ a ṛoċt
iṗ ḋeaṗḃṫa ḷiom i ġcúṗṗa céille iṗ ciṗt
naċ ġlacṗaḋ ó ṫṗú ġuṗ ṫúiṗliġ méiṗle ṛona uċt
—aġuṗ níoṗ ġlac.

II

The Author's Answer to one who said the foregoing verse might be applied to anyone at pleasure:—

Ṗeaṗ ṗuṗṗánta ṗial ṗoṗaiḋ
ṗeaṗ ġan uṗċóiḋ aontoṗaíġ
ṗeaṗ ṗoiṗne naċ ṫeaṗc maiṗe
oiḋṗe ceaṗt na Claonġlaiṗe.

---

[a] A Prophecy made by David Bruadar, G.

I l. 2 a acṁuinġ, G. II l. 4. The last two lines are written in Oġam Ċonṗoine (Consonantal Ogham) in L, thus:—

ṗ᚛ṗ᚜ḃlinġṗnṗe n᚛ṫ᚜ṁmṗe meeṗṗe
ḃlinġġṗṗe ᚛ṁmṗt᚜ na cleenġleeṗe.

The scribe, John Stac, also gives the author's name in Oġam Cṗaoḃ (ordinary Ogham), and his own name both in Oġam Cṗaoḃ and Oġam Coll.

XXX.—IF MY PRINCE WERE TO CAST BUT ONE GLANCE

1680

George Aylmer, Esqs., on the 11th of December, 1680," as early as the winter, 1676, it had been arranged that 20,000 French were to land, and as many more Irish soldiers were to be raised in Munster, and all the English were to be massacred in one night. The informer included all the Catholic gentry of the west of Co. Limerick in the list of conspirators. The following, whose names are familiar from the poems of David Ó Bruadair, are mentioned in the list: Sir John Fitz Gerald, John Bourke of Cahir Mohill (Cathair Maothail), Captain Richard Stephenson, Mr. John Hurley, John Bourke of Ardagh, Mr. William Bourke of Lisnekilly, Nicholas Bourke of Limerick.

In L the last two lines of the second rann are written in Oꝺam Conpoine.

Metre—(1) R. I, Aṁṗáṅ: (∪) a ∪ ∪ ú ∪ ú ∪ é ∪ 1.

(2) R. II, Ꝺeiḃṫḋe: $2\{7^{n+(n+1)}\}^{(1+2)+(3+4)}$.]

A Prophecy I made for Sir John Fitz Gerald when he was carried for England upon account of the pretended Popish Plot in the year 1680:—

I

If my prince[1] were to cast but one glance at the visage and limbs of this man,
His vigour, deportment, and kindness, distinction and beauty of form,
I am sure in the course of his prudence and justice he ne'er would admit
On the word of a scoundrel that treason could ever have entered his heart—
and he did not admit.

II

The Author's Answer to one who said the foregoing verse might be applied to anyone at pleasure:—

Noble, brave, and steadfast is the
Hero ever pure of aim,
Tribal chief not scarce of beauty,
Claonghlais'[2] true and lawful heir.

---

[1] Charles II, King of England. [2] Vide Part I, p. 150, note [1].

XXXI.—Seirḃíseaċ Seirġte

[Mss.: Maynooth, Murphy ix, p. 100; xcv, p. 49 (m); R.I.A. 23 G 20, p. 307 (G); 23 L 37, p. 197 (L); Ms. Los Angeles, p. 557 (A).

This poem is a satire on a barmaid or servant girl who refused the poet a drink when he was thirsty. In the Mss. it is inscribed simply Ḋáiḋi ó Ḃruadair

I

Seirḃíseaċ feirġte íoġair fhónaċ fearc
ḃ'eiṫiġ finn ir eibior íota im ṡcórnaiġ ḟeaċt
beireaḋ ríoḃna ḃ'eiṫill í gan lón tar leap
an ḃeilḃín gan ḃeirġlí nár ḟóir mo ṫart.

II

Ḋá feicinn í fan ḃfeileġníoṁ ḋoġeoḃaḋ ceaċt
ir beirt an tiġe go leiġfiḋír im ṡcórra carc
ó ċeirniṁ rí go ḃfeirġ linn ir beoir na gar
ḋon ṡteilinġ í nár leiġe rí na ġlóire i ḃfaḋ.

III

Meirġíneaċ ḃeirḃṫe í gan ceol na cab
do ċeilġ finn le ġreiḋimín fan ḃróirre amaċ
ġé ċeilim ríoṁ a feiḋiġnaoi mar ḟóġrar feaċt
ba ḃeaġ an ḋíṫ dá mbeireaḋ rí do ġórta cat.

IV

Reilġín an eiliṫín naċ ḃ'orḋ na mban
ir feirce ġnaoi ḋá ḃfeiceamaoiḋ i róḋ fe maiṫ
a beiṫ na ḋaoi ór ḋeiṁin ḋí go ḋeo na ḋtreaḋ
* * * * * * *

I, l. 2 rġórnainn, G, m. II, l. 1 fa ḃfeille ġníoṁ, m. l. 2 carġ, L; ċearġ, G, m. l. 4 fteillinġ, m. III, l. 1 beirḃṫe, m; beirḃe, L; ḃeirḃṫe, G. l. 2 ḟeilġ, m; ġreiḋmin, L; ġreiḋe mín, G; ġreiḋíminn, m.

XXXI.—ONCE AN INSOLENT, VINDICTIVE

ccc. (G, L, m, A), and there is nothing either in the poem itself or in its position in the oldest Ms. to give any indication of the date of its composition.

Metre—Amhán: (∪) e ∪ í ∪ e ∪ í ∪ ó ∪ a.]

I

Once an insolent, vindictive, lank, and shrivelled servant girl
Refused to grant me my request when craving thirst was in my throat;
May some spectre carry off without provisions o'er the sea
That wretched imp of pallid face who would not try to still my thirst.

II

She would get a lesson, if I paid her for her scurvy deed,
And both the owners of the house would give me credit for a cask;
Though she had the beer beside her, she abused me angrily:
May the King of glory never let her be immune from mange.

III

A parboiled slut is she without a note of music in her mouth
Who attacked me in a rage and hurled me headlong through the door;
Although according to the law I hide her pedigree from you,
Little would it matter if she were to bear a ghost a cat.

IV

Hind with club-feet sprung from dam belonging not to womankind,
With the driest face I ever yet have seen on virtue's path;
Bungler that she is and shall be till the day of nations' doom,
* * * * * * * * *

---

l. 3 ceilliṁ, m; ṗaćc, m; l. 4 do ḡ., L; don ḡ., G, m. IV, l. 2 deiṗ gnaoi, L. l. 3 a ḃeić, L, m; a beić, G; deiḃiṁ, L; ḋi, L.; ḋiḃ, G, m. l. 4 Finis go ṗaṫać cioḋ ṗuaiṗe, L.

XXXII.—A Ḋiarmuiḋ, a Ċliaṁuin

[Mss.: Maynooth, Murphy vii, p. 58; xii (m); R.I.A., 23 L 37, p. 35 (L); 23 M 33, p. 1; and a Ms. by Piapaṙ Móinṙéal (P). L was copied from the poet's autograph.

Titles: Ḋáiḃi ó ḃṙuaḋaiṙ ccc. (M, P, m) ċuim Ḋiarmaḋa mic Ṡeaġain ḃaoi (m). For the introductory note in L see below. This poem is a mock-heroic defence of the shoemakers and smiths of Co. Limerick, whose respective champions were Domhnall Ó Maoláin and Risteard Nóiris of Drumcolliher, against the claims advanced by Diarmaid mac Seáin Bhuidhe mic Chárrthaigh on behalf of his shoemaker, Seán Ó Loingsigh, vindicating in general the superiority of the shoemakers and smiths of Co. Limerick over those of Kerry and Muskerry. There is nothing in the poem itself to enable us to determine its date with precision, but judging from the position it occupies in L, I think it may be assigned with probability to about 1680–1682. In the section of that Ms. where it occurs there

Aġ ṙo ım ḃiaiḋ mo ṗṙeaġṙaḋ ar an ḃteaṙṫar éaġcóṙaċ ṫuġ Ḋiarmaiḋ mac Seaġain ḃuiḋe ar ġṙéaṙaiḋe ḋ'áiṙiġṫe ḃaṙ ḃ' aımm Seaġan Ua Loıṁgṙiġ agur Ḋoṁnall Ua Maolaın beo an ṫan ṙaın; 7 ṗóṙ ar ṗıleaḋaiḃ Cıaṙṙaiḋe 7 Muṙcṙaiġe noċ ḋo ḃí gaċ ṙann aca aġ éıluiṁ uıṙlíṙe Ġaiḃneann goḃa ḋá ngaiḃniḃ ṗéın [L]:—

I

A Ḋiarmaiḋ, a ċliaṁaın 'ṙ a ċoṁġuıṙ,
a ṗıonnṫuıṙ ı n-ıomġum naċ ónna,
a laċṫaiḋe na ruaḋ ṗa huaıṙle óırneaḋ,
cuṙ ı ṫ'aġaiḋ a ḃṙeıṁ ní ṗóḃraım.

II

Ní mıan lıom, a ċúmṫaiġ ċṙóḋa,
ṗṙeaṙaḃṙa rıoṫ 'ṙ a ḃṙuıl beo aca
ċoıṙ ıṙ ċıar ı ngrıanṁuiġ Ṙóḋla
ṙe láṁċeárḋaiḃ má tá naċ leoṙ ḋuıṫ.

I, l. 2 óna, L. l. 3 laċṫuiġe P; óırniḋ, m. II, l. 4 láṁċeaṙṙaiḋ, P, m.

---

[1] Diarmaid Mac Cárrthaigh, the well-known poet; vide Part I, Introduction, pp. xvii, xxiv, xxxii.

[2] Co. Kerry.

[3] The baronies of East and West Muskerry, Co. Cork.

[4] Gaibhne, also Gaibhneann, the celebrated smith of the Tuatha Dé Danann

XXXII.—MY FRIEND AND MY SON-IN-LAW DIARMAID

are ten poems by David Ó Bruadair, and of these it is the first. With regard to the date of these ten poems, nos. 1, 2, 6, and 8 are undated, nos. 2 and 3 are dated 1682, nos. 9 and 10 belong to the year 1680, while no. 5 seems to have been written in 1676.

The order of the ranns has been slightly disturbed in the different Mss. I have followed the order of L, which, as I have said, was copied direct from the author's autograph. P inserts R. XIV, and m inserts Rr. IX and XIV between R. IV and R. V, as printed below.

Metre—(1) Caoineaḋ: Rr. I–XXXIII, of which the scheme for the first line is—

∪ ıa ∪ ∪ ıa ∪ ∪ ó ∪.

(2) Amḟán: Rr. XXXIV, XXXV:—

(∪) ó ∪ ∪ ó ∪ ∪ ao á í.]

Hereinafter followeth my answer to the prejudiced testimony which Diarmaid mac Sheagháin Bhuidhe[1] gave in favour of a certain shoemaker by name Seán Ó Loingsigh, in spite of the fact that Domhnall Ó Maoláin was then alive, as well as my answer to the poets of Ciarraide[2] and Muscraidhe,[3] each of which parties was claiming the tools of Gaibhne[4] the smith for their own smiths (L):—

I

My friend and my son-in-law[5] Diarmaid,
White chief ne'er worsted in woundings,
Who wast fostered by fairest-decked sages,
I reproach not the skill of thy trainers.

II

I seek not, brave comrade, to challenge
Either thee or the craftsmen who still live
East and west through the sun-plain of Fódla;[6]
May that be enough to appease you.

(Keating, History, I, p. 218). He is vividly remembered in all parts of Ireland, and in consequence tradition localizes the site of his forge in various places, v. gr. in the forest of Gleann Treichim near Mullach Maistean, Co. Kildare (O'Curry, Manners and Customs, II, p. 246), and in a forest at Druim na Teine, near Cloch Chinnfhaoilidh, Co. Donegal (Four Masters, I, pp. 18–21, note).

[5] Son-in-law is probably used here indefinitely as a term of friendship.

[6] Ireland, cf. Part I, p. 45, note [8].

III

Aċt go bfuilingir uppaim ag Doṁnall
ar a bfuil díoḃ ag pníoṁ pe bpógaiḃ,
mac Donnċaḋa náp ċogair ḃeiṫ bpeoiḋce
'r náp éap plaiṫ ná a ṁac pán pórḋ pan.

IV

Náp ċuip piaṁ pá iaḋ ina ṗóca
ní do ċuappaḋ gruaim na n-digḟear,
níop fpíṫ ceaċarṫa i gceannapaic óla
'r náp ḋpuiḋ doiṫċioll a ḋopap uim nóna.

V

Ní ar iapaċt piaṁ ná ar póippe
i gcuiḃpeann Taiḋg ir Ḋileiḋḃe ir Ḋilóipe
i meapc na gceapc ná i n-aice Ḋóbair
puair an tpaoi ńḋ pírnul póippe;

VI

Ná i mboiṫ ḃuaile ar luaċair ḋpeoiġce,
'r a púil beaċa pe bainne na cpóine,
ná i ḋteaċ moġaiḋ do ċpom le poiṁap,
ḋár ḃuiḋean cat ir apc ir óinpeaċ.

VII

Aċt i n-iorcaḋaiḃ ciopama coipeaċ
i bpoċair ċléipe ir óigpe ir ógḃan,
i bpoċair ḃuaḃall ċuaċ ir ċóppċpoc
con ir ċnáṁ ir ġláiṁe ir ġeocaċ.

VIII

I mbpuiḋniḃ iona mbíoḋ píon ir peolṁaċ
bponnaḋ péaḋ ir éirneaḋ ópċearc
laoċpaḋ líoṁċa ir píoġrcop póġpoiḋe
cuilce cluṫaṙḋa cupaiṙḋ ir cpóċair.

III, l. 2 le bp. P, m. l. 4 eap, P, m, L; a *om.* P, m, L. IV, l. 1 iaḋa, m. l. 3 náp m. l. 4 am nóna, m; um nónaiḋ, L. V, In P rann XIV and in m ranns IX and XIV are inserted here before rann V. l. 1 a poippe, L. VI, l. 2 cpóinne, L. VII, l. 4 gláṁ, P. VIII, l. 1 mbiaḋ, P. l. 4 cluṫapa, L, m.

III

But yet thou shouldst honour more highly
Than all other shoemakers Domhnall,[1]
Son of Donnchadh, who yieldeth to no one,
But satisfies lords and lords' children.

IV

He keeps nought locked up in his pocket
To cause the young nobles displeasure;
He never is stingy at revels,
Nor bars his door meanly at evening.

V

This eminent sage did not borrow
His skill, nor acquire it for nothing,
While with Tadhg, Meadhbh, or Mór[2] he consorted
Or lodged in a hen-house with Lóbas,[3]

VI

Nor in byres strewn with rushes all sodden,
Nor eyeing the milk of the dun cow,
In the hut of a serf whose whole household
Was a cat and an idiot and hunger;

VII

But in warm lightsome mansions of chieftains,
Among clerics and poets and maidens,
Mid harp-music, trumpets, and goblets,
Mid revelry, hounds, joints, and jongleurs,

VIII

In forts famed for wines, meats, and banquets,
Golden treasures and presents of jewels,
Trained soldiers and royal bred horses,
Warm coverlets, cupboards, and hangers.

[1] Domhnall O Maoláin, the shoemaker of Co. Limerick.
[2] People of low condition.
[3] An ignorant boor.

IX

Ṫrealaṁ mo ḋuine ní hionganaċ ṗógraim
'r ní ṗeaḋar can ar má ċleaċtann óirnir,
aċt ṗionnaiḋ rrúiċe ir úirḋ an ṗóiḋ re
gan ṗuiġioll gan earbaiḋ ar a ḋóiḃiḋ.

X

Ḋar mo ċluair ba ḋual gan ġó ḋo
ó an ṫé ḋá rugaḋ ir ḃionaġair óige
ḃeiṫ ḋaonnaċtaċ tréiṫeaċ treorać
ir 'na phœnix ar gréaraiḋṫiḋ Ęorra.

XI

Inr an ḃruirm ba mionca a róċion
ag maiṫiḋ Scot i n-oirġ rórta
i n-aimrir ġliaiḋ ir riarṫa i n-óilteaċ
'ran ḃṗeir Ṫeaṁrać am a gcóirḃṗeaṫ.

XII

Aṁail rug an t-iolar an t-ionaḋ i neolaiḃ
'r an míol muirḋe i gcríorlaċaiḃ bóċna,
aṁail rug ceannar ar ċeaṫraiḃ an leoġan
rug mo laoċra ar ġréar an róḋ leir.

XIII

Ir iomḋa cáil ionar ḋeárrrcnaiḋ a eolar
ar a aor iomṫa i bṗionnra bṗóige
ir ní ṗuil ionaċuir urra 'na ċoṁġar
ḋíoḃ ar léire ċéille ir ċoṁairle.

XIV

Ní ṗuil cearaḋ ná gearraḋ ḋár órḋuiġ
raoi go gcéill ḋá ċéirḋ nár ṫógaiḃ,
ní ṗuil cumaḋ ná riorraḋ ná reolaḋ
ar ḃeirt troige nár ṫimċeall ṫórra.

IX, l. 1 trealaṁ, P. l. 2 cad ar mó cleaċt an, m; cleaċtainn, P; cleaċtann, L. X, l. 2 ḃionaġar, P. l. 4 ran ph., m; ran énre (?) P. XI, l. 1 ḃṗuirin, L. l. 2 ṗórḋa, P. XII, In m this rann comes after R. XIX. l. 1 rug iolar, P; rug tiolar, L; rug riolar, m; o neolaiḃ, L, m. l. 2 míol muiḋe, L; the ends of the second and fourth lines are worn away in L.

IX

No wonder I praise his equipments,
For I know of no better adornments,
And the seniors and seers of this country
Confess that his hands are reproachless.

X

Upon my word he received from the father
Who guided his youth a kind nature;
Prudent and vigorous Phœnix,[1]
Best of the cobblers of Europe—

XI

In that form oft esteemed by the nobles
Of the Scots[2] at an office of marriage,
In war and at revels in taverns,
And when judging at Tara's Feis[3] justly.

XII

As supreme reigns the eagle in heaven,
And the whale in the depths of the ocean,
As the lion of beasts is the monarch,
So my hero the palm won in cobbling.

XIII

Distinguished by vastness of knowledge
In shoecraft above all his rivals,
No champion among them comes near him
In brilliant conception and judgment.

XIV

He employs in his art every lasting
And cutting prescribed by the sages,
Every shaping and pairing and fashion
He hath compassed completely in footgear.

---

l. 4 ꝑıꝑ, m. XIII, l. 1 ŏ. ꞇóꝓꝓa, P. XIV, l. 3 ꝓıoꝓꝺa(ŏ), P, m. l. 4 ꞇóꝓꝓa, m.

[1] Epithet of a distinguished person.
[2] Scots: Irishmen, cf. supra, p. 95, note [11], etc.
[3] Cf. Keating, History, II, p. 250.

XV

Tuigfeaċ cúmṫa ciuil ir cóṁaḋ
cuipear ḋán fe cnáṁaiḃ ceolḃuirc,
fianaiḋe fileata ir fiċċeallaċ fóirne
ir finnceoir faiċċe naċ ḋearmaḋ órlaċ.

XVI

Ir iomḋa fiaḋain ḟial ḋoġeoḃainn
ar a ġcanaim ḋ' ḟuil Ḋappaiġ ir Róirtiġ
ḋ'ḟuil Ċaoiṁ ḋo ḟíol Oiliolla Óluim
ir ḋ'ḟuil ġréaġaiġ Léiṫ-ċloiċe an ċoṁlainn.

XVII

Atáiḋ fe faoiḋeaċt ḋír ar ċoṁġar
aġ a ḃfuil buin ir fiof an fceoil fin,
mac an ṁíleaḋ ó Laoi na lóċfann
ir Cormac ḋéaḋ an ḋréaċta ḋ'óraḋ.

XVIII

A ḟeirfe na fénix taoḃuiġ Ḋoṁnall
'r ná bí ḋo i mearc feol ro ḋeoraḋ,
a ḃeiṫ ór cáċ má tá naċ ḋóiġ liḃ,
cuir ar ḃrofnaiġ 'na lomairiṫ ftócaċ;

XIX

Ḋ'ḟiorfuġaḋ an ḃeanġáin ḟulláin óigṁir
naċ bí claon ná caoċ ar ċóirir,
naċ bí meata fe mannar na mórtaċ
'r nár fríṫ cinnte uim uiḋ ḋoḋ ḟórḋra.

---

xv, l. 3 fiannuiġe, m; foirfe, m; fóirfe, L. l. 4 fata, L; faċa, m; faiċce, P. xvi, l. 1 fial, P, m; ḟial, L. xvii, R. xx inserted before this rann in m. l. 1 ar comġair, m. l. 2 fir, L. l. 4 ḋeoraḋ, m. xviii, l. 1 feirfe, m; ḟéirfe, P; na ḋéime, P. *qu.* féiṁe? na fénex, m; Sénix, L. l. 3 a *om.* m; a ḃeiṫ mar tta, L. l. 4 a cur, m; ḃrofna, m; lomairfe ftócaiġ, m. xix, l. 1 óiġ ġlic, P. l. 3 manġair, m; manar, P, L.

[1] The O'Keeffes of Duthaidh Ealla, who spring from Caomh, 17th in descent from Oilioll Ólum, son of Eoghan Mór, king of Munster in the second century.

XV

Proficient in music and metre,
His songs clothe the bones of airs tuneful,
Philosopher, chessplayer, Fenian,
And lawn-dancer mindful of details.

XVI

I could cite for you many a witness
To my song from the Barrys and Roches,
Uí Caoimh,[1] Oilioll Ólum's descendants,
And the Grecians[2] of Clochliath[3] of conflicts.

XVII

There live here a couple of experts,
Who know the whole gist of this story,
The son[4] of the knight of the bright Laoi
And Cormac Déad,[4] gilder of verses.

XVIII

O muse of the ancients, aid Domhnall,
Be no stranger to him among artists;
Shouldst thou think him no better than others,
Send a courier coursing to Brosnach,[5]

XIX

To visit the hale, skilful sapling,
Not sightless nor purblind at meetings,
Not feeble at handling a carcass,
Nor reputed unversed in thy business,

---

[2] The territory of Clangibbon, Co. Cork, was held by a branch of the Fitz Geralds.

[3] Cloghlea Castle, in Moore Park, on the river Funcheon, near Mitchelstown, barony of Condons and Clangibbon, Co. Cork. It was the seat of the Condons, and was the scene of several battles during the Eleven Years' War, 1641–1652.

[4] Otherwise unknown.

[5] Brosnach, seemingly Brosna, on the borders of the counties of Limerick and Kerry, but situated in the latter.

xx

An báṗṗ tuġaiṗ, a ċumainn, ḋon tSeon ṗin
ṗill tar air gan ṗtaḋ ir ḋeonuiġ
ḋon té ir ṗine 'ṗ ir ṗinne ṗe ṗoġnaṁ
i n-Inir Ṗáil ḋo ḃṗáiṫṗiḃ ḃṗóġṗcol.

xxi

I ḋtaoḃ ḃar ngaiḃne ir taiḋḃṗeaċ tórmaċ
tiṁċioll arm naċ aḋṁuiġim ḋóiḃṗean,
ṗtṗíocaiḋ go híṗeal a ṗeolta,
ní ḟuil teaṗ ir níor an leoṗan.

xxii

Ḃíoḋ a ḟior aca naċ taiṗgiḋ coiṁġleic
im an gculaiṫ naċ uṗuṗ a cóiṁṗeaṁ,
atá oiġṗe Ġaiḃneann 'ṗan ṗóḋ ṗo
'ṗ ir é ṗiuḋ, ḋar liom, Ḋick Nóiṗiṗ.*

xxiii

Ir aiġe táiḋ uṗṗaiḋ ir builg ir ḃṗóinte
ṗíġ na ngaiḃne a ċaiṗ 'ṗ a ċóta,
ir aiġe táiḋ a iomaiṗ ir a ulaiṫe ir a óinḃil,
a ċoṗṗaċiṗ a ḋṗuil 'ṗ a ċóṗḋa.

xxiv

Atá bíṗ ġlaice ir bíṗ tṗeaṗaiṁ nó a ḋó aiġe,
caṗúiṗ laiḋṗe ir aiḋle a ḋóiṫin,
ṗionnṗúiṗ peaṗṗanta ir ġeannaiṗe ġlóṗaċ,
ir múlla cunnail ġaċ ġunna ḋáṗ tóiṁṗeaḋ.

* .i. i nḊṗuim Collaċaiṗ (P, M).

---

xx, l. 1 tSeoin, L. l. 3 ṗinne, P. xxi, l. 2 airni, m; aḋaṁam, P; aḋḃuim, L; aḋaṁuin, m. l. 3 ṗtṗíocaiḋ, L. l. 4 níor ṗan, m. xxii, l. 2 uṗṗaiṗ a c., P; uṗaiṗ ḋo ċ., L; uṗaṗ a ċ., m. l. 3 ḃṗóḋ, P. l. 4 Noris, m; Norish, P. xxiv, l. 1 a *om.* L; a ḋó, P. l. 2 láiḋṗe, P; laiḋṗe, L; laiġṗe, m; aiġle, P; aiġṫe, L; óiġe, m; l. 3 ġeanġaiṗe, m. l. 4 munnla, m; cunail, L, m; toiṁṗiuġ, P; coimṗioġ, L; tóiṗeaḋ, m.

XX

The palm that to Seán[1] thou hast given
Take back straightway, friend, and concede it
To the veteran tradesman, most famous
Of the brethren of Inis Fáil's shoe-guilds.

XXI

In regard to your smiths proudly boasting,
Who claim what I do not concede them,
Let them speedily lower their colours,
Now as ever devoid of true spirit.

XXII

Let them know they should shrink from competing
For those garments that baffle description;
Gaibhne's heir liveth still in this country
And is nobody else but Dick Norris.*

XXIII

He has sledgehammers, bellows, and millstones,[2]
The cape and the cloak of the King-smith,[3]
His troughs, tongs, and sharp-pointed anvil,
His drill and his cord and his borer.

XXIV

He has hand-vices, fixed vices, adzes
And plenty of hammers for shoeing,
Loud mallets and pincers majestic
And a neat mould for guns of all fashions;

* In Drom Callachair (P, M), i.e. Dromcolliher, in barony Connello Upper, Co. Limerick.

[1] Seán Ó Loingsigh, the shoemaker of Muscraighe, whose cause Diarmaid mac Seagháin Bhuidhe had espoused.

[2] Stones for shaping the rims of wheels.

[3] Gaibhne, the Irish Vulcan; vide supra, p. 222, note [4].

xxv

Ailte noċ ġearpar gaċ barra le ḟórra
ir maoilín naċ ḋíoṁaoin a ḋoċar,
a ċúmpair ċearḋċa a ḃior tealliġ 'r a ċóḟra,
a ṙinéan luaṫa ir gnail do ċnóraċ.

xxvi

Ir leir ón ríġċeárḋ gcroiḋeárḋ gcoṁaċtaċ
bucúr cúmgeaċ crúb do nórcrior,
riréal naċ riḋéalta rómpla,
ir ḃior cruaiḋ gan ḋiombuaiḋ le hórḋaiḃ.

xxvii

D'ṗágaiḋ Gaiḃneann aḋarca bó leir
ċuirear fulang ir fuinneaṁ ir fóirniṁ,
ḋ'ṗág a ċruit 'r a ċrior mar ċoṁarṫa,
a réarúr céiḃe 'r a recórḋar.

xxviii

D'ṗág a nararún reanaċlúiḋ leoṁain
naċ léig caṫaṁ 'na ċaral ná ceoḃruiṫ,
lán reaċt raiḋior go breiḋre treorann
ir rcriuirin rcriorar raoi rcunnaḃír róirre.

xxix

Ir í an Ġlar Ġaiḃneann ġaiḃḋeaċ ġlórḃinn
do ḃuaiḃ balair rug barra gaċ bólaiġ
tug a croiceann ċum bolg dom ċoṁurrain
ir ḋ'ṗág a beanna mar ċaiṫneaṁ ina ṙeomra.

---

xxv, l. 1 aiṫlle naċ gearrann, m. l. 3 ceartа, P, L, m; ċóċra, m. l. 4 luaiṫhe, m. xxvi, l. 4 ḋiombuaḋ, P, L; ḋiombuaḋ, m. xxvii, l. 3 a ċruṫ, L. l. 4 rárúir, P; Recorder, m. xxviii, l. 2 leag, m; ceoḃearṫ, P. l. 3 réir, L, m; ráiḋior, P. l. 4 rgunneḃír, P; rgunnaḃír, L, m. xxix, l. 2 bóllaiġ, P, m. l. 3 ċuṁ, L.

---

[1] The horns of the celebrated cow, the Glas Ghaibhneann; vide infra, p. 233, note [4].

[2] A musical instrument like a flageolet.

XXV

Strong knives that can cut bars of iron
And trustworthy stone-breaking hammers,
Just compasses, pokers, and tool-box,
And a bin to hold cinders and ashes.

XXVI

He got from the stout-hearted King-smith
An angular knife to scrape horse-hoofs,
A chisel of no vulgar pattern,
And a steel prong effective in smithcraft.

XXVII

Gaibhne left him his cow-horns[1] that give him
Steadfastness, energy, patience,
His harp and his sash as an ensign,
His recorder[2] and hair-cutting razors.

XXVIII

He left him for apron a lion's skin
To prevent his clothes wearing or rotting,
Two nail-moulds and full seven sizes
And a screw-pin[3] for settling a porch-door.

XXIX

'Twas the sleek-coated, sweet-voiced Glas Ghaibhneann[4]
Which defeated the cow-droves of Balor,[5]
Gave my neighbour her skin to make bellows,
Left her horns to adorn his apartments.

---

[3] Cf. Part I, p. 73, note [2].

[4] The Glas Ghaibhneann, al. Glas Ghaibhneach and Glas Ghaibhleach, the famous grey cow of Gaibhne, the milk of which could never be exhausted. She is as celebrated throughout the whole of Ireland as Gaibhne himself. Tá ṗí ċoṁ maiṫ ċum bainne ċaḃaiṗṫ leiṗ an ḋlaṗ ḋaiḃleann is a proverb in Co. Derry, while in Co. Kerry and elsewhere the most delicious pastures are those where she rested in her peregrinations—mar ċoḋail an ḋlaṗ ḋaiḃneaċ. For the traditional story current in Co. Donegal, cf. O'Donovan's note, Four Masters I, pp. 18–21.

[5] Cf. Four Masters, I, pp. 18–21, note.

XXX

Ní ḟuil colg ná clogaḋ ná cóirte,
feian ḃeáirṫa cláirpeaċ ná cóirṫleaṗc,
spring i ngiar ná watch i ḃFlórence
naċ ḟuil ionnar a n-innill ag Nóirir.

XXXI

Ní ḟuil aḋan gan leiġior i n-Ḃoċaill,
cpocán ceangail ná cnagaire ḋóiḃe,
cainnleoir beárnaċ ppáir nó peotair
naċ ḟuil acṁainn a learuiġṫe ar ló leir.

XXXII

Ir ḟaḋa atáim ag triáċt tar bóṫar
feaċ an gcúir ar ḋtúir do ṫógḃar,
ḟillḟeaḋ ḟeaċt, níl beart ir córa,
ir cuirpeaḋ críoċ, giolḋ fuiġeall gan ḋóiṫin.

XXXIII

Ṫar an aṫair ḋar bairteaḋ mo Ḋoṁnall
do níor ḋultu do ṫiomargaḋ eolair
i bponncaiḃ iallċrann feiaṁḋa feóinneaċ
ná tar Rirtiorḋ ḋá n-impeaḋ óirnir.*

XXXIV

Óirnir an óigḟir gan raoḃċáil ċaim
eolar naċ róirear ir laoċláiṁ ċroinn
boionar órḋuiġṫe ir baoċḃán lí
naċ tógṫar ón bróġṁur go caolċáirc faoi.†

* óir ḃéanaḋ Rirḋearḋ an úirlir coṁmaiṫ et do ḃéantaoi a mbilbó í, aṫ go bfaġaḋ a ḋoitim diġe (P, M).
† ar an gcoirc (P, M).

XXX, l. 1 aġan, P, L. l. 2 ḋóite, L, m; lines 2 and 3 are inverted in P. l. 4 acfainn, L, m; ar gó, P; ar ló, L, m. XXXI, l. 3 feaċt corrected to fearḋa in P. l. 4 fuiġil, L. XXXIII, l. 1 tair, P; ḋar, m; aiṫir, m. l. 2 ṫiomargan, m. XXXIV, l. 1 raoḃċaill, L. l. 3 bó ionnar, P. l. 4 tóigṫear, P. bróṁur, L, m. In the marginal note M seems to have ccoirc, P ccoirne or ccoirc.

---

[1] Youghal, Co. Cork.
[2] Donnchadh Ó Maoláin, father of Domhnall: cf. R. III of this poem.

XXX

There is not a sword, coach, or helmet,
A razor, a harp, or a bangle,
A lockspring or timepiece in Florence,
But Norris knows how to provide it.

XXXI

There is not a knocker or pot-hook
Nor a caldron unmended in Eochaill,[1]
Cracked candlestick, brazen or pewter,
But he can repair in an instant.

XXXII

Having now made a lengthy digression
Far away from the point I commenced with,
I return, as I ought, to my subject,
To finish this profitless rubbish.

XXXIII

Past the father[2] who got Domhnall christened
It is needless to go to get knowledge
Of fashions in neat thread-sewn sandals,
Nor past Richard,[3] if tools be in question.*

XXXIV

Prudent and straight is this youth of the tools,
In knowledge not puny, proficient of hand;
A neat apron of cowhide of fair soothing hue
From Autumn till Octave of Easter he wears.

* For Richard used to make as good implements as ever were made in Bilbo,[4] provided that he got enough to drink (P, M).

---

[3] Richard, al. Dick Norris, the smith of Drumcolliher, Co. Limerick: cf. R. XXII of this poem.

[4] There are two places called Bilboa in Ireland, Bilboa near Cappaghmore on the slopes of the Sliabh Eibhlinne Mountains in the east of Co. Limerick, and Bilboa on the borders of Co. Carlow and Queen's County, celebrated for its collieries, in the Cloghrenan Hills, offshoots of the Sliabh Mairge Mountains. It may be, however, that the manufacturing city of Bilbao in Spain is referred to here. There was an active trade between it and Limerick at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

xxxv

Dá dtógbaid na teoranna taobháḋ pinn
le róiomaḋ dóċuir ag fraoċ fán gcraoiḃ,
ó ḃrógḟuirinn Ḟóḃla na raorċláp plím
fógraimre ag Doṁnall ó Maoláin í.*

* et faicim cia ḃainfear de í (P, M).

Bíoḋ a ḟior agad a léaġtoir inran gcaiṫréim do rinn Diarmaid dá ġréaraiḋe féin gur ṫiomruiġ uirlír a críoċaiḃ róċiana ċiuge, giḋeaḋ níor ṁaoiḋearra uirlír ar biṫ d'uireasbaiḋ ar mo ġréaraiḋe féin aċt go mbíoḋ a ġníoṁ gan aon loċt déanta le huirinntleaċt agus le láiṁġhiocas go [L].

XXXIII.—M'IONNLOC DO MAC ḞIR ḞEASA

[Mss.: 23 L 37, p. 38, is the only Ms. that preserves this poem. The section, however, in which the poem is found was transcribed by John Stack from David Ó Bruadair's autograph. The following remarks prefixed to the poem by the author explain the circumstances which occasioned it:—"The following Lines I sent in Answer to a Learned Poet by Name O'n Canty who (as I was told) did endeavour to Ridicule my Compositions before some Gentlemen at Corke, who pay'd him but Small thanks for his pains and gave him less Creditt." The date of composition is not given. In the Ms. it occurs between another undated poem, A Diarmaid a ċliaṁain ra ċoṁgair, and a poem, Searc na ruaḋ an ċroḃainġ ċuṁra, composed at the beginning of May, 1682. The poems in this section which can be dated accurately were all, with one exception, written in the years 1680–2. The exception is the elegy on Éamonn mac an Ridire A Ċiarraoi caoimiḋ Ċamonn, which was written shortly before the 6th of May, 1676. The present poem may consequently be dated approximately 1681.

The name of David's critic is written O'n Canty in the title, and Ó an Ċáinte in the last line of the poem, and he is described as the son of Fear-feasa in the first line of the poem. Fear-feasa Ó Cáinte or Ón Cáinte—for the name is found

I

M'ionnloc do mac Ḟir ḟeara
níor ċuid don ċáil éigeara
ir mé gan aḋaint an ḟir
a laḃairt ċle 'na ċrġrin.

XXXV

Let the districts around urge their prejudiced claims,
And for victory strive with extravagant hopes;
O'er the shoe-guilds of Fódla of free graceful plains
To Domhnall Ó Maólain the palm I assign.*

* And let me see who will take it from him (P, M).

Know, O reader, that in the pæan which Diarmaid composed for his shoemaker he had to summon to his aid the implements of the most distant lands; on the other hand, I have never remarked that my shoemaker was wanting in any implements, for his work was always faultlessly executed with clever intelligence and skill of hand, etc. (L).

XXXIII.—THE REPROACHES OF FEAR FEASA'S SON

spelt in both ways in Mss.—was a celebrated Munster poet who flourished in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, and took part in the Contention of the Bards. He died about 1617. Few of his poems have yet been published. On March 31st, 1601, Aonghus Ruadh Ó Dálaigh, the author of the satire on the Tribes of Ireland, enfeoffed Fear-feasa O'Carty of the towns and lands of Ballyoroone, Co. Cork (vide O'Donovan's edition of the Tribes of Ireland, Dublin, 1852, p. 84). Other members of the family, also poets, were Maolmhuire Ó Cáinte, who wrote a poem for Brian O'Hara of Luighne, Tadhg Ó Cáinte, who wrote a poem on his own son's going beyond the sea, Giolla Íosa Ó Cáinte, author of an elegy on Riocard óg O Donnabháin, A.D. 1694, and Eoghan Ó Cainte, to whom are ascribed an elegy on Domhnall Crón Ó Súilleabháin, A.D. 1670, and another elegy on Eoghan Ruadh O Súilleabháin, A.D. 1687. This last elegy, however, is also ascribed to David Ó Bruadair. Which of these poets is here referred to cannot now be determined, but it appears unlikely that the poet of 1680–2 was the son of the famous Fear-feasa who died about 1617.

Metre—(1) Rr. I–V, Ďeibiďe: the rules of which have been already described.

(2) Rr. VI–VIII, Amhrán :—

⏑ e ⏑ ⏑ á ⏑ á ⏑ i ⏑ ⏑ ú.]

I

The reproaches of Fear feasa's son
Win him no repute of poesy;
I did nothing to inflame his ire,
Yet his breast is full of evil words.

II

Do ḟaoi ḃoṗtail baḋ cóiṗ ceilt
muṅ ndeaṗnainn iomuṗ m'aiṁneiṗt
aċt na ṗuaḋ dá leantaṗ leiṗ
don deaṗcġlan iṗ dual deiġḃṗeiṗ.

III

Ní bṗeiṗ aoiṗe ná oile
aċt bṗeiṗ uaiṗle iṗ ionṁaine
doḃeiṗ ḟṗoṁaḋ ḃṗáċṗann ḃṗiṗ
táċċlann uṁal an oidiṗ.

IV

Ní ḟealḃaim ceaṗd naċ ceaṗd dúin
ním aḋantaċ iomċnúiḋ
ním taiṗ ṗe haon gan aḃaṗ
bṗaon dom ḃaiṗ ní buanalaḋ.

V

Ní ċṗeidim gup ċáin miṗe
geaḋ teann tig an taoidṗe
do ṗcṗiop a ndeaċaiḋ dom ḋúil
ṗe ṗṗeaċaiḃ a ḟiṗ iṗ a ḟialṗúin.

VI

Gan ḟeiṗg gan ṗáċ dá dtṗáċtaḋ oide bunṗcionn
aṗ leiṗg mo láiṁe aṗ ċláṗ maṗ ionganta ṗ iuil
iṗ deiṗide an cáṗ dom ċáil maṗ ċuiṗim i n-úil
eite gan áiṗd naċ beáṗṗṗaḋ d'ḟionnṗaḋ mo ċlú.

VII

Iṗ cleite dom ġnáṗ naċ báiḋteaṗ uige aṗ biṫ liom
aċt a ḃṗeicṗin dá ḃṗáġainn ṗnáiṫe ṗilte iona ċom
ní eitiollaim áṗda ag báṗṗċain inniṁe an úiṗd
iṗ ní tṗeiṗide cáċ dá ndeáṗnaiḋ iomaṗca ṗiom.

II, l. 2 muna. III, l. 2 ionṁuine. IV, l. 2, there are only six syllables in this line. V, l. 4 le is deleted and pe substituted in L. VI, l. 1 ttṗaċtaċ. l. 4 beaṗṗaḋ ḃṗionna. VII, l. 1 baiteaṗ uiġe. l. 2 ṗilte. l. 3 inneiṁe.

II

Silence would beseem a mighty sage,
Even though my weakness I forgot;
If he would but keep the law of seers,
His simple eye[1] would for him profit gain.

III

Profit springing not from base abuse,
But product of nobility and love;
Such the test that learning's humble clan
Apply to makers of prophetic[2] ranns.

IV

The art that I profess is all mine own,
For I am not full of fire or spite,
Nor am I unto any weakly meek,
A lasting wound ne'er issues from my hand.

V

I don't believe he ever censured me,
Though that tide of talk advances strong,
Undoing all the hope I fondly placed
In lines inspired by wisdom's secret art.

VI

If a learned dispassionate scribe should awkwardly treat without cause
Of the traces of marvellous lore to a tablet consigned by my hand,
Better by far were my plight, if I were to let it be known
That nobody ever would clip a quill from my pinions of fame.

VII

The trend of my custom is never to cancel a web[3] that I weave,
But merely to see if I find a fallen-out thread in its midst;
I soar not to heights which imperil my order's poetic repute,
But none are the better of that, if they try to impose upon me.

---

[1] Cf. Matth. vi. 22: Si oculus tuus fuerit simplex, totum corpus tuum lucidum erit.

[2] Prophetic, i.e. poetic.

[3] A web of poetry.

VIII

Ꝑeaḋ ꝑeirꝑḋe an ceárḋ me ı ṗáiḋiḃ ꝑıorcaiḋe ꝑṗúiḋ
aḃeirim ꝑup ꝑeárꝑ mo ḃán ná ꝑirim ar ꝑıuḋ
mo ḃeilḃ má tá ná tárluiḋ ꝑıḡte ꝑo ḃlúḋ
ní ḋ'ꝑeiḋim ꝑup ḋáın Ó an Ċáinte mıre ꝑan ḋúıꝑ.*

* ⁊ má ꝑın ꝑo maiḋḋe ḃıa ḋó é.

XXXIV.—IS MIḞIḎ DAṀSA BANN

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 N 13, p. 172 (N), 23 L 37, p. 201 (L); Maynooth, Murphy IV, p. 183 (m); Los Angeles Ms., p. 514 (A).

The titles prefixed to this poem in m, N, and A are inaccurate and at variance with the poem itself. In m it is wrongly stated to have been written on the death of the Earl of Barrymore, 1681 (Ḋáıḃı ó ḃruaḋaır ccc. ar ḃár an ıarla ḃarraḋ, 1681) and N and A are also wrong in saying that the elegy was written on Robert Barry, who died in 1681 (Ḋáıḃı ó ḃruaḋaır ccc. ar ḃár Rıobaırḋ ḋo ḃarraḋ ḋ'éaꝑ ꝑan mbliaḋain, 1681), for no Earl of Barrymore died in 1681, and the poem itself shows that it was written on the death of James fitz Richard Barry. The true title is given in L, which says, Ḋáıḃı ó ḃruaḋaır ccc. ar ḃár an ḃuıne uaṗal ṁaiṫ .ı. Séamuꝑ mac Rıṗḋeırḋ ḋo ḃarra ḋ'éaꝑ a ꝑḋorc na ꝑꝑeiḋe ꝑan mbliaḋain ḋ'aoır an ꝑıḡearna, 1681, i.e., David Ó Bruadair cecinit on the death of the good nobleman, James fitz Richard Barry, who died at Gort na Sceithe in the year of the Lord 1681. This title is in harmony with the poem, which describes James Barry as ua ṁıc an ḃarraıḡ, i.e. the great-grandson of the chief of the Barrys (R. XIII), and gives his genealogy as follows: Séamuꝑ ḋo ḃarra (Rr. IV, XXIX), .ı. Séamuꝑ mac Rıꝑcırḋ ṁıc Seaḡain na ꝑeárraḋ ṁıc Séamuꝑ .ı. ḃıocuınc Cılle na mballaḋ (R. XXV), i.e. James Barry fitz Richard fitz John na searrach (of the colts) fitz James Viscount Buttevant. James fitz Richard Barryroe, Lord of Ibawne and Viscount Buttevant died 10th April, 1581, leaving five sons, (1) Richard, (2) David

I

Iꝑ mıḞIḎ DAṀRA BANN DO ḂAILE
ıꝑ cuḡnaṁ le búıċṗeaċ mo ċaraḋ
ó táıḋ éıꝑre an ċé na ꝑcaḋlaḋ
ar an leoḡan tuꝑ ḃróṁaċ ḃarraıḡ.

VIII, l. 1 a ṗáiḋaiḃ ꝑıorꝑaiḋe. l. 3 tárluiḋ ꝑıḡte.
I, l. 1 bonn, N; leoḡan, L, N; air beoḡan, m.

VIII

I may be but a spiritless artist amid swarms of industrious seers,
But I say that my poem is better than any I look for from them;
For although it may happen perchance that my warp be not woven quite close,
Yet I cannot believe that Ó'n Cháinte would censure me thus without cause.*

* And if he did, may God forgive him.

XXXIV.—'TIS TIME AT LENGTH FOR ME

1681 A.D.

Viscount Buttevant and father of David, first Earl of Barrymore, (3) William of Lislee, (4) Edmond, and (5) John of Liscarroll, who died 31st January, 1627. John of Liscarroll, here called Seaġan na peappać, John of the colts (R. xxv, and cf. Part I, p. 60, R. xx, l. 1), had five sons, William, James, John Og, Edmond, Richard; of these sons, William, the eldest, who died before his father, had a son John fitz William Barry, whose elegy, Ir boćt mo ḃeaća ı ġcpeaćaıḃ éaġa, composed about the years 1652–1657, has been printed in Part I, pp. 50–67. According to an Inquisition, taken in 1657 at the King's Old Castle in the County of Cork, Richard, the fifth son of the John Barry of Liscarroll who died in 1627, died without issue male in the time of the Irish rebellion, 1641–1652 (cf. Part I, pp. 50, 51), but according to this poem he had by a daughter of MacCarthy (R. XXVI) a son, James, who died in 1681. It is not clear how these discrepant statements are to be reconciled or explained; but the testimony of this elegy is every whit as trustworthy as that of the Inquisition of 1657.

The full text of the poem is found in L only. N, m and A omit R. xxx and Rr. XLIV–LI inclusive.

Metre—(1) Rr. I–LI, Caomeaḋ: the distinctive final rhyme being a ◡.
(2) R. LII, Amḟán: ◡ a ◡ ◡ é ◡ é ◡ í ◡ ú.]

I

'Tis time at length for me to foot it homewards,
And bring assistance to my friends lamenting;
For the poets of the world lie sleeping,
Since the lion's[1] death hath saddened Barraigh.[2]

[1] Séamus de Barra, James Barry, on whom this elegy is written.

[2] Barrymore and Barryroe, two baronies, the tribal lands of the Barrys in Co. Cork.

II

Ḋṗoṅg leampa ḋoḃ aṅṅpa im leanḃ
ap ḋeoṗuiḋeaċt cé ċoṁnuiġeaṗ le ṗaḋa
ḋṗoṅg uaṗal gan cṗuaṗ uṁ ċeaċṗaiḃ
ḋṗoṅg ṗan ói ṗá ṗóḋ naċ aṅṅaṁ.

III

Ḋṗoṅg ḋo ċuill ó ḟaoiċiḃ ṗnaṗta
áiṗioṁ léiṗ a n-éaċt ṗa ṅgaiṗce
bíċ naċ ṗáġaim ṗáiḋ ná amal
aġ cuṗ a ṗníoṁ i ṗuim ḋon ġal ṗo.

IV

Bíċ gup ṗiaḃṗaṗ ṗuan ḋo ġlacaḋ
ḋ'aiċle an taoiḃ ṗi a ḋtaoim ḋo ċaiṗtiol
ṗúm ó ḋ'ṗáġṗaḋ cáċ an t-aṗ ṗin
caoinṗeaḋ ṗéin Séamuṗ ḋo ḃaṗṗa.

V

Caoi ṗin náṗ ḟaoileaṗ go gcaiċṗinn
iṗ ḋá ḃṗiaḋainn naċ biaḋ a ṗaċain
caoine an ḃeanġáin ċeannáiṗḋ ailtġil
le ṗaiḃ ṗúil gaċ biu ḋom aiġme.

VI

Óiṗne ḋá ṗcóllainn mo ṗcaṗta
iṗ ḋá nuaillinn maṗ ḟuaim ċon alla
tṗé ḋul ṗé ḋo ġṗéim a ḃeaċa
neaċ go ṅgaoiṗ ní ḋliġṗeaḋ aiṫṗeaṗ.

VII

A mbliaḋna ní ṗiaḃaċ an t-aḃaṗ
ṗuaṗaṗ ḋá mbuailinn mo ḃaṗa
nó maṗ ṁnáiḃ ḋá ṅgáiṗinn gṗeaṗa
m'iaċtaċ níoṗ iaṗaċta an tṗeanaiḋ.

II, l. 3 am, m. l. 4 náṗ ḃanam, N, m. VI, l. 1 ṗgoluin, N, m; ṗgolluin, L. l. 4 ḋilġṗeaḋ, m. VII, l. 2 ṗuaiṗiṗ, N, m. l. 4 a tṗ., N, m, L; tṗeanaḋ, m; tṗeanaḋ, N; tṗeanaiḋ, L.

II

Tribe most fondly loved by me since childhood,
Although 'mid strangers I have long been dwelling;
Noble tribe that spares not cattle meanly;
Tribe whose youths beneath the sod are many.[1]

III

Tribe which hath deserved that polished sages
Should recount their deeds on this occasion,
Though neither fool nor prophet have I found to
Weave the greatness of their rank and valour.

IV

Desire of sleep attacks me like a fever
After all my journey through this country;
Yet since all have left to me this tillage,[2]
I alone must weep for James de Barra.

V

Tears like these I never thought of shedding;
Their cause I should have, if I could have, hindered;
Weeping for the stately fair-limbed sapling,
Hope of the survivors of his nation.

VI

If I were to break my heart lamenting
Or roar as loud as wolves, when howling wildly,
At the sinking of his brilliant life's sun
No wise and prudent person would reproach me.

VII

I have had this year no brindled[3] reason,
For if I have to beat my palms in sorrow,
Or like to women get a fit of shrieking,
My bitter sobs would be no strange occurrence.

---

[1] This verse refers to the untimely extinction of several lines of the Barry family; cf. R. XL., infra.

[2] The negligence of other poets has left to me the accomplishment of this poetic task.

[3] Nondescript, worthless, trifling.

VIII

Dualgur do ċuamaḋ óm aiċriḃ
naċ ṫréigim geaḋ ṫréiṫ mo ċaḃair
ḃeiṫ do gnáṫ i láiṁ 'r i laḃairt
le cuain ríogḋa Tiġe Molaige.

IX

D'ṗógraḋar teoranna an Ċarrainn
ir Carraig an ṗiaiṫ ran ṫriaḋ ar aġaiḋ
Cnoc Ráṫa ran ṫráṫ uim Ślata
géag do ċloinn an tiġe gur tearcaḋ.

X

Tug tonn Clíoḋna cuim do ċarṫaiḃ
ir tug tonn Téiḋe géim tar earaiḃ
tug an Ḋriġid ra boill gan bleaṫtar
tromġáir riar an ḃroġail ba raḃa.

XI

Ir ciaṫán d'aoiḃ Liaṫáin a leagaḋ
ir d'ṗuarṫloiṫ an tuaṫail naċ maireann
don tSeanḋún naċ anṫúmṫa cairiol
ir do Liop Síṫe an laoiṫ nár lairte.

XII

Cnoc Ráṫa íḃ ḃáġna ra beanna
ir Oirirí na n-oṫarluiġe gan lanna
aṫt uéal doġraing ór drom gaċ dainġin
i ndeoiḋ an ġaoil dá gcraoiḃ ba nearr.

VIII, l. 4 cuaine, N, m; cuain, L. IX, l. 3 placa, m. X, l. 3 ḃraoiḋ, L. XI, l. 2 tuaiṫill, N, m. XII, l. 1 ḃáiġne, m. l. 3 uéal, L; uéil, N, m. l. 4 a neoiġ, L; a ndeoiġh-, N, m.

---

[1] Cf. Part I, Introduction, p. xvi.

[2] Vide Part I, p. 61, note [4], and p. 65, note [7].

[3] Carrann: Rinn Chorrain; cf. Part I, p. 55, note [6], and p. 65, note [5].

[4] The Raven's Rock, seemingly somewhere on the coast near Kinsale, Co. Cork.

[5] Knockraha, a village and two townlands in the parish of Kilquane, barony of Barrymore, Co. Cork.

[6] Slata, al. Slaea: seemingly a place-name; unidentified.

[7] Teach Molaige: Timoleague; cf. Part I, p. 61, note [4], and p. 65, note [7].

[8] Tonn Chlíodhna: vide Part I, p. 65, note [8].

VIII

To sing thy dirge is my ancestral duty;[1]
I shan't neglect, although my aid be feeble,
To be in word and act for ever faithful
To the royal tribe of Teach Molaige.[2]

IX

Carann's[3] borders are proclaiming loudly,
Carraig an Fhiaich[4] and the opposing mountain,
Cnoc Rátha[5] and the tract that lies round Slata,[6]
That a scion of the Teach[7] hath perished.

X

Tonn Chlíodhna[8] beats its breast against the boulders,
Louder than cascades Tonn Téide[9] bellows.
Milkless is the Brighid[10] with all its members,—
Loud resounding roar of menaced ruin.

XI

His death hath brought distress upon Uí Liatháin,[11]
Upon the cold and lifeless stone of Tuathal,[12]
On Seandún[13] with its not unshapely rampart
And on Lios Síthe[14] of the valiant hero.

XII

Cnoc Rátha[15] and Uí Bághna[16] with its summits
And Oirbhrighe[17] lie infirm and unprotected,
A veil of sorrow overhangs each fortress
For him who was to them related closely.

---

[9] Tonn Téide is here distinguished from Tonn Chlíodhna, though it is usually identified with it; cf. Part I, p. 65, note [8].

[10] The river Bride: there are two rivers of this name in Co. Cork; vide Part I, p. 73.

[11] Uí Liatháin comprised the baronies of Barrymore and Kinnatalloon, Co. Cork.

[12] Cloch an Tuathail, al. Carrigtwohill, a townland and parish in the barony of Barrymore, Co. Cork.

[13] Shandon Castle, Cork, belonged to the Earl of Barrymore.

[14] Lios Síthe: somewhere in Barrymore or Barryroe, Co. Cork.

[15] Knockraha: vide supra, p. 244, note [5].

[16] Ibawne now united with Barryroe to form one barony, lying east and west of Clonakilty, Co. Cork.

[17] Oirbhrighe, al. Oirerí: Orrery now united with Kilmore to form one barony, near Charleville, Co. Cork.

XIII

Tuġ Ġleann Maġair fa maiġne fanaf
d'innḃiof coife na cofaḋ do caiṫeaḋ
feabal bróin ó ló do ceafaḋ
tré ḟuadaċ ua ṁic an ḃafraiġ.

XIV

Ua lán beoil na fóḋ an tan fin
do ḃí an Sráinneaċ lán do ḃaġaf
if é fán am fin ċall i dtreafġuil
do ċuif i bfruimpín Tomking taca.

XV

If é do fiafaḋ cliaf if ceaċfainn
óinriġ if ġeocaiġ if ġalaiġ
if é máf fíof a bfriṫ aġ feanaiḃ
fuġ báff fionnfa a bfonġcaiḃ mafcaiġ.

XVI

Ḟeaf affaċta a mailiġ ġairḃ
af naċ duḃfaḋ ḋiomḋa aġ bfanaiḃ
ḟeaf fa ḋaonnaċt d'aon naċ deaċaiḋ
taf fian ḟif Liaṫmuine leaṫtroiġ.

XVII

Ua an ḟif ḟéil fan té dá ndeaċaiḋ
oiḋreaċt a ċeaġlaiġ fa ċailiṁ
an t-éadan úf fe tnuṫ naf freaḃaḋ
tuġ mo nuaf an duaḋ fo af m'aife.

XIII, l. 1 tuġ ġl., L; tuġ omitted, N, m; maiḋne, L; maiḋne, N, m. XIV, l. 1 ua l. b., L; ua omitted, N, m. l. 4 tomcinġ, m; tomcinġ, N; Tom King, L; taca, N, L; tacaif, m. XV, l. 1 ceaċfainn, N. l. 4 mac÷, N, m. XVI, l. 1 affaċtaḋ, N, m; maillce, m; maillice, N. l. 4 leaṫtroiḋ, N, m.

---

[1] Glanmire, a town in the parish of Ratheooney, in the barony of Cork, Co. Cork.

[2] Inbhear Coise na Coradh, the pasture-lands at the weir near the mouth of the river; perhaps Curra, in the barony of Kinalea, Co. Cork.

XIII

Gleann Maghair[1] and its plains announced the tidings
To the pasture-banks of Cos na Coradh;[2]
Day donned its mourning garments to the ruin
Of the grandson of the son of Barrach.[3]

XIV

With praise of him the highways once resounded,
When the Spaniard proudly threatened battle;
Then it was that he in valour's struggle
Succeeded in defeating Tomkins quickly.[4]

XV

By entertaining bands of clerks and soldiers,
Strolling jongleurs, clowns, and valiant heroes,
If true be what is found in ancient authors,
The palm of skill he gained in points of knighthood.

XVI

A stately man was he of haughty eyebrow,
Whom raven chieftains ne'er in words offended,
A kindly man to all was he who never
Departed from the tracks of Liathmhain's[5] hero.

XVII

Grandson of that man[6] who once did forfeit[7]
His inheritance, his lands, and castle;
His noble brow, by envy never furrowed,
Hath brought, alas, this sorrow to my notice.

---

[3] An Barrach: the Viscount of Buttevant, the head of the Barrys.

[4] I have not found this exploit recorded elsewhere.

[5] Liathmhain, al. Cloch Liathmhaine; Cloghleafin, in the barony of Condons and Clangibbon, near Mitchelstown, Co. Cork.

[6] John Barry of Liscarrol, Sean na Searrach; vide infra, p. 250, R. XXV. Some account of him has been given in Part I, pp. 50, 51, and his eulogy was sung by David Ó Bruadair, Part I, p. 60, Rr. XX–XXIII.

[7] Cf. Part I, pp. 50, 51.

XVIII

Sin an ní do ċoill mo ġeapa
ıp do pın bpéaġ don péad do ġeallap
nó ní ḟuaıġḟınn d'uapal peappad
tpıaċ Cılle Íde ı dtír go dtaġaḋ.

XIX

Dá n-abpaḋ aon ġup d'aoḃḟuıl Ġeapaılt
ıp mó anallpa laḃpaıd mo ċapta
mo ḟınnpeap bíḋ naċ ḃíoḃ do ḋeaċaıp
dpongġ map ċáċ níop leáġa dom laġaḋ.

XX

Dá ḃpéaċaıd céıllıḋ ġan leaċtpom
a ndeápna pa ndeápnaḋ dom aplaċ
ıap pepúdaḋ cúıpe gaċ caıpte
uım ḟaıpnéıp atá mo leaċpcéal gaḃṫa.

XXI

Iap ġcup fúm ı ġclúıd gan ċaptap
ıap póḋ mo ḃpólann ı peapcap
ı ndıaıḋ gaċ compáın pıom dáp ḋealuıġ
tıġ dom ḃuaıpeaḋ puad na paılle.

XXII

Tuġ leıp tápc d'ápduıġ mo ṁaıpġ
ıp d'ḟuaġaıp náp uaın dom ḃeıċ balḃ
tápc taoıpıġ do ṗpıoṁḟuıl Ḃpeatan
do pınn dá loınġpıḃ coınnle calaıṫ.

XVIII, l. 1 ḃeapa, L. XIX, l. 1 ġup omitted, N, m. XXI, l. 1 cclúḋ, N, m; cclúıd, L. l. 4 ḃpuaıpe, m.

---

[1] Ceall Íde, Killeedy, in barony Glenquin, Co. Limerick, formed portion of the estates of the poet's patron, Sir John Fitz Gerald of Claonghlais, whose arrest and conveyance for trial to England in the preceding year, 1680, on the charge of complicity in the spurious Popish Plot, have been commented on already by David

XVIII

'Tis this hath put an end to all my duties,
And falsified whatever I once promised;
Or else I should not weave a verse for nobles,
Till safe and sound returned Ceall Íde's chieftain.[1]

XIX

If anyone should say my writings mostly
Have treated of the gentle blood of Gerald,[2]
Although from them my fathers did not issue,
No vulgar folk[3] are they who cured my weakness.

XX

If an impartial critic would examine
My acts and all that hath been done to tempt me
And scan the truthful cause of all my writings,
My excuse were sure to be accepted.

XXI

While lodging in a corner, poor and hungry,
When my inmost soul had turned to dryness,
And all my comrades had from me departed,
Unexpected ruin came to crush me.

XXII

It brought death-tidings to enhance my sadness,
And thundered that it was no time for silence,—
Death-news of the noblest chief of Britain,[4]
Who for his fleets erected harbour beacons.

Ó Bruadair, supra, p. 218. This stanza shows that Sir John had not yet been set at liberty.

[2] Though not a natural follower of the Fitz Geralds, most of his poems had hitherto been dedicated to members of that family; cf. Part I, Introduction, p. xvi.

[3] Members of the noble family of the Barrys relieved him during the absence of Sir John Fitz Gerald; cf. supra, p. 142.

[4] The Barrys were of British, i.e. Welsh descent; cf. Part I, p. 54, note [1].

XXIII

Mian áṗṗa ḋob áluinn ḋealb̃
ıṗ bıle ṗeanʒ náṗ ċṗannḋa cealṫaıṗ
macaoṁ náṗ eaṗaonṫaċ mala
an ṫé naṗ ḋeonuıʒ ḋoṁṗa aṗ ṁeaṗaṗ.

XXIV

An ṫé ḃán ṗtıuıṗ ṫuʒ lúıṫ ċum aıṗtıṗ
ann ṗan ṫṗín baḋ ḋíṗce ṗṗeaḃa
ıṗ é ḋá ḃóıṗ ıṗ teo ḋo ċaṗaṗ
ní ḋá ḃuala ṗuaṗ náṗ manaḋ.

XXV

Mac Rıṗtéaıṗḋ mıc Seáʒaın na ṗeaṗṗaċ
mıc Séamuıṗ tṗéınʒıl ʒo nʒaıṗce
ṗuʒ ón laoċṗaıḋ ḋ'éılıṁ taıṗıṗ
caıṫṗéım ḃíocuınt Ċıll na mḃallaċ.

XXVI

Iṗ tṗuaʒ ṗın a luaıṫe ḋo teaṗcaḋ
mac na Cáṗṗṫaıʒe eṗáıḃṫıʒe caılce
ceann ṗeaḋna taıḋḃṗeaċ an tṗleaċta
ḋáṗ ċóıṗ Ḋún Ꝑoʒaın ṗa ṁalaıṗt.

XXVII

Ḋo ḟaoıleaṗ ʒo línṗeaḋ ṗul nḋeaċaıḋ
an ḋún ṗın aḋuḃṗamaṗ ċeana
Ḋún Ḋéıḋe ṗe ḋéıṗceaṗt maṗa
ıṗ Ḃıoṗ Ceaṗḃuıll ʒan eaṗuṁal ım aıce.

XXIII, l. 2 cealtaıṗ, L, N, m. XXV, l. 1 Rıṗḋeaṗḋ, L, N, m; Seaṅ, N, m; Seaʒan, L; ṗeaṗaċ, N, m. l. 4 bıocum, N, m. XXVII, l. 1 lıñṗeaḋ, N, m. l. 4 eaṗuṁla am baṗa, N, m.

---

[1] Seán na Searrach (cf. Part I, p. 60, R. XXII, l. 1), John Barry of Liscarrol, who married Ellen, daughter of Sir Dermod mac Teige Mac Carthy of Muskerry, and died 31st January, 1627.

[2] James fitz Richard fitz Thomas fitz Edmond Barry Roe succeeded to the titles of Viscount Buttevant and Lord of Barrymore on the death of his cousin James fitz John fitz William fitz Thomas Barry, who died without issue, 20th March, 1577.

XXIII

Charm of aged folk his comely person,
Graceful chieftain of unwrinkled visage,
Youth whose eyebrow never frowned contentious,
Friend who used to give me all I fancied.

XXIV

Guidance giving strength on expeditions,
Drought of rivers in the time of tempests,
Dearest love of mine in all his nation,
Nothing ever could excite his anger.

XXV

Son of Richard, son of Seán na Searrach,[1]
Son of James[2] the fair, the brave and valiant,
Who carried off from lords in competition
The viscount-dignity of Ceall na mBallach.[3]

XXVI

Quick, alas, hath been cut off the son of
The pious fair-skinned daughter of Mac Cárrthaigh,[4]
A famous chieftain of the race[5] that justly
Claims Dún Eoghain's fortress[6] or its equal.

XXVII

I thought he would have filled without contention
That fortress[7] which I have already mentioned,
With Dún Déide[8] by the southern ocean
And Lios Cearbhaill[9] near me, ere departing.

---

[3] Buttevant is the English name of Ceall na mBallach, a town in the barony of Orrery and Kilmore, Co. Cork.

[4] This is the only information I have about the name of the mother of James Barry.

[5] The Barrys, in whose territory Dún Eoghain was situated.

[6] Dunowen, in the barony of Ibawne and Barryroe, Cork.

[7] Dunowen: see preceding note.

[8] Dundeady in the parish of Rathbarry, barony of Ibawne and Barryroe, Co. Cork.

[9] Liscarrol in the barony of Orrery and Kilmore, Co. Cork, was the seat of this branch of the Barrys; cf. supra, p. 53, note [8].

XXVIII

Ráċ an ċláir ra ḃáir mar ġaḃaiḋ
mar aon aġ léiġion a laċta
baile ṁic Cúmarġúḋ ó ġallaiḃ
ro cian an treiṁġ náp ċuiṁniġ meaḃal.

XXIX

Súil re Séamur réiṁ níor ṁaċtnaiṁ
ḋob ólumn árraċta a ṗearra
rialċnú baḋ ċiġearnaiṁail ar raiċċe
an rear ba réiḋ ḋ'ṗéaċaḋ ḋ'ṗearaiḃ.

XXX

Rear gan uaill gan ṗuaiċ gan ṗearġ
rear gan ṁeanġ gan ċam gan ċairmirc
rear ḋob áiḋḃreaċ grráḋ do ċeallaiḃ
an rear ra ṁéin do réir a reaċta.

XXXI

Ruair ón ḋúiliuiṁ túir a ráċa
ir grréiċre don rcéiṁ rin do ṗreagair
ciall ċoḋnaiġ ir tromḋaċt tlaċta
ir laoċláṁ ḋámaḋ éaḋáil <a> aiṫrir.

XXXII

Ḃíṫ gur corṁuil a raċtuin a ḃrlaiṫear
uċ ráṗíor níor ṗríoṫ leir aga
do ḃí Atropp air ḋá ṗairre
rnáiṫe a ṫéarma [1] gur gearraḋ.

XXXIII

Muna mbiaḋ Róḋla i mbeoḃruiḋ ġalair
tallar ceann ra clann ar leaċaḋ
ḋeoruiġṫe ag róirne a rearann
i gCiarraiġe ní ḃiaḋ mnaoi ḋá ṫanaċ.

XXVIII, l. 3 mac, m; Cúmar ġúḋ, L, N, m. l. 4 náp rcríocḋa maṫa, N, m. XXIX, l. 4 ḋ'ṗéaċaḋ ran mbaile, N, m. XXX. This rann is omitted in N, m, A. l. 4 ra méin, L. XXXI, l. 2 ḋon rgarm rin, m. XXXII, l. 1 ḃrlaiṫir, N, m. l. 2 níor ṗir leir, N, m. XXXIII, l. 2 tall tar ceann, N, m. ṗóirṁ, L; ṗóirne, N, m.

---

[1] Rathclare in the parish of Buttevant, barony of Orrery and Kilmore, Co. Cork.

XXVIII

Ráth an Chláir[1] with all its wilds resembles
One who sheddeth tears by grief distracted;
Norman Baile mhic Cúmarghúd[2] is lonely
For the graceful one who planned no falseness.

XXIX

No wonder people looked to James expectant,
So graceful, comely, beautiful, and stately;
A noble nut was he, on lawns most lordlike,
Most affable and kind to everybody.

XXX

A man devoid of hatred, pride, and anger,
Treachery, deception, and contention,
Celebrated for his love of churches,
Who caused his mind to harmonize with justice.

XXXI

His first endowments came from the Creator,
Opulence and corresponding beauty,
Lordly mind and gravity of visage,
A hero's hand, if need there be to say it.

XXXII

Certain though he be of reaching heaven,
'Tis sad, alas, he did not get a respite;
But Atrops[3] weird incessantly was watching
To cut his life's thread at the term appointed.

XXXIII

Were Fódla[4] not in thraldom sickly pining,
Her chiefs cut off and all her children scattered,
Her lands by hordes of foreigners sequestered,
In Ciarraighe[5] he would not be waked by women.

---

[2] Unidentified; seemingly Comerford's town. At an early date the Comerfords settled in Co. Waterford.

[3] According to Grecian mythology Clotho, Lachesis, and Atrops, the Three Fates, presided over the temporal destinies of man.

[4] Fódla: Ireland, cf. Part I, p. 45, note *.

[5] The inhabitants of the present county of Kerry.

XXXIV

Ní ḃiaḋ lá i n-áraċ ar eaċaiḃ
aġ triall tar Féil fá ḋéin a leapa
ir ġan aċt riur na túirioċ ḃealaiġ
aġ taḃairt a taoiḃ ċum tíre marḃ.

XXXV

Muna mbeaḋ rí an ġeilċíoċ ġarṫa
do fúiġfiḋe an t-óġ ġan óro ġan earraiṫ
i n-úir éiġin nár ġéill dá ġairm
mar do fáġḃaḋ bráċair a aṫar.

XXXVI

Nó go dtuġ Dáiḃiḋ an tráiṫiḋe tara
a unncle i múraiḃ an ṁanaiġ
ní baḋ dual a uaiġ ran ḃfail rin
ir óirċliar St. Ḋróinriar i mbeaċa.

XXXVII

Ġé ḃí Luaċair ḟuarḟliuċ arġaċ
riomra ra lúṫaċ ar fearaḋ
ataiḋ an ḋír fá líġ ran mbaile
i gcóir ġluairte le ḟuaġra an ainġil.

XXXVIII

Ann ran mainirtir mbeannuiġṫe mbrataiġ
mar a ḃfaġaḋ caoineaḋ ir coinnle ar laraḋ
mar a ḃfaġaḋ ceoltra ir cóirniġ ġlara
ir binnġuiḋe le ríorruiḋeaċt a leara.

XXXIV, l. 3 na, L, m; ná, N. l. 4 ṁarḃ, N, m; marḃ, L. XXXV, l. 1 mbiaiḋ, L. l. 2 earbaiḋ, m. l. 4 bráiṫir a aiṫir, N, m. XXXVI, l. 1 traiṫiġe, L; tráiġtiḋe, N, m. l. 2 Ṁanaiee, L; main-, N; an ir baile, m. XXXVII, l. 4 ġluairte, N, m; ġluairḋe, L. XXXVIII, l. 4 ríorġuiḋeaċt, N, m; a léara, N, L; a ppalm, m.

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[1] The river Feale, rising on the borders of the counties of Cork and Limerick, flows by Abbeyfeale and Listowel through the north of Co. Kerry into the Atlantic.

[2] The Irish word may denote a sister, cousin, or other female relative.

[3] Nothing is known of the circumstances of the deaths of the uncles of James

XXXIV

Nor would he now across the Féil[1] be carried
In a horse-borne coffin to his deathbed,
With none to show the way except his sister,[2]
Whose love by sorrow stricken lifeless liveth.

XXXV

But for her, the fair white-breasted lady,
He had been left without a Mass or vespers,
Laid in some strange ground, to him not subject,
As once was left the brother[3] of his father,

XXXVI

Till David,[4] quick and timely, brought his uncle
Back unto the ramparts of the Convent;[5]
To dig his grave elsewhere would not be fitting,
While live the holy friars of Saint Francis.

XXXVII

Although Sliabh Luachra,[6] cold and wet and marshy,
Was beside them, when their strength departed,
Both of them at home beneath the gravestone
Lie ready for the summons of the Angel,[7]

XXXVIII

In the holy Abbey, draped with banners,
Where he was received with lighted candles,
With requiem and chant of grey-clad clerics,
Whose sweet-toned prayers secure him bliss eternal.

Barry, except that William predeceased his father, who died 31st January, 1627. He may be the person referred to here.

[4] David fitz James, Viscount Buttevant, who died 1617, was uncle to William fitz John (of Liscarrol) and his brothers. His son David, first Earl of Barrymore, 1599–1642, was their cousin. It is not very clear which of these Davids is referred to here.

[5] The Franciscan Convent (or Abbey) of Buttevant, founded by David Óg Barry, second Viscount of Buttevant, in the year 1290.

[6] Luachair or Sliabh Luachra: vide supra, p. 63, note[6].

[7] Cf. 1 Thess. iv. 15: Quoniam ipse Dominus in iussu, et in voce archangeli, et in tuba Dei, descendet de cœlo: et mortui qui in Christo sunt resurgent primi.

XXXIX

A ċruaiḋleac an tuama po laḃair
ıṙ inniṙ liompa ṗúṫ ꝑup ṗeaṙṫaḋ
cúıṙ ṁóṙtuıṙ ꝑo ḋeoıḋ ḋoḃ leacaın
na hóꝑṗáıṙ náṙ ḃócálta ṗṗaṫaınn.

XL

Cúıṙ ċannṫlaıṁ ıṙ ḋaṁṗa cṗeaṫa
an ṗıan po le lıaṫaḋ naċ anaıḋ
ıṙ ꝑan aṫṫ cúıꝑeaṙ úṙ na ṗeaṙaṁ
ı n-aoıṙ ṗéınıḋ ḋá bṗṗéıṁ aṙ maıṫne.

XLI

Iṙ ıonann ṗóṙ naċ móṙ ṗa n-eaṙbaıḋ
ḋá n-aoıṙ ꝑṗáḋ naċ beaṙṫa ı mbṗaṫaıḃ
cuıḋ ḋo ċúıḋ ꝑan ṗıu na ṗaıce
ḋá nꝑaoḃ le hÉıṙınn ı mbeaṙṫaıḃ.

XLII

Iṙ aıṫe leo Digby ıṙ Ṗuıṫmınnṗaṫa
Seoınín ıṙ Roıbín ıṙ Rathsan
ınd céaḋ ṗṗón ḋom ṗóṙḋṗa aṙ maıḋın
bíṫ ꝑup ṗınn ó ċṗoıḋe ḋo ċneaḋṗaḋ—

XLIII

Maṙ naċ ḋéanaḋ Deane ná Dickson
Hodar ná Colepis ná Carter
uım ꝑaċ ṗmúıṫ ḋoḃ úṙċuṙṫa aco
ıṙ ṫṗíḋ an ḋṫṗeoıṙ a ꝑcłó ḋo leanṗaḋ.

XL, l. 2 lıaṫaıḋ, N, m. XLI, l. 2 ḋá n-aonꝑṗaḋ, N, m. l. 3 ḋo ċúıꝑ, L, N, m. XLII, l. 1 Digvy, L; Digby, N, m; ṗuıṫmınn ṗaṫa, N, m; ṗuıṫmınn ṗaṫa, L. l. 2 Rathsan, L; ṗaıṫınn, N; ṗaıṫınn, m. l. 4 ṙín, N; ṙınn, m; ṗınn, L. XLIII, l. 1 Dean, N, m; Deane, L; Dickson, m; Dockson, N; Daskwill, L. l. 2 Hodar, L, N, m; ná omitted, N, m; Colipis, N, m; Colepish (or Colepish) L; Carter, L; ꝑaṙṫaṙ, N, m.

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[1] Seán na Searrach: John Barry of Liscarrol had five sons: William, James, John Óg, Edmond, and Richard (father of James on whose death this poem was composed); vide Introduction to this poem, supra, p. 240.

XXXIX

Speak and tell me, O thou cruel tombstone,
That there lieth underneath thee buried
A cause of endless glory to thy visage,
A youth whose charter was in nought deficient.

XL

Fraught with saddening grief and falling sickness
Have been their deaths, before their locks were hoary;
For five[1] alone survived of all their nation,
So far as I have heard, till age for battle.

XLI

In such a loss as this it matters little
That some[2] among their friends, not void of banners,
Died without as much as e'en a fraction
Of love for Erin in their public conduct.

XLII

Digby,[3] Fuitminnsata, Seoinín, Róibín
And Rathsan any morn to them are dearer
Than a hundred noses of such people
As I, whose heart would grieve for them profoundly—

XLIII

In a way that neither Colepis, Carter,
Hodder, Deane, nor Dickson would lament them,
For when clouds of woe would come upon them,
Faithfully their sorrows I would follow.

---

[2] For instance, David, first Earl of Barrymore, who when invited to join his relatives on the Catholic side in 1641, replied, 'I will first take an offer from my brother Dungarvan to be Hangman General at Kinsale,' and declared that he was resolved to live and die a faithful subject to the English Crown.

[3] The names which follow are those of Protestant English planters. Seoinín and Róibín are derived from the common English names, John and Robert. Carter, Hodder, Deane, and Dickson are found in Co. Cork. Colepis is the same name as Colepoys, a Co. Clare name, then variously spelt Colepis, Coalpis, and Colepoys. Rathsan may be a mistake for Raphson, a name found in Co. Cork. I cannot identify the name Fuitminnsata; the first part seems to represent some name like Whitman.

XLIV

Ní dom ṗeirḋm a dtaḋall ní ar faide
léigid a ngrréiṫe mar ṁearaid
a ríolċur rúd bunrcionn gur earnaṁ
gibé dá ḃroġna beo go raḃaid.

XLV

Im ċaoḃra ní méan liom a mbarra
ir ní ṗéadrainn dá ndéininn capall
an uair naċ ríním díol ir fearra
duaineog ní rtuanód le What's this.

XLVI

Ní dual dom cluanairfeaċt tacair
ná iarraid aċt biaḋ do ċaḃairt
ar an ngéig reo i gcré naċ clairfeann
fillfead ir guiḋfead ar a anam.

XLVII

Ir é i dtionól d'aiṫneoġaḋ m'ainm
ir d'éirtfeaḋ gan ṗréter mo ċeanga
ir é riom naċ dúnfaḋ a ḋealḃ
dá maḋ iarlaide a mbiaḋ díoḃ farair.

XLVIII

Áilim ar ġráraiḃ an aċar
trí na ḃréiṫir ċréaċtaiġ ċnearta
ir tríd an tine tug finne na n-arrtal
mígníoṁa an ċaoinlaoiċ nár leana.

XLIV, Ranns XLIV–LI inclusive are omitted in N, m, A, but are found in L. XLV, l. 1 mbarra, L. XLVI, l. 4 ar an anam, L. XLVII, l. 1 daiṫneog. l. 2 ṗ^e^ter, L.

---

[1] Richard, second Earl of Barrymore, vide supra, p. 142.

XLIV

I can have nothing more to do with them now;
They left their wealth according to their judgment;
Such inconsistent sowing bringeth ruin
So let him who[1] now enjoys it prosper.

XLV

For myself I grudge them not their riches,
Nor could I, even if I would, make horses;
But, when I am not able to requite them,
A lay will be but nought compared to 'What's this?'[2]

XLVI

To fulsome praising I am not accustomed,
Nor have I e'er sought aught but food-dispensing[3]
From this scion, deaf in clay reclining;
So for his soul I now resume my prayers.

XLVII

'Twas he would recognize my name at meetings
And listen to my speech without displeasure;
'Twas he would never set his face against me,
Though they were earls who happened to be present.

XLVIII

I pray[4] the gracious Father grant forgiveness
Through his Word, the innocent and wounded,
And through that Fire, that lightened the Apostles,
Of every wrong deed of the gentle hero.

---

[2] To be able to stammer a few common English phrases like 'What's this?' will be a surer passport to success than ability to compose poems in Irish.

[3] To be received as a welcome guest wherever he called was the only reward our poet looked for.

[4] An Invocation of the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son (Word), and Holy Ghost (Fire, cf. Act. ii. 3).

XLIX

Má tá ꝑiaḋa aꝯ ḋia na ḃeaṫa
ar an ṫé ꝑeo i n-éiriꝛ ṗeacaḋ
mar ḋíoluiġeaḋṫ óm ċnaoiḋṗoiḃe ꝯo nꝯaḃa
ꝑrú na mball tuꝯ ḋall ꝯo nḋearꝑaiḃ.

L

Ir ꝑoiḃne na maiġḋine maiṫe
do ḃí aꝯ ꝑéaḋain ḋéar a ḋalta
ḋíḋḋioll ꝯaḋ naoiṁġil ḋár ꝯreaḋaḋ
ar ꝑon ṗéilṁic ḋé do ḋarṫain.

LI

Ainiꝛir ṗíor i ꝯclí do ḋaiꝯil
a urnaiṫ ir a uṁlaḋṫ ꝯan ḃairꝑeal
a ḃéirꝛ do ḋléir ir do laꝯaiḃ
ꝯo ḋtaꝯarꝑaiḋ ṫall tar ḋeann mo ḋaraḋ. Amen.

LII

Ḋom ḋaraiḋ ꝯan ṗéirꝛe i réiḋḃroġ ríoġ na nḋúl
ꝯo ḋtaꝯarꝑaiḋ ꝑréaḋṫa an ṗéilṁic aoiḃinn úr
a ḋarṫanaḋṫ ꝑéin a ḃéirꝛ ꝑa ḃíoġꝑar ꝑúin
ir taiꝑce na naoṁ naḋ léiꝯṫear ḋoiḋḋe amúġ. Ꝑinit.

XLIX, l. 3 ḋnaoiḋꝑaoiḃe, L. L, l. 3 ḋiṫḋiol, L.

XLIX

And if it be that God have debts against him
On account of sins in life committed,
May He from my sad heart take as payment
The blood of limbs that gave the blind man[1] vision;

L

And the patience of the Blessed Virgin,
As she stood and watched her Nurseling's tears fall;
And the zeal of every fair saint martyred
For having loved God's noble Son devoutly;

LI

His[2] sterling faith, confirmed within his bosom,
His prayers and his humility unfailing,
His constant charity to clerks and weaklings,
May they[3] offer in my comrade's favour. Amen.

LII

For my loyal comrade in the fair fort of creation's King
May they offer up the wounds of God's serenely noble Son,
His love of God and of his neighbour, alms and soul-felt piety,
And the merits of the saints, which never have been known to fail. Finit.

---

[1] The blood of Christ crucified, which restored the sight of the centurion who pierced His side; cf. Part I, p. 24, note [1].

[2] The faith of James Barry.

[3] The saints mentioned in the preceding stanza.

XXXV.—A ḟIR AIṪEANTA LÉAXA

[Ms.: R.I.A. 23 C 26, p. 51 (C). In C, the only Ms., the poem is introduced with the following remark, Luiṫ an ḟir ċéadna ċum Máiġirdir ḋíorlaing iar ṗéanaḋ an ċreidiṁ ċatoilice dó mar nár raoileaḋ, i.e. A letter of the same person to Master Verling after his unexpected denial of the Catholic faith. The poem which immediately precedes is David Ó Bruadair's elegy on Donnchadh Mac Cáirthaigh, Lord Muskerry, 1665 A.D., already printed in Part I, pp. 118–121. The title 'Master' identifies the pervert with Richard Verling, about whom the Rev. Bartholomew O'Keeffe, D.D., Youghal, has kindly given me the following information:—Richard Verling, younger son of John Verling, was born in the county of Cork circa 1659; educated by his father at Lismore, entered Trinity College, Dublin, on the 27th of July, 1677, when eighteen years old, and graduated there as A.B. and A.M. Richard Verling was collated by Dr. Jones (Protestant)

I

A ḟir aiṫeanta léaxa an tréada ċeangail re Críorṫ
'r do ċeaduiġ a gcéaraḋ i ngéarḃruid ḟeannaiḋe tríd
laḃair peaḋ ċéill ir ṗéaċ naċ malluiġṫe an gníoṁ
ir ḟealaḋ do ṗéir an ċléiḃ ċuil ṗlaċar do ḋíol.

II

Ainic naċ éiṫeaċ d'éir ar ġeallair don rí
ran mbairṫe ionar aoṁ do léigean rcarṫa re rcíor
gan aḃur gan éaḋ a ḟéanaḋ ar aiṫrir a ḃíoḋḃ
'r gan ainḃrior ṗéin dá nḋéineaḋ tairḃe ḋíḃ.

III

Tile ḋom a ċuirgin do ḟín ṗán lia
cuṁaċta ċum cuiḃriġṫe an ċlí tá ṗiar
ar ionaṁur an ċruinne ċuil ir ṗírġeárr ḃiar
naċ ḋuine cur gan inċinn do ḋíol ár ndia.

III, l. 3 ṗírġeap, C.

[1] The Catholic Church. [2] From spiritual ruin. [3] Heretics.

[4] Cf. Luc. xix. 42: Quia si cognovisses et tu, et quidem in hac die tua, quæ ad cem tibi, nunc autem abscondita sunt ab oculis tuis.

XXXV.—O THOU WHO ONCE KNEWEST THE LAW

to Castletownroche, Wallscourt, and Bridgetown in 1686, and to Kilcummer and Monanninny in November, 1693, at all which places he continued to appear in the Protestant Visitation Books from 1693 to 1724. On the other hand, there was a Catholic priest, Nicholas Verling, who is first mentioned as living at Cloyne under the patronage of Lady Honor Fitz Gerald, and who died as parish priest of Carrigaline in 1697.

Metre: (1) Rr. I, II, Aṁpán: (ᴗ) a ᴗ ᴗ é ᴗ é ᴗ a ᴗ ᴗ í
(2) R. III, Aṁpán: (ᴗ) ı ᴗ u ᴗ ı ᴗ ı ᴗ í á ıa.].

I

O thou who once knewest the law of the flock[1] that cleaved closely to Christ,
And who therefore have let themselves be by the cruellest slavery oppressed,
Reflect in thy mind on thyself and observe how accursed the deed
To yield to the heart's base desires and sell heaven for a short spell of life.

II

Beware lest a lie there should be, after all thou didst vow to the King,
In that baptism, in which He agreed to preserve thee apart from distress,[2]
If thou without reason or doubt imitatest the deeds of His foes[3]
Without having e'en the excuse of not knowing what is for thy weal.[4]

III

O Lord, who didst once on a time lie confined 'neath the stone of the tomb,
Give increase of power to me to restrain this perverse sinful breast;[5]
For the wealth of the whole wicked world which shall last but a very short time
How wretched and brainless would be the man who would barter our God.

---

[5] These words may be understood as referring to the poet himself as well as to the pervert Verling.

XXXVI.—Searc na suad

16° Maii 1682

[Mss.—Maynooth, Murphy II, p. 235 (m); R.I.A., 23 G 24, p. 157 (G), 23 L 37, p. 39 (L), 23 M 28 written by Eoghan Ó Caoimh (M); a Ms. by Piaras Móinséal copied from M (P); British Museum, Add, 29614 (A).

Titles:—Dáidi ó bruadair ccc. do Ṡeaċrún ⁊ do Ṡeon Céitinn a neiṁear ríġ Cormac 1682 (m); creidim gurab é Dáidi ó bruadair adubairt an duainri do Ṡeaċrún ⁊ do ċSeáġan Céitinn, ccc. ran mbliadain 1682 (G). There is no title in L, M, P, and the accompanying English letter which precedes the poem in G, M and P follows it in L.

L was transcribed from the poet's autograph, by John Stack in 1706, who complains that the original Ms. was soiled and obscure in certain places. Perhaps it is the imperfect state of L's original that explains how M has preserved better readings in several passages. G and m follow L. A seems to give the same readings as M and P, judged by the brief extracts from that Ms. given in O'Grady's Catalogue of Irish Mss, in the British Museum, no. 46. The order of ranns IX and X has been inverted in m, which Ms. also omits the second and the fourth line of rann XL. Rann LII, entitled 'The Superscription, &c.,' found in A, M, P, is wanting in G, L, m. There are a few notes in Latin, Irish, and English on different lines in some Mss., viz., on Rr. XXXI, XXXIII (M, P), R. XLVI (L), R. XLIX (A, M, P).

I

Searc na ruad an ċroḃainġ ċuṁra
do ċraoiḃ ġealġall Innre Ṗáil
naċ tug cúl re béim a bíoḃḃad
ġéill a nglún gur ḋíolad ḋáiḃ.

II

Seaċrún Céitinn cnú don ṁogal
maoiḋpiḋ mire ar ċáċ a ċóiḋ
tug a fofar ḋleaċt a diaṁraiḋ
folar ceart a riaġail róiḋ.

III

D'ḟoillriġ onóir ardḟlaċ Éireann
iul a brréaṁ ra ngéaga gaoil
tug anall ḋá mblaḋ ar ḃradaḋ
ar naċ gann re cabġal claoin.

II, l. 3 ḟofar, G, L, m; fofar, M, P. III, l. 2 brréaṁ, G, L, m; ḃrréaṁ, M, P. l. 4 cabġall, G, L, m; caḃġal, M, P

XXXVI.—LOVE OF SAGES

16th May, 1682

The poem was written in praise of Geoffrey Keating, D.D. (1569–1644), the learned historian of Ireland, and of John Keating, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. The occasion of the poem was the trial and acquittal of several Catholic gentlemen of Munster who were charged with complicity in the pretended Popish Plot before Justice Keating at the Spring Assizes ia Limerick, April, 1682. For further information concerning this plot and trial see Poem xxx on the arrest of Sir John Fitz Gerald of Claonghlais, Bart. (supra, p. 218), the English letter of David Ó Bruadair to Justice Keating which follows this poem (infra, p. 286), and the Introduction to this volume.

Metre:—(1) Rr. I–XL, Séadṗaḋ (al. Séadnaḋ) mór, of which the scheme is $2\{8^2 + 7^1\}^{2+4}$.

(2) Amṁán varying as follows:—

(*a*) R. XLI	(∪)	a	∪	o	∪	o	∪	ú	é	∪.			
) Rr. XLII, XLIII	(∪)	á	é	∪	á	é	∪	á	é	∪	ú	∪.	
(*c*) Rr. XLIV–L	(∪)	ı	∪	∪	ú	í	ú	í	é	∪	ı.		
(*d*) R. LI	(∪)	u	í	ó	∪	ó	∪	é	∪	ı.			
(*e*) R. LII	(∪)	ı	∪	∪	a	∪	∪	a	∪	∪	ú	í	ó.]

I

Love of sages is the fragrant cluster
Of this branch of Inis Fáil's fair Galls,
Who never turned their backs on strokes of foemen,
But forced them to pay homage on their knees.

II

One nut of that bunch is Geoffrey Keating,[1]
Whose code[2] above all others I extol,
That brought her real story forth from darkness,
Rule to show the road with light correct.

III

The honour he revealed of Erin's princes,
The knowledge of their stems and families,
Restoring to their fame what had been pilfered,
No trifling task 'gainst lying mouthers' vaunts.

[1] Geoffrey Keating (1569–1644), the distinguished Irish historian, theologian, and poet.

[2] His History of Ireland, Forus Feasa ar Éirinn, written 1629–1632.

IV

Níor ḟág foirséal fallra fuaṁar
ag uġdar ċam ar ḋríċ Néill
dá ḃfuair gan cur cúl ar faoḃar
fún naċ duḃ fe faoġal féin.

V

Tarla breiṫeaṁ foirtil fírċeart
don ḟóir ionnraic fe nár ċim
le linn ḟluit na ḃfiaḋan ḃfallra
d'ḟialġaḃ luit an lannra ḋinn.

VI

Ġéar ċian broid ár n-uaral n-oirḋearc
níor fríṫ i gcúirt cóir a feic
fear a faorṫa aċt Seon don ċraoiḃri
laoċḋa go dtreon gaoiri i ngleic.

VII

Táiniġ duiḃnéal éiṫiġ uaṁar
oirceap da gaċ ord a ham
do líon mórán bronn do ḃréiġlic
d'ḟonn ár gcrómáil d'éibilt ann.

VIII

Tig don néal fo daṁna diombáiġ
deacair fíoṁ a fuġ fó lár
torann oll do ċroiṫ na críoḋa
fdo roiċ gur ċoll tríoḋa a lán.

IV, l. 1 faiṫġéal, m. V, l. 2 nár ḟlím, G, L, m. l. 3 ḃriaġuin, G, L, m. l. 4 d'ḟialġuiḃ, G, L, m; ḋín, M, P. VI, l. 1 na, G, L, m; ár, M P. l. 4 a ttreon, G, L, m. VII, l. 2 ní ceap da, G, L, m; oirceap da M, P. l. 3 bronn bréiġliḋ, G, L, m; cronḋáil, M, P. VIII, l. 3 ċríṫ, G. L, m. l. 4 riṫ, G, L, m.

---

[1] Vide Part I, p. 57, n.[9]; and p. 198, n.[3].

[2] The family of Keating.

[3] The pretended Popish Plot in Ireland, 1679–1682.

John Keating, second son of Edmond Keating of Narraghmore, Co. Kildare,

IV

He found no odious truthless tales in any
Crooked writer on the land of Niall,[1]
But he left them with their edges blunted,
Purpose prized by ages blessed thereby.

V

From this brave and pure tribe,[2] at the time of
The Plot[3] of perjured witnesses, there came
A strong and upright judge,[4] who nobly warded
Off from us the lance's wounding thrusts.

VI

Though long our brilliant nobles' bondage lasted,
There was not found at court, 'tis just to say,
One but John of that fair clan to free them,
Hero full of prudence in the fight.

VII

There came a frightful fog both dark and loathsome
At a time replete with grief for all,
Filling many hearts with lying charges,[5]
Fain to see our chieftains perish thus.

VIII

From that fog there came a cause of sorrow,
Hard it were to tell all it laid low,
Like a mighty nation-shaking thunder,
It progressed till many had been pierced.

---

by his second wife Ellinor, daughter of John Eustace of Harristown, and sister of the Lord Chancellor, Sir Maurice Eustace, Knight. He was a Protestant in religion and an Ormondite in politics. After a distinguished career at the Bar he was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 25th April, 1679. He was continued in that position by James II, but afterwards carried on correspondence with the Williamites. On the success of the latter he was accused of high treason, but the charge does not seem to have been pressed. He died in October, 1691, and was buried probably in Palmerston Church, near Dublin, where his father, mother, and wife were buried; see the Journal of the Cork Historical and Archæological Society, 1901, pp. 141–145.

[5] Suggesting false accusations to the minds of the informers.

IX

Néal ꝑó ar arlaiꝼ inntleaċt ḋiaḃail
ar ḋroinꝼ ṁeirleaċ ḋ'ṗóḃar ꝑeall
bearꝛ náp ꝑríoṫ le ꝑuaḋ a raṁail
ꝛruaꝼ a ḃríoꝼ ḋo ḃallaiḃ ceall.

X

Níor ar ón nꝼláiṁ ꝛaoirꝑeaċ ꝛuaiṫe
ꝛroṫa ꝛraoir ḋoċuaiḋ ꝑe hoic
le ꝛarꝛ ꝛrú na ꝑaorṗélann ꝑéaḋaċ
aonrann ċlú na mbréaꝼaċ mboċꝛ.

XI

Ꝛionnꝛcnaiḋ aiṫiꝼ Innre ꝑuimiḋ
ḋ'orꝼain ꝼaċ ꝛreoin ṫuilleaꝑ clú
ꝑleaḋ ꝑa ꝑoꝼar ꝑór im ꝼoirꝑe
ḋo nór ṁoꝼaḋ Ḭlloiꝼe Crú.

XII

Cumaiḋ an cuan colaċ clac ıꝑın
coirṗe ꝛroma ba ꝛuar ḃáir
ar an ḃréinn ba ꝼloine ı nꝼníoṁaiḃ
céim ꝑá ꝼoirꝑe ḋ'ıoḋnaiḃ ṗáir.

XIII

Ait an ḋéir ḋo hinnleaḋ orṫa
airḋrí an ṗuinn ına aꝼaiḋ ꝑéin
mar ḃeirꝛ ṗolaiꝼ ar an ḃrıonꝼail
ꝛeirꝛ an ċolaiꝼ ıoḃlaiḋ ṗéir.

IX, l. 3 ꝑríṫ, G, L, m. l. 4 ḃríꝼ, G, L, m. X, l. 2 le hoic, M, P.
XI, l. 1 aċaicc, M, P, G. l. 2 ḋ'arꝼuin G, L, m. XIII, l. 2 airḋríꝼ, M, P.
4 ꝛeirꝛ G, m; ꝛreiṫ, L; ꝛreiꝛ M, P.

---

[1] Western Isle, Inis Fuinidh, the Isle of the West, or Críoch na bhFuineadhach, the country of the Westerns an ancient name of Ireland: vide Keating, History, vol. I, p. 98.

IX

A fog, wherein a devil's mind excited
A crowd of villains to attempt to forge
Treason, such as sage hath never read of,
Sad their sway o'er members of the Church.

X

No landed chief escaped the yelling slanders
Of hungry wretches, given up to crime,
Thirst for blood of wealthy freeborn nobles,
Starving liars' only share of fame.

XI

Then began the Western Island's[1] rabble
To ruin every fame-deserving knight;
Near me still resound their noisy revels,
Loud as those of helots in Magh Crú.[2]

XII

That perverse polluted crew invented
Base atrocious crimes portending death
Against brave men, whose every deed was blameless,
Such the course that fruitless pangs[3] conceived.

XIII

Strange the piercing point prepared against them,
The country's monarch to himself opposed,
As a cloak to hide from sight their treason,
A tortuous and Jewlike villain's trick.

---

[2] Magh Crû, al. Magh Cró, a plain in Connacht around Loch Con. Bruiden mic Dareo was situated in it. Cf. ı gcionn tṡí mbliaḋan ḋ'éir cacha ḋo ṫaḃairt ḋo Ċíocal ḋo ḃṗúċt Loċ Con ṗa ṫír, agus Mág Cṗó ainm an ṁaiġe tar a ḋtáinig, Keating, History, vol. ı, p. 162. For other references vide Father Edmund Hogan's Onomasticon Goedelicum.

[3] The abortive efforts of the perjured informers.

XIV

Dá n-aghrad aon a ḟiada ar oile
olc an péalla rugh an uaim
go raib don ríogh fá ré éirligh
bad é díol an éilmhigh ḟuair.

XV

Gioḋ iad féin go ḃfiadaib troma
do ṫuill ón reacht bearnad ball
dá dtigead díoḃ uaral d'orgain
duarad le díon d'ḟorbair ann.

XVI

Cúir an ríogh do ċiorrba a ċaiṫniad
clann na mallacht móide a n-uaill
goirid fá ṫeann gan taom náire
meangh na ndaor fa ghráine ghruaim.

XVII

Mall gur tuigead don rún ríoghda
roighne a laoċ gá flad go rlím
gan do ċlíḋ re drúir a ndoċar
aċt cúir an ríogh mar ḟoċain ḟill.

XVIII

Aḋḃar dé nach deimim ionghnad
uirrcéal cinnte ir cruinne nór
nach gnáth nimh gan rcéimh dá rciamhad
gin don ghréin gach fialad fór.

XIV, l. 3 na ré G, L, M, m. XV, l. 1 iadran, M, P. l. 3 ttagad, G, L, m; d'argain, G, L, m. XVI, l. 1 do omitted, G, L, m. l. 3 faoi, G, L, m. l. 4 ghruaim omitted, m. XVII, l. 2 roighe, M, P. l. 3 gá flad M, P, corrupt in G, L, m. l. 3 ċlí, M, P. XVIII, l. 1 deimiom, G, L, m. l. 3 rgiamhda(ḋ), G, L, m.

---

[1] The English planters were very much inclined at this time to give credence to the predictions of astrologers.

XIV

If anyone to claim a debt attempted,
Malignant was the star that season brought;[1]
The hapless claimant had to take as payment
That the moon was baneful for the king.

XV

Though they themselves with heavy debts were laden,
A process meant the hacking of one's limbs;
By success in ruining the nobles
Their protection and reward increased.

XVI

Royal champions for the king's cause murdered
Made these sons of malediction proud;
Soon the frauds of sullen, hateful scoundrels
Flourished fierce without a spark of shame.

XVII

The royal mind perceived at last that basely
The choicest of his knights were being slain,
They, whose woes came not from love of license,
But from the king's cause made a cloak for lies.

XVIII

At the cause thereof I do not wonder,
'Tis a proverb practical and sure:
Malice clothes itself in fairest raiment;[2]
Shadows are begotten by the sun.[3]

---

[2] Cf. Milton, Paradise Lost, Book IV:

> That practised falsehood under saintly show,
> Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge.

[3] Cf. Pope, Essay on Criticism, Part II:

> Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
> But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.

XIX

Ní ḟil eipiceaċt úp ná áppa
ḋáp ac ó aimpip ṁic ṅḋé
naċ é pcpiopcúip Ċpíopc ip cpúca
do gaċ ppíopc ip púca pé.

XX

Plaiṫ na ḃponn le paipnéip éiṫiġ
d'aipiġ uaiḋ ḟéin é gá ġoid
a ḟaipe do ḃuaiḋ páp don puipe
ı gcáp go ḃpuaip don ċluiṫċe cuiḋ.

XXI

ḃuailiḋ baṗúin an exṗéacaip
ap ḟeaḋ Muṁan na maġ móp
ḋá ċuaipc nó a tpí coipc gan capḃa
ní náp ċoipc don ḃanḃa bpón.

XXII

hen ip haptpcong an ḋá ḃapún
pa mbpeaċ ḃeoil náp ipliġ aop
lia pa lia ḋá n-aiṫle an puba
gan aiṫne cia ip cpomḋa cpaop.

XIX, l. 1 ḃpuil, Mss.; eipġṫeaċt, G, L, m. l. 2 ṁic ḋé, m. XX, l. 1 a aipe, M, P. l. 2 ḋaipiḋ, Mss.; gá ḟlaḋ, G, L, m. l. 3 puipe, G, L, m; puiṫne, M, P. l. 4 ċluiṫe, Mss. XXI, l. 1 buailiḋ baṗún, G, L, m; expaocap, L; Exchequer, M, P. XXII, l. 1 hin, G, L, m. l. 3 ṗuba, M, P; ṗuḃa, G, L, m. l. 4 cpuime, M, P.

---

[1] For puck or púca vide Part I, p. 72, n.[1].

[2] Ireland; vide Part I, p. 11, n.[1].

[3] Henry Hen (so he wrote his name when judge; it was written at other times Hene and Herne) was son of Hugh Herne of Greenwich. He came to Ireland, and was appointed second Sergeant-at-law, 6th April, 1670; then third Baron of the Exchequer by the Earl of Essex in 1673; and Chief Baron of the Exchequer by the Duke of Ormonde, 20th February, 1680. He was reappointed Chief Baron by King James II on his accession, but was removed from the Bench two years later. He seems to have retired to his seat at Rocknest near Tandridge, Surrey,

XIX

No new nor ancient heresy hath ever,
Since the time of God's own Son, appeared,
But Christ's Scriptures have supplied a handle
To every temporizing puck[1] and priest.

XX

The prince of these three kingdoms saw unaided
That he was being robbed by perjured tales;
His vigilance outstripped the conflagration,
Securing thus his portion of the game.

XXI

First the Barons of the King's Exchequer
Come to Munster's wide-extending plains;
Two or three excursions, fruitless labour,
That did not put an end to Banbha's[2] woe.

XXII

Hen[3] and Hartstonge,[4] those were the two Barons,
The judgment of whose lips restrained them not;
After them the hacking spread still further,
No one knew whose treason was the worst.

---

and to have died there in 1708: vide Journal of the Cork Historical and Archæological Society 1901, pp. 147–149.

[4] Sir Standish Hartstonge, Bart., eldest son of Francis Hartstonge of Catton, in Norfolk, and a daughter of Sir Thomas Standish, through whom he came in for considerable property in Co. Clare, was M.P. for Limerick after the Restoration. He received the appointments of second Justice of the Provincial Court of Munster, attorney-general of the Regality of Tipperary, and recorder of Limerick. He became junior Baron of the Exchequer, 21st February, 1680, was created a Baronet in 1683, and, though reappointed by King James II on his accession, he was removed the following year, in spite of the Earl of Clarendon's representations that he had earned a good reputation even with those who were politically opposed to him. Restored after the Revolution, 3rd November, 1690, he continued to go on circuit till 1695, when he seems to have retired to live at Hereford: vide Journal of the Cork H. and A. S., 1902, pp. 182–184.

XXIII

Níor ḃé a ḃruaċ ḋon ċeart mar ċluinim
cúir na mbarún ḋo ḃeiṫ tláṫ
re ḟóir gan ḟuaraḋ a mbruċaḋ
aċt uaṁan a gcurṫa le cáċ.

XXIV

Mac Anchiref aimsir allóḋ
áiḋḃreaċ an toil tug ḋon ṡóir
ḋ'ḟuiling mar é anraḋ fada
armċlaḋ é ar aba ḋóiḃ.

XXV

Aongus ḋ'aiṫle Tsaoi ḋo ṫogail
téiḋ sa ċairḋe ó ṡail go fail
iul ó ḋeis gus ḋaoine naoṁur
caoiṁe níor ċeil Aongus air.

XXVI

Go gcaoṁna ḋia ḋeagṡí Sacran
Séarlus mac Séarluis ar sciuis
sionnsa gart sa ġráḋ ḋá ṡobal
laṁ ḋo ṫaċt an cogal ciuin.

XXVII

Leis an gcoḋnaċ am an ṡoġṁais
ḋo ḟsíṫ gráinseois glan gan ṁeang
ḋo scar cáiṫ le ċéile is cruiṫneaċt
tréiḋe táiḋ na sruiṫḃleaċt seang.

XXVIII

I gcríc Oiliolla uim ṡéil Páḋraig
sraṫaimn ċam ḋo ġéaruiġ gul
ní raiḃ biu gan ṡloc ḋá ṡianaḋ
scot ḋob ṡiu sá iaḋaḋ ḋul.

XXIV, l. 1 allóḋ, M, P; ollaḋ, L; oile, G, m. XXV, l. 1 na Tsaoi, G, L, m; an Tsae, M, P. l. 3 loil ó ḋeis (Ḋeis, L), G, L, m; iul ó ḋeis, M, P. XXVI, l. 2 Séarlus (Séamus, G, m) ḋil a ḃraḋ ar sciuis, G, L, m. XXVII, l. 4 táiḋ, G, L, m; táiḋe, M, P; sruiṫḃleaċt, G, L, m. XXVIII, l. 4 raoṫ, G, L, m.

XXIII

It was not because they hated justice
That the Barons, as I hear, were weak
Towards those whose fury ne'er grew colder,
But fear of being charged like all the rest.

XXIV

Long ago the famed son of Anchises[1]
Nobly yearned his comrades to assist;
He, like them, for years endured the tempest,
Fortress of defence on their behalf.

XXV

Æneas, fleeing after Troy's destruction,
Wandered with his friends from place to place;
Knowing men are sanctified by guidance,[2]
Æneas ne'er concealed his love for it.

XXVI

May God preserve the good King of the Saxons,
Charles, the son of Charles, to steer the ship,[3]
Prudent prince, who dearly loves his people,
His the hand that choked the secret tares.[4]

XXVII

By the monarch at the time of harvest
Was found a gleaner[5] fair without deceit,
By whom the chaff and wheat were separated,
Secret skill of nobly flowing speech.

XXVIII

On St. Patrick's Day in Oilioll Ólum's[6] country
A lying parchment sharpened every wail,
The Plot was paining every living being,
Prison seemed the choicest punishment.

---

[1] Æneas.

[2] Translation doubtful. Iúlu, the reading of G, L, m, seems to point to Iulus, son of Æneas.

[3] So M, P, read, but L has 'Charles (James G, m) the good for years to steer the ship.'

[4] Cf. the parable of the wheat and the cockle, Matth. xiii. 24–30.

John Keating.

[6] Vide Part I, p. 121, n.[2].

XXIX

Scaoiltear ċuca le cairt Ċormaic
cóir a ċarḃain tur gan tláṁ
ní ḃur congnaṁ cluar ḋon ṗileoir
lonnraḋ na gcnuar gcineoil ḋ'ḟár.

XXX

Tuaċal teaċtṁar an uile úirri
ógláċ an ríoġ ráiṁig raċ
míliḋ mall gan tláṁ re troċaiḃ
ḟár naċ fann ḋo ċoċaiġ caċ.

XXXI

Giuirtír Céitinn cliaċ ár gcuṁḋaiġ
ar ċlair ṁeaḃlaiġ an ṁáiḋ ċaim
iuiḋic tairtil tíre Moġa
ḋíle ḋ'airtriġ roġla ár ḃroinn.*

XXXII

Suiḋear Seon i gceann gaċ conntae
cuireas teaċta ar cuairḋ go cáċ
ḋá ṗior cár at ṗréaṁ an ṗillre
alt ḋár réan an binnre bláṫ.

XXXIII

Iar ḋteaċt ḋóiḃ i gcionn a ċéile
cromaiḋ na laoiċ leaṫ ar leiṫ
go ḃṗíṫ breir naċ bíḋ gan buanḃlaḋ
leir an ríġ gur buaḋaḋ breaṫ.†

* Happy is he who can and will serve his country (M, P).
† Laus Deo (M, P).

XXIX, l. 3 coġnaċ, m. XXX, l. 2 raiṫ, G, L, m. l. 4 caiṫ, G, L, m. XXXI, l. 2 ṁeanġaiġ, m; ṁáḋ (ṁáġ), Mss. XXXII, l. 3 ṗréiṁ, Mss. XXXIII, l. 4 buaḋaḋ breir, G, L, m.

---

[1] The fact that a gentleman is wealthy and prosperous will not gain credence for the stories of an informer.

XXIX

Word was thither sent by Charles's letter:
Right it is to praise him, prince not weak;
The growing welfare of our native clusters
Will assist no more the plotter's ear.[1]

XXX

Tuathal Teachtmhar[2] of this modern evil,
Vassal of a king by fortune blessed,
Soldier slow to rage, yet stern to scoundrels,
Sturdy offspring for sustaining fight.

XXXI

Justice Keating,[3] shield of our protection
Against the wicked trump's perfidious snares,
Circuit-going judge, who tours Leath Mogha,[4]
Flood that veered the ruin of our land.*

XXXII

John[5] presided over every county
And sent his messengers to every man
To find out where the treason's root had sprouted;
This brilliant Bench hath been our welfare's hinge.

XXXIII

Then the nobles, having met together,
Set about the work on every side,
Gained success, whose fame shall never perish,
By the King the verdict was obtained.†[6]

* Happy is he who can and will serve his country (M, P).
† Laus Deo (M, P).

---

[2] Vide supra, p. 22, n.[1].
[3] Vide supra, p. 266, n.[4].
[4] Vide Part I, p. 56, n.[1].
[5] Justice Keating.
[6] As these gentlemen were really loyal, though charged with high treason, the verdict of acquittal was in reality a verdict for the King.

XXXIV

Luct a leanta lá na fogla
d'fóir an t-iuidic garta grian
d'fágh an dream do mhear a mughadh
tear gan teann i múrailt giall.

XXXV

Serúdar go grian cúir an chaoimhríogh
cheanaidh cách re a chur i ndíon
fuair nár chuit act toirrchiorr bréighe
i mboirrchiorr uilc gach féighe díoth.

XXXVI

Sinnear iar an bheithearm búidhrin
bhiathar binn do chroith an ceo
tugh an t-iodhan raor ón fladhadh
iolar chraoibh do laghadh leo.

XXXVII

Do chonnarcra é luan i Luimneach
láindil liom ó fhoin a fhnó
agh cur mhóid na gcrorán gcuirrthe
i gcorán lóid a gcluithche a cló.

XXXVIII

Míle fé céad ceithre dóchaid
ir dá bliadhain laomha an lúb
ó fionnadh fearr an uain fhéilghil
go teacht an luain éirnidh úd.

XXXIX

An deachmhadh lá d'abraon aoibinn
fionnfhlaith chinn an chumainn fhlé
d'iompaigh beann don dhrat ar Dinís
mac na meangh ra nimhghrís fé.

XXXIV, l. 2 grinn, m. XXXV, l. 2 a omitted G, L, m. l. 4 feighe, m. XXXVI, l. 4 logadh, G, L, m. XXXVII. l. 4 a ccorám, M, P; ccluithe, M, P; ccoilghe, G, L, m. XXXVIII, l. 4 'Eirnigh, M, P; éirnidh, G, L, m. XXXIX, l. 1 fhlé, G, L, m; Flae, M, P. l. 3 Denís, M, P; Dínis, G, L, m.

[1] The King.

[2] Every descendant of a noble family.

[3] From this and the two next ranns the date of this trial at Limerick was Monday, 10th April, 1682 A.D.

[4] Christ.

XXXIV

To those who followed him[1] in days of trial
The brilliant learned Justice brought relief
And left the gang that plotted their destruction
Feebly raging, caged in captive forts.

XXXV

The kind King's cause he thoroughly examined,
Which everybody laboured to defend,
Found nothing but false pregnancy had happened
In the evil-swelling waists of rogues.

XXXVI

Thereupon the gracious judge delivered
A pleasing sentence, that dispelled the fog
And saved the innocent from being ruined,
Every branch[2] that had been rendered weak.

XXXVII

In Limerick I saw him on that Monday,[3]
Ever since his face is dear to me,
As he sent the oaths of vicious villains
With blunted edges on a shackled march.

XXXVIII

There had passed one thousand and six hundred
Four score years and two, a cycle bright,
Since revealed were first the fair Lamb's[4] wonders
Till that bright and happy Monday came.

XXXIX

On the tenth day of that charming April
The fair Chief Justice of the Common Pleas
Raised the corner of the cloak on Dennis,[5]
Son of lies and poisoned rage concealed.

---

[5] Justice Keating exposed the perjury and malice of Dennis, one of the informers. This Dennis seems to be the Bernard Dennis, called Friar Bernard Dennis in Henry O'Neale's dying deposition. When the informer David Fitz Gerald, seized with remorse, retracted his information in London at the beginning of the year 1681, Bernard Dennis swore an information there against him, and later on appeared as a witness against the Primate, Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, at his trial in London, 8th June, 1681. It would seem from this poem that he returned to Ireland shortly afterwards and gave evidence against the Munster gentry at the Limerick assizes, 10th April, 1682.

XL

Da gad aon gan dúil i ndrocbearc
dleagar báid re breideam cearc
air rin ir cáir dom aor annra
táid re gaor na ngallra a rearc.

XLI

Searc na rcol an drobaing dúirtéiread
ar mhaidib Scot nár loc i bronnc éigin
an glaic* do rcoilt a bfoprar fionnghéagad
ran fearrt don floc tug cor na cúilfhéide.

XLII

Grádh éigre an dá fearla nár dréig a ndúdaig
i ndáil éadta lá a héigin bá réil di a ndúdradt
a támh éaga an gnáir fréirri dá n-éirghid úirrcuit
ir cáir éirid dá ngaoltaib i n-áit céille an cúrla.

XLIII

D'fhág Séadra fál rcéide ar dáil clé gad úghdair
dár éilnigh cláir Fhéidlim d'áirc bréag i brrionnta
ó táid méirligh rá éidead lán d'fhéile cúighde
ir feárrde Éire Seán Céitinn d'fhár gléarta i ngúna.

XLIV

Do duilleadar clú an dír d'úrdraoib Céitinneac
ag furtadt a ndúaighe ar rciuirridib éada ir uile
an duine* do rcrúid ríor cúrraoi a brréaih go bun
ran bileth ro biu díodh d'fhionnrcaoil réire an fluit.

* .i. Seadrún (L). † .i. Seon (L).

XL, l. 2 dleagdar, M, P; dligh, L, m; dligde, G. l. 4 táid re gaol, G, L, m; táid re gaor, M, P. XLI, l. 2 éilinn, G, L, m; éigin, M, P. l. 4 rag tál don floc tur cor, M, P; na cúilrtéille, m. XLII, l. 3 gnairreire, L. XLIII, l. 2 bairc bréag, M, P; d'fhár bréag, G, L, m. l. 3 dúite, G, m; duide, L; cuigde, M; cuigce, P. l. 4 Céitinn .ll. gleardha, G, m; d'fhár, L, M, P. XLIV, l. 4 bile ro biu díodh, M, P; bile an giuirtír, G, L, m.

[1] Irish Chieftains: vide Part I, p. 204, n.[1].
[2] Vide Part I, p. 201, n.[1].

XL

Those who ne'er indulge in evil actions
Ought to duly love an upright judge,
Wherefore it is right that all my comrades
Cleave in love to learned Galls like these.

XLI

Charm of the schools is this kind courteous group,
Who have ne'er disappointed the chiefs of the Scots,[1]
The hand* that revealed all their fair branching roots,
And the man† who hath sprained the back nerve of the Plot.

XLII

Beloved by the poets are both of these pearls who betrayed not their land,
Who have shown their heroic devotion to her in the day of her need;
If new Scots[1] should ever arise from the ashes of treachery's death,
This pair by their skill have deserved that reward should be paid to their friends.

XLIII

Geoffrey hath left us a wall of defence against authors' base tales,
That polluted the fair plain of Fréidhlim[2] with infamous falsehoods in print,
And now that the lies of these rogues have been nobly exposed and avenged,
Increased hath been Erin's delight by John Keating arrayed in his gown.

XLIV

Both of these sons of the race of the Keatings have merited fame
By bringing their country relief from the scourges of malice and crime,
The man* who examined with care the descent of each clan from its source,
And this champion† who lives with us still that unravelled the tortuous Plot.

* Geoffrey [L]. † John [L].

XLV

Tpuda gan tpúmpaoi adt ppionnlaoi ppéapad tug
curaid ár gcúigeadha i gcúingidib céarta ar éiri
níor fionnad i gcúirt gaoir bonnpaoi a raorta a broid
adt inneall ir úrghnaoi an ghiuirtír Éitinnigh.

XLVI

An tubuirt nad fiu frígh bur lugha nís éilnighead
nár bhuide fe clúid eroidhe an connlaoich éibhfinnre
tuirigean iulghinn d'ionntaoib éireadtaigh*
leap feuipeadh dá feonnpaoib búclaoi an mheirleadair.

XLVII

Le hoirbeart lonndligh an phionnra aoird féilri doir
dugainn do fteiuirigeadh tonn daoin éille ir éirt
cuirim i n-úil trío d'iomdloinn Éibir Scuit
go bfuilid i ngioll faoi uilluigeadt réid don fior.

XLVIII

I furcuit an ghiuirtír úd faoi fréir an puirt
leap fuirpeadh ár bfiu dinn d'ionnpuidhe an féarta dul
géar iongantach dlúid firgh ar tiompuigeadh d'féidleanaib
guilighde gúirnín d'iurnaoib bréagh do rin.

* Ní maid liom nad fuapar mo ghuide do (L).

XLV, l. 1 tpuda, M, P; tpiuda, L; tupda, G, m. l. 3 b- faoi, M, P; cúrraoi, G, L, m. XLVI, l. 1 fri, M, P; fraoi, L; fproidhe, m; fproigh, G; ir, m; lugha omitted L, M, P; éilnideadh, L, M, P; éilnigtíocc, G, m. l. 2 éibhinnre, P; éeibhfinne, G; ééitinnicc, m. l. 3 tuirgin, m. l. 4 fgiunraoib, G, m; fgunraoib, L. XLVII, l. 3 d'fionnéloinn, m. XLVIII, l. 4 dlúidfiúe, G, m; dlúidfigh, M, P. l. 4 guilide, M, P.

---

[1] The reference is perhaps to the colour of his judicial wig rather than to that of his hair.

[2] King Charles II of England.

[3] Éibhear Scot was according to the legend fourth in descent from Gædheal Glas, thus Éibhear Scot son of Srú son of Easru son of Gædheal Glas. He led the Gaels from Crete to Scythia: cf. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 26–28.

[4] The reference is to the parable of the marriage feast; Matth. xxii. 1–14.

XLV

When wretches who held not a trump, who had nothing but rubbishy spades,
Had forced in each province our chiefs to lie trembling in corners concealed,
At court no man's wisdom was found to release them from thraldom and woe
But the talents and generous grace of the good Justice Keating alone.

XLVI

May misfortune, no matter how small, though not worth e'en a worm it may be,
Ne'er approach the recess of the heart of this fair-haired,[1] intelligent judge,
Chieftain, whose clear-sighted knowledge, inspiring reliance and hope,*
Hath loosened the coils of the traitors from every entrenchment of theirs.

XLVII

By an act of the vigorous law of the generous prince in the east[2]
A kind wave of wisdom and right hath been steered o'er the ocean to us,
Wherefore I now make it known unto Éibhear Scot's[3] numerous clans
That in duty they strictly are bound to yield willing allegiance to him.

XLVIII

On his circuit the judge, as he went, 'mid the strains of that treacherous tune
That harrowed whoever was worthy of being let into the feast,[4]
Though the fibres were gathered together and woven so wondrously close,
Fierce as a cyclone dispersed all those hanks of perfidious lies.

* I am sorry that this prayer of mine has not been heard (L).

XLIX

Do bripeaḋ a bpionnpaoi ap ċpunncaoiḃ cléiṫe an ċuil
le loinne na lúipiġe ċuṁduiġeap é gan ċoip
ip binne ná ponncpíp ġiom í i mbpéiṫip ġlic
tuġ Murċaḋ ip Dúnaoi ap pionnpaoi i ngéillpine.*

L

Ip ionṁuin cpú ġpoiḋe an úpġaill éipeannaiġ
ó ap duineaḋaḋ dúinn díp dúilṁín daonnaċtaċ
a puinnioṁ na bpionnġníoṁ d'ḟonn pinn d'éadpoċtaḋ
do ċuipeap tap tpiuċa í an ċponnlaoiḋ baoḋċuippi.

LI

Ip cumaoin óṙda ap Póḋla Néill ip Cuipc
an coinġíol cóippe i bpóip an Ċéitinniġ
piliḋe peoiḋte d'ḟóġaip Séaċpa ḋi
pdo ċuip gaoip tSeoin a pórpa péiṫ an ṗluit.

* Two grand informers with their lines hanging from aloft fishing for farthings, agup mo beannaċt don tí do ċuip ann iad (A, M, P).

XLIX, l. 1 ponġc-píp, L; ponġc ṗíp, pónncṗíp, m, G; pónncṗaoip, M, P. l. 4 ponnpaoi, L; pionnpaoi, G, M, P, m. a ngléippine, G, m. L, l. 2 diap, M, P; dúilṁín, M, P; diuilċaoin, G, L, m. l. 3 na bp., M, P; a bp., G, L, m. l. 4 duiġeaċuipe, L; daoḋċuippi, G, m; beaċuippi, M, P. LI, l. 1 óṙda, M, P; óṙda, G, L, m. l. 2 coinġíol, G, L, M, P, m.

---

[1] Several informers were called Murphy. The one referred to here seems to be Owen Murphy, who returned in the latter half of 1680 from London with authority from the Government to search for and carry over witnesses to give evidence of the Plot against the Primate. He went as far as the County of Tipperary, and having picked up about a dozen witnesses, among whom were Downy and Henry O'Neale, he sailed from Dublin for London, 9th January, 1680/1. He seems to have returned afterwards to Ireland to give evidence at this trial.

[2] Downy was one of the informers who accompanied Owen Murphy to London, 9th January, 1680/1, and, like him, he returned thence to ply his infamous trade in Ireland, where both of them seem to have met the fate they deserved.

XLIX

Thus were rebutted the thrusts of the criminal crouchers' array
On the bright gleaming breastplate of light that preserveth him free from all sin,
Sweeter than music of pipe to my ear was that eloquent speech
By which Murphy[1] and Downy*[2] were sentenced as captives to punishment base.

L

Dear is the chivalrous blood of that generous true Irish Gall,[3]
Whose vigour begot us this pair so benevolent, kindly, and meek,
Urged by the bright deeds they did, when desirous of brightening our lot,
I have sent through the breadth of the land[4] this sombre-hued poem of thanks.

LI

A golden favour unto Fódla,[5] land of royal Niall[6] and Corc,[7]
Is this pair of upright pledges, springing from the Keating clan—
Geoffrey, who announced aloud her mouldy poets unto her,
And John, whose prudence rendered strengthless all the sinews of the Plot.

* Two grand informers with their lines hanging from aloft fishing for farthings. My blessing to the man that put them there (A, M, P).

Downy is perhaps the same person who is called Mortagh Downing in some documents.

[3] The ancestor of the Hiberno-Norman family of Keating. The earliest person of this name in Ireland was Halis Keating, one of the subscribing witnesses in the charter granted by Hervey de Montmorency, Lord de Marisco, to the Cistercian monks of Dunbrody Abbey, Co. Wexford, in the year 1179. Halis Keating held the lands of Baldwinstown in that county.

[4] From Limerick to Dublin. Justice Keating's town-house was in St. Michan's parish, Dublin, and his country-house at Lissenhall, near Swords (Journal of the Cork H. and A. Society, 1901, p. 145).

[5] Vide Part I, p. 45, n.[8].

[6] Vide Part I, p. 57, n[9], and p. 198, n.[3].

[7] Vide Part I, p. 120, n.[1].

LII

Ag ro im ḃiaiḋ an SUPERSCRIPTION .i. an ḃruimpeṗíḃinn

Ór ionann me i n-acpaing ran ainneap gan úrḃpoinn óir
ionnap na haipce do ċaipg don iudaiḋeaċ ól
an licippe a ċeaċtaipe caḃaip go n-uṁluiġeaċt ṁóip
i ḃpuipm gan ġaipḃe i nglacaiḃ an ġiuipcíp ċóip.

LETTER TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE KEATING[4]

Hereafter[5] follows a true Copy of the Letter wherein the said Irish Poem was Inclosed and sent to Dublin by the Limerick Post, May 1682 (L).

Hereafter followeth a Poem and Letter of Thanks given by the Author hereof to Jno. Keating Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland after his Gaol Delivery of the Gentlemen Impeached and arraigned in Munster upon account of the pretended Popish Plot, sent by the Limerick Post May 16th 1682 (G).

My Lord,

The Author of the Inclosed Poem is a man not concerned at all in the Weighty affairs of this World, yet see'th and can smile or frown on things as well as any other fool. He is a great Lover and admirer of honest men and as great a hater of the adverse party. He holdeth his abode in the proximity of a quiet company, the Dead, being banished the society of the living, for want of means to rent as much as a house and Garden amongst them. He lives like a sexton without salary in the Corner of a Churchyard in a Cottage (thanks be to God) as well contented with his stock, which is only a little Dog, a Cat and a Cock, as the Prince of Parma with all his Principalities. He knoweth Ingratitude to be a vice beyond Compare, and therefore endeavoureth to know where Thanks ought to be paid and accordingly to retain a sense. His earnest desire to learn and acquire that knowledge caused him Perfunctoriously to peruse and consider a famous Work formerly undertaken and firmly finished by a venerable and most rev^d. person of the Name, to wit, Doctor Jerome Keating in

[1] Cf. the parable of the importunate widow and the unjust judge, Luc. xviii. 2–6.

LII

THE SUPERSCRIPTION

Since my worth is as weak as that woman's,[1] who, having no lapful of gold,
Presented the bibulous Jew[2] with a simple petition[3] instead,
This letter, O messenger, place with respect and humility great,
Without any uncouthness of form, in the hands of the high-minded judge.

LETTER TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE KEATING

defence and Vindication of his Native Soyl against the partial Writers that offered to calumniate and vilifie both the Soyl and the Seed, and with their envious aspersions to offuscate their Grandeur.

It caused him also attentively to observe your Lordships Judicious Inspection made into a prodigious filthy fogg, which lately hung over and threatened to pestifie[a] the same, and how by virtue of your gracious King's Authority, with your Justice, prudence, and Eloquence you penetrated the Obscurity and denodated[b] the snarely[c] intrigues of that monstrous knotty cloud and its Venomous Intrails expos'd to publique view to the Shame and confusion of the Devil and his Disciples,[d] Glory of God, Honour and renown of your King, unspeakable comfort of your oppressed Countrymen, and finally to your own unquenchable Splendour and Credit for ever. These, my Lord, two[e] never to be forgotten grand obligations induced him on May day, he being not troubled with the resort of Tenants receiving or paying rents, Branding[f] of Bullocks, cutting of Colts, Shearing of Sheep or any other affairs[g] of that kind to allow himself sufficient

[2] The unjust judge is here represented as having been accustomed to delay justice in hopes of extorting money from plaintiffs, by which means he was enabled to live prodigally.

[3] So Mr. Standish O'Grady translates in his Catalogue of Irish Mss. in the British Museum.

[4] This letter follows the poem in L, but precedes it in G, M, P.

[5] M and P begin simply with 'My Lord'.

[a] testifie, G. [b] inodated, G. [c] Knavery. [d] Deciples, G. [e] *Omitted*, G. [f] Breeding, G; marking, M, P. [g] Affayer, M, P.

hours to compose the Inclosed Lines which he humbly offers to your Lordship's view, not[a] as payment, a thing impossible, but as an acknowledgement of being still in debt.[b] He intends it, my Lord, as a compendious memorandum to posterity of the above obligations imposed on this poor Nation by the noble family of the Keatings in the Honourable and most Venerable persons of Jerome and John, the which have Ingraven in tables of Gold brass or Marble, to Eternize their Fame to succeeding ages, and if they be well resented (tho' not worthy your Lordship's While) the Author attains to his end, will think himself happy and his Weak Endeavours well bestowed, and if he were sure of so grateful a reception at your Lordship's hands for his poor Lines as the Intention from which they proceed deserves, he would have subscribed his Name thereunto, the which if your Lordship will be pleas'd to enquire for may be found out, by Imparting these Lines to any of those Gentlemen who were lately tryed before your Honour at Munster, for there is no one of them, but will give a sure guess, who he is. He seals this with a bell wherewith he is wont to ring the Immaculate actions of Illustrious Heroes, Whose names ought to remain Immortal. He beggeth your Lordships pardon for this bold attempt which is submissively offer'd in Immitation of the poor Woman's Mite contributed to the Corbon, by,

My Lord,

Your honour's most Grateful and
most humble unknown
Servant.

Dated 5th May, 1682.

This* Letter being well resented by my Lord he admitted the author to sign his name to it in March 1684.

Signed by Permission David Bruadar.

---

[a] now, G. [b] indebted, M, P.

---

* Instead of this clause M and P have: "Until Inquired for in March 1683 and then found to be David Bruoder."

P adds "Faithfully transcribed from the original writing by Pierce Mansfield, 3 Feb. 1814"; but this 'original writing' was Eoghan Ó Caoimh's copy in 23 M 28, R.I.A.

END OF PART II.

PB
1347
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